A Newsfield Publication
FEBRUARY 1987
£1

# LM

## PAUL McGANN
## FRANKIE

- EMLYN HUGHES
- THE PRISONER
- MOTHER BASHING
- ICICLE WORKS
- VIDEO CHEAPIES
- MALE MEMBERS
- GOODBYE MR MACKENZIE
- JUMPERS
- PIERCE BROSNAN
- CANS FESTIVAL
- WIN A DOORMAT!
- WIN A GOLDFISH!
- WIN A BUSH!
- WIN A HAIRCUT!
- WIN A PRISONER!
- WIN A BOTHAM!
- WIN A TOMATO!
- EIGHT PAGE BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL


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A Newsfield Publication

# LM

## the Lively Magazine



**BE SEEING YOU: McGANN GOES TOPLIS**
**FRANKIE SPEAK FRANKLY**
**THE PRISONER RELEASED**

NP A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION

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**LM – IT TAKES THE BISCUIT.**

## LM IS GO !

**First**, a 'thank you' to everyone for buying Issue One of **LM**, and a 'hello' to those reading it. Some readers may be unfamiliar with the Newsfield stable of magazines; but to *Crash, Zzap!* or *Amtix!* readers, I hope you find the work the **LM** team has put into this first on-sale edition has been worthwhile – it's certainly been fun to do.

For the benefit of non-computer owning readers, perhaps I should explain briefly how **LM** came into existence. Newsfield Publications started life three years ago, almost to the day, with *Crash* – a Spectrum computer games mag that was so very different to other publications of the time that it swept the board. Today it's the biggest selling computer title in Britain. Later we added the other two titles for the Commodore and Amstrad computers respectively.

The success of these magazines has been largely attributed to the kind of detail they go into and that their respective readerships have been allowed to influence and shape the content.

It wasn't a big step to conceive of a mag that would provide the same values but on a much broader scale, taking in just about every subject of concern to teenagers and young adults.

**LM** is not a London-based mag like so many others. We're interested in every part of the country, and that's where you, the reader, comes in. Each month in **STATION TO STATION**, you'll find reports from every part, written by locals, intended for all. We hope, as the months go by, to enroll more of you to act as our eyes and ears. You supply the hard, local copy, and we'll look after the general-interest material. Your chance to comment on, and shape that, is **WORD UP**, the letters pages where the replies are part of a real dialogue between you and the **LM** team. You may disagree with the teams' views – we don't pretend to know everything – but what I do promise is that the writing will be personal, opinionated and strong – some things to discover, and some with which to agree or violently oppose.

Whatever your views on life, I don't think you'll find yourself indifferent to **LM**. I hope you'll enjoy it.

**ROGER KEAN**

# up FRONT

## LM let loose

**Before digesting the contents of this first issue of LM**, readers are advised to study the form of the LM inmates who are held responsible for its conception. This report has been compiled for us by inspectors from the Cautious But Licensed Investigators Of National Kidology (C L I N K).





**KEAN, R M 4059967 (Editor)**

Charged with aiding and abetting the computer games industry, Roger Kean asked at his hearing for three previous cases to be taken into consideration – *Crash*, *Zzap! 64* and *Amtix!*. These patently absurd codewords for computer magazines earned him a life sentence on LM. With good behaviour he should get his expense account returned by the end of the year. Known foibles: writing, bossing people around, signing cheques that are not his own. Sentence: life imprisonment.





**HUTCHINSON, C 6577843 (Features Editor)**

Curtis Hutchinson was raised by wolves in the wilds of Emsworth, Hampshire, and had a serious feeler-gauge habit by age 25. LM's vice squad discovered him demurely gobbling a chip butty in the offices of *Films & Filming*, where he was Deputy Editor; he was whisked off to Ludlow in an unmarked Mini, and sent down for life. Known foibles: TV-AM, monkey wrenches, getting married. Hates: chip butties, Top Gun haircuts, phone bills, lying in wait for the AA, Paul Strange in the morning.

**MANGRAM, LI 21693015 (Staff Writer)**

First charged with impersonating a famous American golfing champion, Lloyd received a three-year sentence on Newsfield's computer magazines. He was later caught impersonating a brown paper bag in Harrods. Charged with 17 similar offences, he pleaded innocent through diminished responsibility brought on by answering thousands of readers' letters. Now resident in the LM Rehabilitation Centre, which has requested that no photographs be published so that he won't be recognised on the street after possible release.





**STRANGE, P 3776927 (Deputy Editor)**

Strange by name, weirder by nature. Alias Paulie, Groucho or Slim, he's easily identifiable by the tummy tucked under his belt. With bags of experience, Paul started as an unlikely outdoor type and on *The Field* and *Farmers Weekly*. He was really wanted, however, for crimes committed at *Melody Maker*. Known characteristics: collecting curries, reversing into concrete pillars. Hates: mornings, small children, men who wear make-up. Known haunts: Soho cinemas. Sentence: Life.





**CHEAL, D 21459986 (London Editor)**

Caught driving a clapped-out Renault 5 with no more than a couple of quid in his pocket, David Cheal was charged several years previously for working on *SHE*. A professional writer of some standing, The Rum DC delights in outrageous puns for headlines; IF YOU KNEW SUSHI – for a piece on Japanese cuisine – earned him six months. Known haunts: spends hours in the Advance Works bogs with his compact mirror, styling mousse, moisturiser, and a copy of *New Socialist*. Characteristics: quietly spoken, wears earrings. Now sentenced to a minimum of 15 years on LM with hard labour.



**DANDO, S 7759346 (Staff Writer)**

Also known as 'Sue the man-eater'. Several formative years on *Oh Boy!* were taken into consideration. Received two years for persistent work on *My Guy* where she studied the male form in stomach-churning detail. Her unfavourable conclusions and provocative copy have now earned her a minimum of 20 years on LM with no reduction for good behaviour. Known characteristics: vox pops, cricket, exotic earrings, getting blotto for as little dosh as possible. Hates: designer stubble, LM bureaucracy.



**LOWE, R 0063897 (Staff Writer)**

Richard is what street cred is all about. Despite the bleached-blond hair, he really does walk, talk and look like Paul Weller (for which impersonation, he received four months). Beneath the hard street-wise exterior lies the heart of a big pussycat – probably a tiger. Before being sentenced to life on LM, Mr Lowe was a hip young upstart on *The Hit*. He is the only LM lifer who can seriously challenge Sally Newman in under-the-table drinking. Known to his colleagues as a 'miserable Scouse git'. Hobbies: Beer and Sex and Chips. Favourite phrase: 'All right Pete y'bastard!'. Known to hate wind-ups.

## And a statement from our

The most cherished tradition of any newly-launched medium is to announce its own launch. Why should we be any different?

'Tell 'em about the Editorial Launch,' said Paul Strange. 'Tell 'em how we all got sloshed out of our skulls, helped the walls to stand up, and toasted the complimentary issue of LM.'

Didn't we tell 'em about that *in* the complimentary issue, I wondered?

'Ah,' replied he, '*that* was the Advertising Launch – there's a difference, and what's wrong with two cracks of the whip?' Grin, grin.

Easier said than done, Dep Ed. We'd been planning LM's Editorial Launch for months. It was a simple enough concept – borrow an upmarket art gallery in London's trendy Covent Garden for a few hours, get loads of food and drink in, invite lots of terribly important people from the film, TV, video, sport, music and fashion worlds, shove some music on, and generally celebrate LM's complimentary copy, which came out in early December.

Simple it seemed, till they told me I was 'on the door'. Imagine the humiliation . . . the rest of the LM





**POULTER, S 0063956**
**(Staff Writer)**

Let off with a warning for playing Genesis tapes in broad daylight (sad in one so young), Simon was first imprisoned for pissing everyone off with his Adrian Edmondson impersonations. He was nicked a few months ago while pretending to be mopping up bubble bath in Boots, and claimed he had been bitten by the writing bug. Released once a month with suitcase for exercise. Known characteristics: Top Gun haircuts, designer stubble, Garfield, collecting Boots memorabilia. Hates: carrying his suitcase.



**PAGE, B 6903352**
**(Sub- Editor)**

Accused in 1982 of being a teenager, Barnaby (as he is known to accomplices) caught a bad word habit and was sentenced to four months for knowing the difference between an aardvark and an ant bear (technically there isn't any, which is why he was sent down). A refugee from the salt mines of North American newspapers, Barney claims to like a quiet night in with his Collins dictionary, learning a few thousand words. Known foibles: hyperbolising, *gnocchi*, surreptitious snouts. Hates: poor language, bouillabaisse. Sentenced to ten year's correcting Roger Kean's spelling and obscure punctuation.



**NEWMAN, S 88214763**
**(Editorial Assistant)**

Once a mild, unassuming shorthand teacher, Sally is now known as The Dragon of Grovel Hill. A single cutting glance from Sall can be more frightening than a full-blown Paul Strange Monday moodie. Sally was sentenced to a term of 15 years at LM for working on Newsfield's computer titles. Known accomplices: telephones, Apricots, Joycas, Frankies, facsimile machines, modems, Anglepoise lights and four-gang sockets. Known foibles: amateur dramatics, celery, rubber-band fights, staring at pictures of William Shatner.



**BEEZER 75776357**
**(Photographer)**

Real name unknown. Beezer comes from Bristol. He moved to London during the summer to seek his fortune and ended up living in a shoebox in Ladbroke Grove. He was apprehended while moving to more spacious accommodation in Battersea, and charged with taking photographs for Bristol's listings magazine *Venue*, *NME*, and *Echoes*. Known foibles: meeting people, drinking scrumpy, submitting invoices written on scraps of toilet-paper in yellow wax crayon. Hates: meeting landadies, the Institute Of Chartered Accountants.



**MORRIS, M 21144835**
**(Editorial Assistant)**

Though it was her first serious offence, Mary's planned (but thwarted) attack on the person of screen idol Paul McGann resulted in her being sentenced to LM for an unspecified number of years. To the judge she unrepentantly shouted 'You can send me down as many times as you like,' The larger-than-life hair is only the start of it; this is one enigmatic lady, ruled by her secret passions for fast Fifties cars, Mickey Rourke and the McGann gang. Known characteristics: wears black, sunning herself in Greece *au naturel*. Known foibles: veggie food, good clean living. Hates: being recognised on Greek beaches.



**MABLE, F 55664932**
**(Editorial Assistant)**

Fran was a simple country girl, spending her days riding her horse, mailing binders, and preparing to settle down to marital bliss. Then she discovered telephone repairmen, photocopy repairmen and central heating installers. A short sharp shock failed to correct the aberration and she was finally sentenced to life on LM. Known to like breaking telephones. Hates: filing, telephones and mailing binders.

# WIN A TOMATO!




IT'S competition time folks. Your chance to be the envy of your buddies and win friends in low places with incriminating pictures snapped on your very own Tomato. We at LM have been thrilling to the marvels of 35mm compact camera technology with our office Tomato and are well on the way to building up a substantial blackmail corner album.

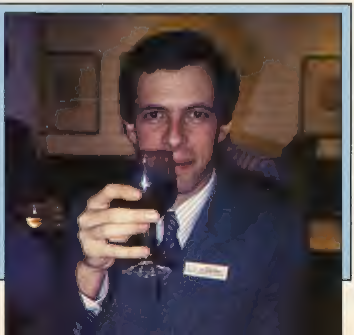
All you have to do to win one of these FABBBBBERRROOOONIE bright red cameras (normally £49.95 in the shops, squire) is *answer these questions:*

a) What does CAMRA stand for?
b) Elvis Costello posed as a photographer on which LP cover?
c) Which dancin' movie nearly made Jennifer Beals a star?

Send your answers along with your address on a postcard (or back of a sealed envelope) to **WIN A BRIGHT RED TOMATO COMPETITION, LM, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*.** While you're at it, you can also take part in an instant no-expense-spared LM Pop Vox by listing your three favourite items in this issue. The first correct entrant to be pulled from the office bin liner on **5 February** will be the lucky winner.

# sponsor . . .

**Joint Publisher and Art Director Oliver Frey – the man behind the airbrush and the glass.**



LM's Richard Lowe considers the moral, sociological and physiological implications of a brick wall, while LM's Simon Poulter impersonates a Smith's Galleries pillar.

editorial team getting totally wrecked inside and the stone-cold sober outside, making sure that important arrivals were quickly ferried in, suppressing gate-crashers and upheavals, fending off police raids and deflecting nuclear missiles.

Needless to say (just look at the pictures . . . ) all the LM editorial staff and the top Newsfield wigs got extremely sossled. I got very wet (they'd forgotten to give me an umbrella), and unlike everyone else I didn't have a hangover the next morning.

Never mind, according to Roger Kean (your Editor) the LM official launch party (held at Smith's Galleries on 9 December) was a great success and bodes well for the future (he says, glancing at the press release . . . )

Thanks to Katie Law and all her chums at Smith's Galleries, Hilary, Yvette and the CSL crew, Roger Bennett for moral and diagonal support, and all our PR friends and Newsfield employees for turning out *en masse*. We'll have to do it again, when Roger Kean's bank balance has recovered.

**LLOYD MANGRAM**

# CHOPS WITH EVERYTHING

**JEOFF THOMPSON was a 14-stone weakling. But then he discovered karate, and today he's on the world-champion British team. ANDREW SHIELDS risks a visit. Pictures by BEEZER.**

JEOFF THOMPSON is six-foot-four and 14 stone, and he could inflict GBH with a twitch of his little finger. He is, if you'll excuse the expression, a bit of a big bugger. So when Thompson claims he took up karate to avoid getting done over in the playground, you wonder whether this isn't just a slight exaggeration . . .

'No, believe me! Some of the fifth-years' Doc Martens were a lot bigger than mine. I could run faster than them, but when they got me cornered, that was when the problems began. I honestly was small then. Anyway, I went down to the Sobell Sports Centre in Islington and started karate lessons. And within a year I was in the England Junior Squad, and at 17 I was an international.'

He makes it all sound so easy. But once you get near the top, the hard work begins – not just the training and the competitions, but the injuries that have to be carried, the sacrifices. Thompson, 27, has just thrown in his job as a sports development officer in Hammersmith to concentrate on karate, looking forward to a year that he reckons is going to make or break the sport in this country.

'People just don't realise that we're the highest-achieving sports team there is. The British team hasn't been beaten for six years, and since 1982 I've won five individual and team world titles. Yet whenever anyone talks about karate, it's all the smashing lumps of wood with your fist sort of stuff. This year we've got the World Individual, Commonwealth and European Championships coming up. I'll bet you what you like that come next January, you'll be reading all about karate on the back pages of the papers along with the football.'

It's a six-day week when you're striving for peak condition, putting in four punishing hours of training a day. You can see why, after five years, Thompson has given his job the push to concentrate on his sport. But he won't jack in his coaching work with juniors and newcomers – Thompson believes that karate is a sport for everyone, and the younger you discover it the better.

'There are only about 120,000 people practising it in Britain, and most of them come to it through other martial arts, which are really growing in popularity. Maybe they join the judo club, get bored or don't like it as much as they expected, and they look around. There's so much untapped potential it's unbelievable, and it only needs a bit of good publicity for it to surface. The sport can really go places, and it's waiting for kids to find out about it. If they do, they'll learn a lot of discipline and build up confidence – and they'll be hooked.'

'I'm not saying that it's going to stop some guy mugging old ladies or wrecking trains, but it does teach you a hell of a lot about yourself.'

For six days Jeoff Thompson trains, and on the seventh he plays squash, or works out with athletics, or practises fencing, his new passion. Bit of a competitor, our Jeoff – 'but I'm like that 'cos I believe in myself and my ability. And that's one of the positive things that any sport gives you. Like, I really want karate to become a sport in the Olympics, but even if it does, it won't be till at least 1992. And I'll be all grey and on my way to a pension by then.

'I want to go to an Olympics, though, that's my ultimate dream – so I'm looking around, and guess that fencing's a good bet. I've not done much of it before, but I believe in my ability to learn – and with that, I hope that I'll be lucky and someone will come and give me a hand. But before all that, I want karate world titles six and seven. I'm not being too greedy, am I?

Six foot four, built like the proverbial brick outside lav – and with a sword in his hand! The fencers had better brush up their karate.

For information on karate contact the Martial Arts Commission, *first floor, Broadway House, 15-16 Deptford Broadway, London SE8 4PE* Tel: 01-691-3433



Facing up to the Doc Martens: karate champion Jeoff Thompson in training.





**Cathy Tyson (centre, with hair) trades in her high-class** Mona Lisa **streetwalking garb to play a shop assistant in her second film,** Business As Usual, **currently shooting on location in Liverpool. Just 21, Cathy has been much in demand for the past 12 months, successfully juggling films and stage plays and a guest appearance on** The Lenny Henry Show. **Glenda Jackson, John Thaw and Mark McManus are her co-stars in** Business As Usual, **a drama of everyday trade-union folk, opening later this year.**

# LM COMP

# WIN A HAIRCUT!

Win a year's free hairdressing from Vidal Sassoon Barber's Shops and say **GOODBYE** to uncontrollable **HAIR MISERY!**



**TIME WAS** when a haircut for most blokes meant a quick Saturday-morning visit to the high-street barber, an old gent in a white coat with a heavily-greased barnet who'd do the business for a couple of quid and ask if you needed 'something for the weekend, sir?'.

Well, hair fashions have changed, and contraceptives are much more widely available. Today's smart young things go for styling mousse, gel, tints and perhaps even a perm. And the short-back-and-sides merchants are slowly giving way to a new wave of barber's shops like Vidal Sassoon (and you thought they only did women's hair!) whose skill and devotion to duty will ensure that you emerge feeling smart and looking sharp.

But a few of you are still lagging behind in the trichological stakes.

***NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO CATCH UP. THE SEARCH IS ON FOR BRITAIN'S WORST COIFFURE.***

Whether your locks are uncontrollably Lloyd Webberesque, lank and greasy or simply wild 'n' woolly, all you have to do is send us a photograph of yourself (preferably head and shoulders only) which shows your hair at its 'orrible worst.

***The winner will be the one who, in the opinion of the judges, possesses the LEAST ATTRACTIVE HEAD OF HAIR.***

The winning bonce will be handed over to Vidal Sassoon, who have barber's shops in London, Manchester and Leeds. They've promised to undertake the formidable task of cutting, and, if necessary, tinting and perming the winner's hair to make him presentable enough to appear in the hallowed pages of **LM**. (Don't panic: you won't end up looking like Kevin Keegan or David Cheal — today's gentle, subtle perms and tints can give your hair *just that little bit more* shape, body and colour.)

And to make sure that the winner doesn't fall back into bad habits, he'll be able to go back for further treatment to the Vidal Sassoon barber's shop of his choice for a year.

HE'LL ALSO RECEIVE PRODUCTS FROM THE FAMOUS VIDAL SASSOON HAIR-CARE RANGE.

Five runners-up will get a complete once-over from Vidal Sassoon as well as *three months' free hairdressing* and hair-care products.

The winner must be prepared to put his hair in the capable hands of Vidal Sassoon's expert team of barbers. The transformation will be featured in a special before-and-after feature in a later issue of **LM**; watch this space.

Send your photo, with your name and address on the back, to **ON YOUR HEAD**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*. It's a snip!

# MASHED SWEDES

**RICHARD LOWE tracks the unlikely rise of pomp rockers Europe**

***'Rock now, rock the night***
***'Til the early morning light***
***Rock now, rock the night***
***You'd better believe it's right.'***

**IT'S 1987** and people are still writing songs called *Rock The Night* and rhyming it with 'morning light'. I wouldn't mind a quid for every time that little couplet's been coined.

The group behind this stunningly original masterpiece are Swedish rockers Europe, and *Rock The Night* is the follow-up to their number one smash *The Final Countdown*. Drummer Ian Haugland is confident that the new single will be just as warmly received.

'*Rock The Night* is the perfect follow-up. It's definitely a more hit-oriented song; it was written more with that in mind. It's a real 'go-for-it' rock'n'roll song and I think it will do well – but perhaps not as well as *The Final Countdown*.

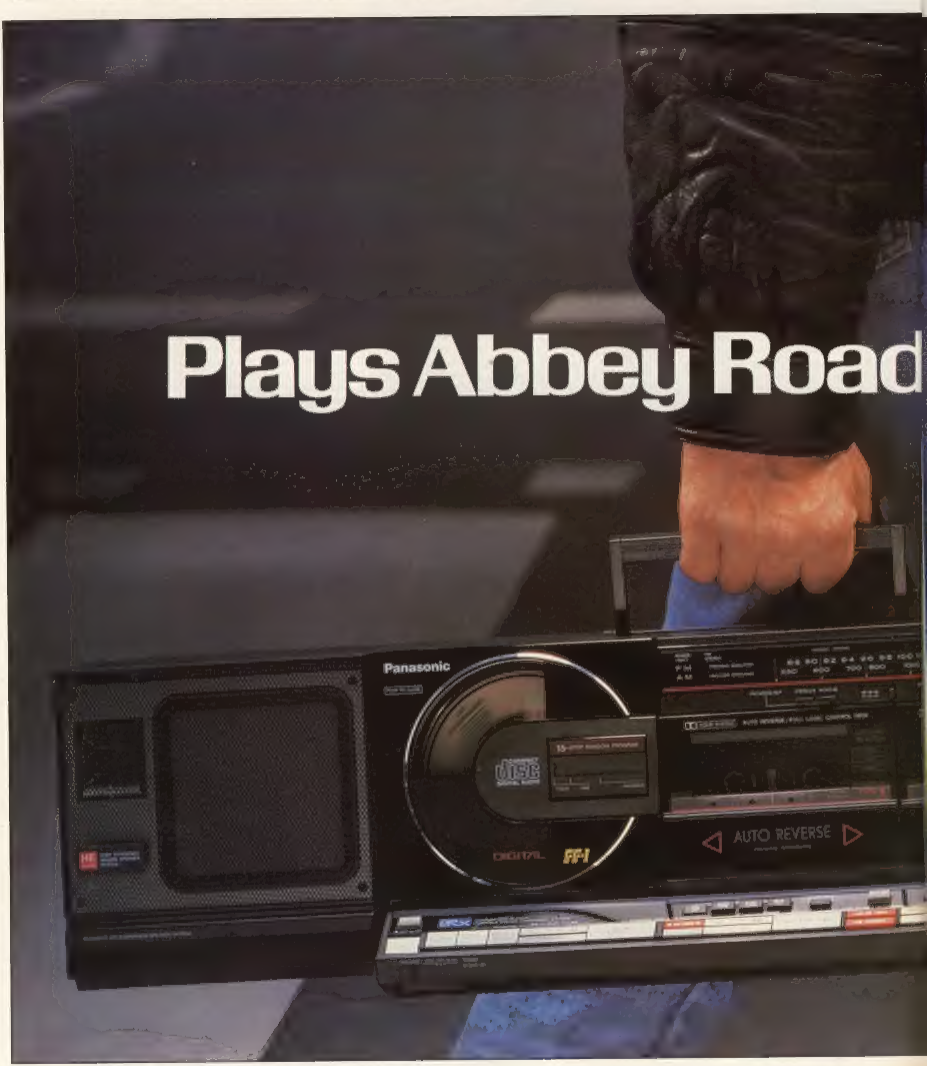
'I suppose the success of *The Final Countdown* was a bit surprising because the type of music on the Europe album isn't exactly too fashionable in England at the moment. But we were lucky that the radio picked up on it, and it's a crossover song. It's amazing that we climbed the chart so fast. Britain has definitely been the biggest challenge for us so far.'

Europe have been together since 1979, but their big break came when they won a rock contest in Europe – the first prize enabled them to record their debut LP. Since then they've gone on to conquer the charts in most European countries, although they had some problems in the early days.

'At the beginning it was very difficult to get a record deal in Sweden because we sang in English and the record companies wouldn't dare sign us,' says singer Joey Tempest. 'At first we shocked a lot of people in Sweden with our long hair and English songs, but the kids . . . they loved it.'

I'm sure 'the kids' here will love *Rock The Night*, too. Frightening stuff.




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Panasonic
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DIGITAL
FF-1




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For more information give us a ringo on Slough 34522

**Panasonic**




## Cruising for money

Following his success in the sensible-haircut spawning movie, Top Gun, Tom Cruise has teamed up with Paul Newman for The Colour Of Money, a sequel to the classic pool movie, The Hustler.

Cruise plays Vincent Lauria, an unlikely dude who turns out to be an ace pool player. Cruise's haircut for this one is a horrible cross between TJ Hooker and a pillar box, and he's swopped his flying suit for a natty line in check shirts or black T-shirts emblazoned with 'Vince'. He's often seen cavorting with a young lady who has an equally natty penchant for leather kecks, mini-skirts and the like.

Newman plays Fast Eddie Felson, a liquor salesman who acts as a pool players pimp. He discovers Vincent Lauria and in typically clichéd Hollywood style the movie follows their fortunes, their ups and downs, their cavortings, etc.

The Colour Of Money is released on 6 March. See next month's [illegible] for a full review.

SIMON POULTER





## WRIST ACTION

### A Swatch In Time saves £3.95, or something, enthuses DAVID CHEAL

IN TIME is stopping smart customers in their tracks on the ground floor of Selfridges the huge department store on London's Oxford Street – it's a watch supermarket. There are no intimidating glass cases or counters at In Time, just watches. Racks and racks of them. You browse, make your choice (the assistants are there if you need advice) and pay the cashier.

And they're no ordinary watches. Spots, stripes and colours dazzle the happy watch seeker's eye; the emphasis is on fun rather



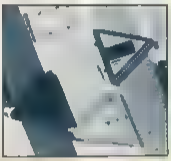
than function

**Swatch** was one of the first companies to realise that the watch can be a fashion accessory and In Time stocks Swatch watches. But many of the models are In Time's own imaginative products, like the washable sweatband wristwatch – you can pee, the watch off (it's held on with Velcro) wash the wristband, and then stick the watch back on

And whoever the manufacturer the principles remain the same First the watches should be bright and cheerful, second they should be inexpensive – the cheapest watch at In Time is £3 95, and they won't stock any watch which costs more than £50 This way customers can afford to buy several watches at once and then choose one to match their outfit

The shop at Selfridges has been testing the market for a couple of months and, judging by the crowds browsing through the racks at In Time, the public likes the idea. There are plans to open branches throughout Britain in the New Year In the mean time though In Time don't run a mail order service they will deal with customer inquiries from anywhere in the country

In Time *c/o Selfridges, 400 Oxford Street, London W1A 1AB* Tel 01-629 1234 ext 3829







Pace, grace and aggression: the Street Warriors in combat. This top London team is sponsored by Pony Sportswear and City Limits magazine.

# STREET WARRIORS

**Devised four years ago by itinerant roller-skating fanatics, street hockey is serious stuff now. MARY KENDALL investigates. Pictures by BEEZER.**

**STREET HOCKEY** is the new national sport, it's addictive

We're all friends who started the game together on the streets and it's gone on from there,' says Prosper Edutie, one of the first street-hockey players and now manager of the leading London team, the Street Warriors, who've won the London League Cup for the last four years.

Street hockey bears a passing resemblance to ice hockey in pace and aggression, but has its own rules and style The sport combines speed, passion, colour and grace on roller skates Each team has 15 members playing in rotation, six on the field at a time players don't stay out for long because slow reactions can lose the game Two refs enforce the rules but in a game where the ball passes from one end of the field to the other in a couple of seconds they can only object to the grossest misdemeanours

New teams are forming all over the country and street hockey is attracting a strong following sending adrenaline levels soaring

It's magical, says Prosper, because it's spread by word of mouth Street hockey is second to none as a spectator sport, but it's not for the nervous, the players manoeuvre in ways that shouldn't be possible on roller skates, tackles send 'em flying, spectators run as the game hurtles in their direction The refs' decisions are invariably derided with shouts of disapproval and the crowd goes hysterical over a hard won goal

For information on street hockey in your area contact Allan Christie, Technical Director of the British Street Hockey Association, *83 Addison Gardens, West Kensington, London W14 0DT* Tel 01-602-1759 In London, Central London League fixtures are played every Sunday afternoon at the Elephant And Castle Sports Centre



# A slice of life

**Some students in Britain's colleges and universities are expected to take part in experiments on live animals. MARK EDMONDS reports on moves which could stop vivisections and reduce needless suffering for both animals and humans.**

A NEW campaign in Britain's colleges and universities is gathering momentum. It calls for 'Violence Free Science' and wants students of biology, physiology, zoology and life sciences to be able to opt out of any experiments on animals which they feel are cruel and unnecessary, without being penalised.

The campaign was launched by the National Anti-Vivisection Society and in the last few months student unions across the country have been adopting the NAVS 'Violence Free Science' charter. The charter is a ten-point declaration which calls for students to be able to follow their consciences without the risk of retribution.

Most life science students will have carried out dissections at school, and for many it was a distressing experience. But it's not until they get to university or poly that they discover that they also have to take part in vivisection – experiments on live animals. The experiments, say the NAVS, cause needless pain and suffering to the animals and many of them serve absolutely no scientific purpose.

One student union which has been in the forefront of the campaign is at King's College London. Fiona Bull is a member of the union's executive there, as well as being secretary of the college's animal rights society. She is delighted with progress so far.

'I think we've received a very good reaction,' she says. 'We've managed to draw attention to the suffering of animals at colleges and universities. There are three animal houses at this college and they're full of rats and cats, all bred especially for vivisection. People studying at school for A levels and thinking of going to university have no idea what goes on in these experiments.'

Experiments which students have been asked to perform have included one at London University to test the efficacy of analgesics (painkillers). Rats are put on a hot plate, the heat is turned up, and students are then expected to observe how the rats react compared to those in a control group.

In psychology courses rats are often given electric shocks in behavioural experiments. What angers many of the students is the duplication and waste: the results of the experiments are already known, and the animals are killed needlessly.

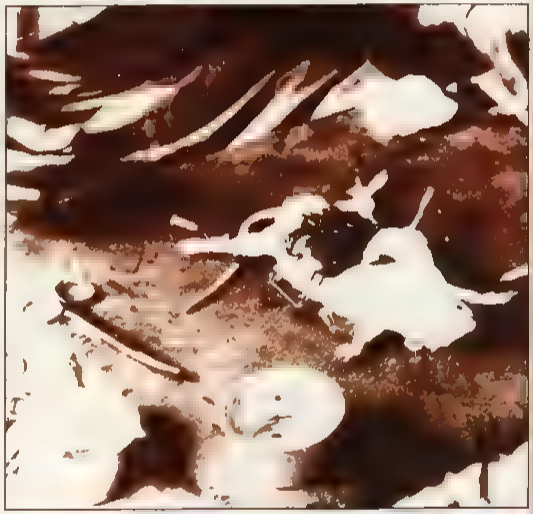
Two second year life science students at King's have refused to take part in animal experiments. One of them is Wendy Christian, a physiology student who decided to down scalpel at the beginning of the autumn term last year.

So far I've been able to get by with [illegible] dissection or vivisection. Sometimes my colleagues have carried out the experiments and we've discussed their findings, but I have had to miss a few practicals. But I've been really encouraged by the reaction of the staff. They've been very sympathetic and now before a practical starts, they always ask if anyone wants to leave.

The NAVS and the campaigning students claim that there are alternatives to experiments on live animals, such as computer [illegible] and video recordings, which [illegible] as [illegible] ful. 'I find the video recordings very upsetting,' says Wendy Christian. 'But their great advantage is that only one animal is involved rather than hundreds.'

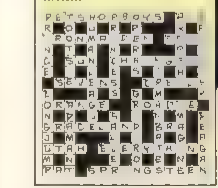
Professor Stewart Sutherland, Principal of King's, is not unsympathetic to the students' cause. 'I appreciate that vivisection is not purely a technical issue. It's a moral issue, and the students are right to have brought it up. That said, I believe that it's sometimes necessary to experiment on animals to improve our quality of life.'

Although staff at King's



## WORD DOWN

Here's the solution to the Issue Zero Crossword. Winners announced next month.





**SWING OUT SISTER** were one of the most refreshing new bands to emerge at the end of last year.

Fronted by the delightful Corinne Drewery, their top ten hit *Breakout* was a perfect blend of pop, soul and jazz and hinted at good things to come from them in 87.

That follow up single *Surrender* has just been released on Mercury. Less bright and immediate than *Breakout*, it's a thumping and thunderously cool slab of sophisticated funk. Featuring Corrine's silky smooth vocals the single builds impressively with a triumphant trumpet solo and massed ranks of harmony vocals on the fade.

A hit, though gut feelings suggest that Swing Out Sister won't achieve the respect they deserve until *Blue Mood* (their tragically ignored but quite brilliant debut single) is given a second airing.

Now that keyboardist Andy Connell has finally left A Certain Ratio to concentrate full time on Swing Out Sister the band are currently holed up in a Manchester studio working on their debut album, due for spring release.

Keep an ear out, 1987 is theirs for the taking.

SUE DANDO

# There's no need to shoot yourself in the head when you're wearing an LM cap and T-shirt!




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† Except super-big body-builders.

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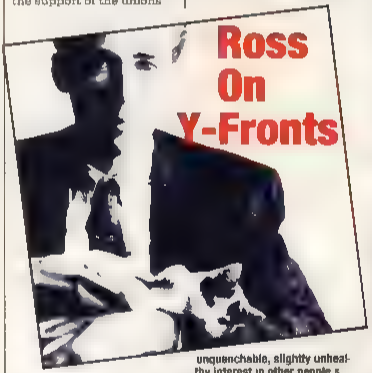
have adopted a tolerant approach to the student dissenters the NAVS are concerned that other college authorities may take a harder line Two years ago Marion Dove a student at Bedford College London was barred from obtaining her physiology degree after she had refused to take part in an experiment which involved cutting open the chest of an anaesthetised cat simply to see how the cat's internal organs functioned

A lot of students are afraid to take a stand on the issue because they're afraid they'll lose marks and be victimised by their colleges says Juliet Gellatley co ordinator of the NAVS campaign They would probably find it a lot easier to speak out if their unions and the NUS nationally accepted the charter as a matter of policy Then they would have the support of the unions and they would also be able to put their views to the academics

No one can perform experiments on animals without a license (issued by the Home Office Inspectorate) but campaigners claim that these licenses are readily given out

Far too many are issued says Fiona Bail Most of the students don't need them anyway Only about 20 per cent of these students ever carry out any genuine research in these areas once they've finished their degree The majority of life science graduates go into other professions such as journalism banking or accountancy

To date 16 student unions have adopted the NAVS charter If you're interested in the Violence Free Science campaign write to Juliet Gellatley NAVS *51 Harley Street London W1* 01 580 4034



# Ross On Y-Fronts

COMPLETE RUBBISH? Small manic superstars in the first ten-week series of Jonathan Ross's new late-night chat show The Last Resort (Fridays on Channel 4), which started 9 January

Already lined up are Cynthia Payne (the celebrated Streatham madam who encouraged her girls to accept luncheon vouchers in exchange for sex), an anthropologist discussing cannibal rituals, and TV cook Fanny [illegible]

Also promised: dirty celebrity knickers (one of the regular investigative reports from roving reporter Marco Militello), the lowdown on alien kidnappers, suburban voodoo, superstar arm-wrestling and poignant human drama.

Ross is a newcomer to TV, but a whole show is built on his unquenchable, slightly unhealthy interest in other people's naughty habits and hobbies. No subject is taboo. Questions may well be risqué, but never crude, though anything to do with sex will be welcomed into the conversation.

And The Last Resort, set in a mock office puts Ross through his paces in 45 minutes of music (including resident band Nick Pytas And Ecstasy) chat, challenges and variety entertainment before a live audience.

Jonathan Ross is easygoing and friendly and The Last Resort [illegible] on the light-hearted. But will these madcap romps into other people's lives capture their prey, the regular late-night audience and will Marco Militello unearth the underwear we've all been waiting for?

DUTY [illegible]

# DURY SERVICE



BLOCKHEAD-TURNED-ACTOR Ian Dury goes on the road this month – in *Road*, an award-winning stage play by Jim Cartwright.

*Road* was first performed at the Royal Court last year, and now, from January 23, it's being revived for a six-week run at the Royal Court before going on tour to Bradford, Stratford, Bristol and Newcastle.

*Road* is no ordinary play; the auditorium is stripped of seats for each performance and transformed into Road, a small street in a small town in Lancashire where unemployment is rife and compassion is thin on the ground. The action takes place in and around the auditorium; there is no stage as such. Dury plays Bradley, a down-and-out who also acts as the play's narrator, inviting the audience to eavesdrop on the lives of the inhabitants of Road.

*Road* is at the **Royal Court Theatre**, Sloane Square, London SW1 from January 19 until February 28; at the **Swan Theatre**, Stratford-on-Avon, from March 5-14; at the **New Vic Theatre**, Bristol, from March 17-21; at the **Theatre In The Mill**, Bradford, from March 23-27; and at a theatre yet to be finalised in Newcastle from March 30.

# LLoyd's Word up

**For those who have never read a Newsfield computer magazine and have therefore never heard of me before may I say welcome to WORD UP I m Lloyd Mangram, and those who know me well say I answer readers' letters probably better than anyone else in the world (at least in English Of course there are those who say I m rude and unco operative but what do they know Each month I'll be awarding £20 to the writer of the best letter (in my own humble opinion that is Our freebie Issue Zero produced a load of letters, but I thought this one had an interesting idea to put forward, and so wins its writer the loot**

## AD TO THE CHARTS

Dear Lloyd
After teefing the complimentary copy of your brilliant new mag from my friend s computer mag I would like to say a few words

ADVERT REVIEWS!

Advert Reviews? I hear you cry yes Advert Reviews. How about it Lloyd'y my man?

Grab hold of all your readers by the necessaries and tell them to put pen to paper You could have a small column devoted especially to a monthly Top Ten. I'm sure everyone has a favourite advert they like I know I do

Most of the time I enjoy the adverts more than some of the crap they put on in between what s it called? Ah yes. *Crossroads*

Anyway Lloyd I must go I think *Emmerdale Farm* has just finished.

See you soon
**Chris Nicholson, Leeds, W Yorks**

**That's a great idea, Chris. I'll go into grovel mode and see if Roger Kean and Paul Strange will accept the idea. Why shouldn't telly ads get a look in? A hell of a lot of work goes into the better ones. The only problem I can foresee is regional showings, because not all ad campaigns are run nationally. Still, there must be a way round that. By the way, which advertising agency do you work for? I'd get them to put up your salary! Still, in the meantime the Mangram £20 note is on its way**
■ LM

# NO SWASTIKAS

Dear Lloyd
Thank God for a magazine which has decent affordable fashion Reading other publications such as *The Face* and *ID* you'd think that we all had a fortune to spend on clothes. And the models! All that slicked-back hair those blue eyes and broad shoulders all they need is jackboots and swastikas, and the look would be complete At least you used someone fairly normal for your piece on coats in the first issue though the Top Man coat looked about three sizes too big for him) Keep up the good work
**Tony Barratt, King's Heath, Birmingham**

**Richard Lowe is currently attending weight training classes to build up his chest and shoulders, so once he's got his blue contact lenses in and had his hair dyed, he ought to be man enough for the coats. Don't know where we'll get any swastikas from though**
■ LM

## SHORT, SHARP, SPUTNIK SHOCK

LM
Nice first (-ish) issue. I suppose, though I feel you are in danger of falling into the old Newsfield egomanic traps *AMTIX!* at the moment is incredibly tedious with continual mug shots of various (damned ugly) reviewers who think themselves to be funny All very incestuous and very boring Don't do it

RE The Sputniks I do agree I found their music quite refreshing as long as it's taken tongue-in-cheek rather like we all did when Trevor Horn sold us his weekly re-mix of *Two Tribes* back in 84 Unfortunately SSS failed not due to the media tugging at their legs (Prince survived that sort of thing admirably last year) or the fact that *F-17* sounded very much like their next record (dare I mention Status Quo or Big Country at this point?) but because any initial glamour was quickly brushed off when the crap started to appear on every chat show they could Now let me tell you – 'hyper evident all sexy sci fi mega stars *(sic)* DON'T appear on an hip MIDDLE AGED shows like Wogan or TVAM Despite all their well thought out battle plan, Don't listen if accompanied by an adult') they, at their first opportunity SOLD OUT Shoot it up now shoot it up

Also notice how all the megabands of the Eighties Culture Club, Duran Frankie to a lesser extent the god awful Spandau) failed in their attempts to revive past glories – there s hope yet! After two of the worst years in musical history I think we re about ready for the next bigone , et s hope the ten year cycle will hold true (late Fifties – R & R boom late Sixties flower power psychedelia late Seventies – punk). If it doesn t then it looks like we ll be going into the Nineties to the nice sounds of Five Star you have been warned

By the way – doesn t Roger bear an uncanny resemblance to Holly Johnson?

More pictures like the one on the bottom right of page 55 please
**Alex Duck, Cheadle, Cheshire**

**Is it the bottom on the right of page 55 you're referring to Alex, or the picture itself? I thought at the start of your letter you were complaining about us featuring LM staff faces in the magazine? You just can't please some people!**

**I never found the 'music' of SSS very refreshing, but I would agree with everything else you have to say on the subject with one exception – the sound-alike syndrome. It's surely natural for a band to sound similar from record to record (Status Quo and Big Country certainly do), but Sputnik went for such a manufactured sound that *Shoot It Up* and *F-17* are virtually interchangeable The style and sound may be the same, but surely the tune ought to change?**
■

## JUDGED BOOK COVER

Dear Lloyd
Oh no, I got your magazine some time ago and to my shock it looks so unfinished Okay, so there's some colour pics and it looks so bright and BOLD but pretty bad Then I saw it had film and video reviews You got to be joking Wait till I show this to my friends

How can you say some films and videos are bad? I mean *Rocky IV* is cool Did Julian see it ten times so he got bored It s up to the individual s taste if you didn't like it just say what the film is about and we'll decide

The next day I read your LM again and to my surprise I found it was very nice to read FLYING TONIGHT the Superman b t And a lot more was ace as well. Now I can t wait until the next great issue

Don t judge a mag by its cover beneath the awful exterior lies an outstanding magazine
**Ian Robinson, Tottenham, London**

**The 'blank' front cover was done on purpose. Normally a mag goes out with a photograph of someone famous on it, but if LM featured a pop star then people would think it a music mag – with a motor bike, a bike mag – car, a car mag, and so on. We were confused. So in the end the best bet seemed to be a magazine without the traditional cover pic.**

**It would seem to be a pity to avoid saying what people think about films or videos, and after all, with**

# Word up

**the videos there are three people's opinions involved from which to choose. As far as I'm aware, Julian saw the video once. For myself the fight scenes are great, the rest you can forget!**
■ **LM**

## WHY SO UNORIGINAL?

Dear LLoyd
I opened your magazine after receiving it with my *CRASH*. After so much publicity in *CRASH*, *ZZAP! 64* and *AMTIX!*, I was led to believe the pubacation was your 'baby'!

But hang the cat by its whiskers you're just a staff writer! Are the Frey's spinning a News field Monopo.y?

Anyway yours or not, it wasn't a bad start for a topic' mag to break the blandness of Monthly Monotony Mags. But why in god s name do you offer a joystick and unoriginal T Shirt and cap? Most people reading a computer mag will have the former – and intelligent beings wouldn t be seen in the latter!

I subscribed to *CRASH* because it offered items that it reported on games. So why not offer a fashion accessory or a loony item (apart from aforementioned items) which only you could offer!

But I have to praise you in giving Hunter S (Loony with a Biro) Minson a spot. Humour with a razor blade.

If I am considered being given the £19.99 and tea tax for the letter of the month don't! Just give me a year's subscription to LM (with out hat, joystick and T shirt)
**Simon P Broder, Marley Pots, Sunderland**

**There's something here you're overlooking, Simon, and that's the fact that an LM T shirt and cap *are* fashion accessories, and I'm sure if you tried hard enough, you could think of something fashionable to do with an extra joystick. However, subs offers (when available) won't generally be computer orientated, that was just for the free issue xero.**

**As for me, I'm only the office whipping boy, the poor sod in the front line who has to clear up the mess made by all the other writers and their damned opinions when they upset anyone. Still, it pays the cottage rent I suppose.**
■ **LM**

## A SIMPLE MIND SPEAKS . . .

Dear Lloyd,
I doubt very much whether the Simple Minds vs U2 argument will ever be settled but this is the way I see it.

The majority of U2 fans are a raving macho mindless army following most of whom are not prepared to listen to other music and are especially anti-Simple Minds. The Minds however have a devoted following who appreciate quality music and most of them also like U2 a lot (like myself).

There will, therefore, always be more noise made about U2. Without doubt U2 have brought out some truly excellent songs but look at consistency and quality and the Minds have far fewer iffy numbers. Looking at their last three LPs there is hardly a bad song between them.

I and friends of mine have been to both U2 and Minds concerts and have come away with the verdict that Minds just have the edge.

Jim Kerr is definitely more dynamic than Bono he generates more passion and the band performs with more skill and care, and the entertainment of the fans is first and foremost.

Obviously what I say will not cannot and should not be taken as gospe, but merely an opinion. My points are however based on *fact* and therefore valid.

Any chance of a concert review section in the mag?
**Adrian J Lowery, Clayton-le-Woods, Lancs**

**We probably will be doing a few pieces on concerts, although monthly schedules usually mean the reviews end up being out of date. The big question is: do readers like to read about concerts, films, records etc *after* the event? You see, I do. If I've already seen a film, then I always want to read some reviews of it to find out whether the reviewers agreed with my assessment or not. It's called 'reinforcing your prejudices'!**

**Anyone else agree with Adrian's views on Simple Minds and U2?**
■ **LM**

## SEX AND THAT

Dear Lloyd
First of all, I'm a girl. Sorry about that – you being a chaps' magazine and all, but I thought I'd better confess before I went into the long diatribe I'm about to enter into concerning the distinct lack of sex and that in your publication.

Course I've only seen the first issue, but there was not one mention of us girls AT ALL. Is this deliberate LM policy to cut us out? Perhaps you don t think we're worthy of mention or is 1987 a New Man not supposed to be interested in the opposite sex anymore?

Of course I'm not advocating page three pin ups or anything so disgustingly degrading as that, but I do get the feeling your majority male readership will be interested in girl-related features – the sort of sensible advice on contraception, relationships etc etc. So how's about it?
**Julie Anderson, Brighton**

**I'm sure you'll agree that we've put that right – or at least, Sue Dando's put it right. Her** GIRLS ON BOYS **features should be knocking a few cherished male views sideways over the next few months.**
■ **LM**

## NOT MORE DRIVEL?

Lloyd Mangram,
What is the matter with you? What's your problem? Why are you having anything to do with this pathetic magazine?

Don't you think that the teenage market already has far too much drivel on its hands without having to bring in yet another contributor?

For example: I read Julian Rignal,'s review of *Rocky IV*. Okay the film was bad but for him to say that it s sickening fascist bullshit is not a constructive criticism it s an incredibly naive view that idiotically swears just for the hell of it. Does he know what a fascist is? Is he just another one of those jerks who wanders around talking about things he knows nothing about?

I can just see him now, his ego running riot, saying things that would make sane people cringe. For Christ's sake, somebody tell Julian Rignal not to be a prat for all of his life.

Also if I were you I would do everything in my power to steer clear of ever letting Gaz Top appear on your pages again. He must surely be the biggest crip p.e ever to appear on the face of the Earth. Don t worry though, Mr Rignal, you run a close second.

When I read LM I get the feeling that there's a good magazine trying to get out it s just hampered by a bit of misdirection.

Please take this seriously, and print it, as it would be interesting to see the response from other readers. (I can predict a torrent of abuse and a couple of petrol bombs.) This is not a short arsed letter. I s just different.

Good Luck anyway.
**Freddie Freekowski, (no address)**

**You must be a Commodore computer owner, Freddie. They usually fall into the 'love JR' camp or the 'loathe JR' camp. As to the term 'fascist', I don't think many people do know exactly what it means, since it's been used so much in recent years to denote the opposite of clean limbed leftist politics, a contradiction in terms since politics of any sort cannot be clean in any way.**

**However, accepting the generalisation, I would think it fair to describe *Rocky IV* as 'fascist' in the sense that it is mindlessly jingoistic in support of American/western values.**

**You're claiming LM to be 'pathetic', yet your only evidence is a tiny comment by Julian Rignall with which you disagree, and the very unimportant appearance of Gaz Top in a picture. I think you should support your claim with rather more than this, and it certainly would be interesting to hear what other readers have to say on the subject of your letter.**
■ **LM**

## THE GRAVY TRAIN

Dear Lloyd,
Perhaps I missed something, perhaps I'm very ignorant but would somebody please explain the significance of curries and gravy in LM. Is it because you all have strong Asian connections? Or perhaps you own shares in Bisto whatever the meaning either let US – the soon-to-be LM faithful – in on the gag, or leave it out. Look out for my subscription cheque.
**John MacDonald, Stockport, Cheshire**

**Sorry, John, it was an in LM joke that relates to the many new journalists who have been staying in BB while acclimatising to Ludlow. As you may know, gravy is to BB meals what rubber is to Wellington boots. I promise we'll cut it out now and be very sorry out in future.**
■ **LM**

# NOT HEAVY ENOUGH

Dear Lloyd,
I've only got one criticism of the first issue of your new mag: not enough heavy metal. We HM freaks are usually branded as brainless, headbanging morons and what's worse is that we have to endure the sneers of those who listen to more fashionable music. We're not doing anyone any harm, so do us a favour and give us, and our music, a fair press.
**Andrew Frickley, Paddington, London**

**Like man, I think you're right, y'know. But it's that Paul Strange who turns a tasty shade of, like, green, man, every time someone says 'Iron Maiden' or 'Kiss', even when it s only Sue Dando saying good bye. How can you cope?**
■ **LM**

## THE LAST STAR FIGHTER

Dear Sirs
I am writing to express my opinion about the article STAR CRAZY in the free issue of LM. My argument concerns the attitude of certa people towards the art of the ninja – ninjutsu.

Although I do not yet train in ninjutsu, I do karate and I also have a friend who actually does ninjutsu. On his behalf, that of martial arts mags and on my own behalf I have this to say about ninjutsu:

**That's it then. An historic occasion, the first real edition of WORD UP is at an end. Great, wasn't it? Well, if it wasn't, let me know. I'm sure someone will. The address for your letters is: LLOYD MANGRAM's WORD UP, LM MAGAZINE, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB. See you next month.**

I agree with Richard Thomas who said this in the article 'Some people like to dress up in black hoods arm themselves with shuriken and nice flails and lurk around the wood when it's dark'.

But there are also the people who take ninjutsu seriously. Mr Thomas did not mention this group and so has given people the wrong impression of the ninja.

Ninjutsu is just another martial art. I think it is an effective one at that. For many people it has become a way of life and in reality is more than just a martial art. Just one more point, there are the good points of martial arts as well as bad ones, so why do newspapers mags and the media in general, continually jump at the chance to publish stories about the bad points of martial arts?

**Craig Chantler, Aston Clinton, Bucks**

**PS** Any chance of LM featuring martial arts?

**PPS** Good mag. I think I'll fork out the money to buy LM!

Surely the real point Richard Thomas was making in the that piece – indeed the whole piece revolved around it – was that unlike other martial arts disciplines, ninjutsu is not defensive. I'm no expert, so shoot me down in flames if I'm incorrect but the most pure forms of martial arts involve only the body as a weapon, having been developed originally by unarmed monks and pilgrims as a form of defence against the perils they encountered on their travels. They were not supposed to take life, so the idea was to disarm and if necessary disable an attacker.

The Japanese introduced the use of weapons like the sword, but even then there was the Samurai code of honour employed in the way the sword should be used. The ninja, however were hired killers and their disciplines were all for murderous intent – offensive and lethal, not defensive.

As a cult today if indeed it can be considered a cult without the proper spiritual guidance that all other martial arts provide ninjutsu can be an empty and, in the hands of irresponsible people, dangerous form of hooliganism.

In answer to your PS: yes LM will be covering martial arts regularly.

■ LM



# station to station

LM's regular monthly round-up of what's happening, what's on, who's doing what, what's nip and what isn't, and the best places to visit around the country.



SOUTH-EAST LONDON

## S'arf specific

**NEW CROSS** is the unlikely centre of action in south-east London. Tipped to be the next yuppieland the area is rapidly filling up with Goldsmiths' College lecturers buying local real estate, and chic restaurants (like **Nouveau Quiche**) are sprouting up alongside the newly-opened **Ruts Records**. But until the Borough's huge development plans are put into action, local trendies will still have to live with the long-established dipsos.

Traceys, Trevs, Cortina Mk IIIs and fluffy dice continue to journey a few miles up to Chaucer's Old Kent Road pubs. The old boy would never recognise today's star-spangled pepermint part-time discos and if he'd seen them he probably would never have made it to Canterbury!

South-east London has had its share of famous inhabitants. Charlie Chaplin came from Camberwell. Michael Caine, Tommy Steele and Max Bygraves were born in Bermondsey. Del And Rodney are based in Peckham, Squeeze and Dire Straits formed in Deptford and Bill Wyman haunted Penge in his early days. Oh, and the word 'slag' comes from S'arf London Aggro Girls.

Weekend hippies and all the Goths come out to play on Friday nights. After a



NEWCASTLE

# Life in a northern town

I WAS STANDING the other day in Newcastle's WH Smith reading *Rolling Stone* looking at a feature about Dream Academy and I wondered what some American college kid (reading this magazine full of adverts for Camel cigarettes whiskies and the US Marines) would make of their record about an English town with no work that's stuck in the Sixties

Come to think of it what the hell did I think about the record? After all I was standing in that very town in the north of England

I don't know what all this 'stuck in the Sixties' thing is, judging by the student fashions in Newcastle the Fifties are just about acceptable though true decadents feel a lot safer in Twenties garb Perhaps it's an understandable reaction to the wine-cum-disco bars and an attempt to distance themselves from the unthinking droves who wear bright shirts drink canned lager, and press the STOP button on the Metro rail escalators

This bunch sport long-at the-back hairstyles in veneration of their heroes who've claimed the bottom spot in the First Division all for themselves And as everyone knows Newcastle United has a great past but was the first club to realise football didn't have to be entertaining to make money – people would go through the motions at the turnstiles as long as you made them believe this was a real religion Why else would someone stand through a harsh winter on cold concrete in endless drizzle? Again, there's no room for the Sixties analogy – this stuff's pure Thirties

So if Newcastle is such a proletarian backwater why does anyone want to live there? Searching for an answer to this conundrum some find solace in the many fine hostelries that form a circle around the disco bars in the centre of town Some of these watering-holes at their densest by the quayside – have banned lasers and insist that you give them up before entering

But few visitors notice the really fine pubs to be found in Newcastle preferring instead to dwell on the seedier disco bars where it's rumoured the bouncers usually let in men with pink shirts in the belief that they're women

Until recently Newcastle's pub-band scene was pretty active, and even staid places like the Gosforth Assembly Rooms did their bit Nowadays the best area for music is the quayside it's come a long way since Tyne Tees built an extension in the shape of a long glassy Tube a mere stone's throw from the waterfront

The pubs here provide a sounding board for local bands the **Riverside** entertainment complex is for middling-to well known national outfits, and a trip uptown to **The Mayfair** and the **City Hall** is needed to see the really big names The Mayfair a Mecca ballroom hiding behind the cocky Co-op building now rivals the City Hall itself as the main venue but many still regard it in its customary light as THE Friday night forge for heavy metal

MARTIN O'DONNELL



The Albany Empire

few bevvies in the **New Cross Dew Drop Inn** (which is currently very in) you may come face-to-face with the rumoured rats of Deptford High Street (and I don't mean those local squatter people who've migrated from Bromley and Blackheath – street creds ya ) en route to the Deptford Crypt

You need a bit of Dutch courage for the walk through the cemetery to attend a psychedelic night at **The Crypt** The policy here is pretty laid-back designed to save your energy for raving the next night at **Flim Flam's** at the **Harp Club** The locals have found that if they don't change their clothes over night (yuuuuuuurgh!) they can muster up a bit more energy for the frantic last dance at the Flim Flam

The **Albany Empire** stands proud amid all this activity The lumbering building conceals plays shows gigs and nightly discos for regular goers mostly gay black single parents involved with the women's movement) For new bands try the **Timebox** (Monday to Thursday **Camberwell Union Tavern**

Come Sunday morning a walk through Greenwich market (by the antiquated naval bases) will tempt you to give up your remaining pennies Here stalls sell all kinds of arts and crafts designer clothes and antiques at bargain prices compared to Covent Garden So You can also take a leisurely stroll along the Thames where the Cutty Sark stands or venture into the vastness of Blackheath with its pretty restaurant-littered village at the centre

The Thames Barrier eighth wonder of the world is housed in Woolwich where you may also encounter the local American-football team **The Thames Barriers**, training to keep hold of their recent promotion to the first division alongside **The Greenwich Rams** American football has kicked off and touched down in south east London and they're always on the look-out for Refrigerators

For tongue-in-cheek appeal take the South Circular to Sydenham where you'll find a recent birth **Club 19-29** Launched in September and sponsored by Sparkfast Electricals Ltd they've already held two successful car rallies and have a wicked reputation for non-stop weekend parties

*You have been warned*

Oh and here's a south east London joke

How many surrealists does it take to change a lightbulb?

Fish Custard

SERAN TAHSIN



BRIGHTON

# A pier into the future

A BUZZ of excitement is running through Brighton at the moment, especially among film buffs, as preparations get underway for **Cinema 87** the town's first ever film festival (to be held next May)

The idea is to have the extravaganza right after the Cannes Film Festival so that stars and film makers will cross the Channel and support the Brighton event And rumour has it that a gala premiere (among 15-20 other premieres) will be graced by the presence of Prince Charles and Princess Diana

Whether or not the Royal Couple turn up questions may be asked about the £130,000 needed to sponsor the event especially as the popular annual Brighton Festival has recently faced threats of closure Ironically, this year's Brighton Festival was the most successful ever it's just been voted into the prestigious European Association Of Festivals and had an operating surplus of £30,000 Yet the 1987 Festival is suffering a severe cash crisis and its future is in doubt

But now the good news A new scheme in Brighton has brought hope to the hearts of hundreds of dole-queueing football enthusiasts **Brighton & Hove Albion** and **Shoreham Town FC** have laid on a six-week coaching course for up to 200 unemployed people. The coaches include Seagulls stars **Gerry Armstrong John Keely Gary Powell** and **Dan Hughes**

Finally if you've got a little money in your pocket you may be interested in the Brighton Centre's **January Ice Show** which will no doubt attract the usual host of ice skating guttersnipes

ANDREW GOLDMAN

# STATION to STATION



## MACCLESFIELD

# Beer & sex & chips n cloth caps

**TO ANYONE** south of the Watford Gap, Macclesfield probably means cloth cap and clogs country. Certainly it's where the heart of the silk industry was but since I'm not giving a history lecture I'll leave that alone. Macclesfield also exports Tory politicians and the odd legendary band.

Yes you could describe Macclesfield as something of a Conservative stronghold mind you, it's only a 20,000 majority. We have what's known as a good constituency MP that's political speak for 'doesn't give a toss for minor details like world hunger' the escalating arms-race or the state of the economy. However, we are unique in having the only husband-and-wife team in Parliament. (Help! Two Tory MPs in the family!)

It's not all depressing though – we do have **New Order** the best indie band in Britain, formed from the ashes of Joy Division. Their single *Blue Monday* is a classic, and their two best albums are *Power Corruption And Lies* and *Shellshock*. New Order have found a place in the national consciousness with or despite, the anonymous publicity machine of Factory Records.

The other band to look out for are the infamous **Macc Lads**. These guys make Norman Tebbit seem like a wet liberal, and they've managed to become legends in their own drinking time. The group's greatest contribution to the history of music is *Beer & Sex & Chips N Gravy* (a great favour to I believe with the **LM** staff. With this classic platter the Lads have insulted just about everybody – women, gays and every race and denomination. Oddly enough, an appearance on *Wogan* is not in the offing.

Macclesfield is a desert as far as clubs and venues go, the best move is to take the half hour train journey into Manchester and groove your truffles at **Cloud Nine**, **The Ritz** or **The Hacienda**.

Moving back to the suburbs the highlight of this month has been the visit of the **Royal Shakespeare Company** with productions of *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Merchant Of Venice* at the **Leisure Centre**.

Anyway that's a bit of the flavour of a northern town in the heart of Cheshire. We're not all just extras in the Coronation Street of life.

**ANDY CAMPION**

## BRISTOL

# Digging for another Dugout

**CENTRAL BRISTOL** proves the 'all that glitters rule'. Dozens of pubs, clubs, cinemas and music venues are crammed within easy walking distance of each other, but you have to dig deep through the dross to get at the gold.

The centre has had its industrial heart ripped out these days wealth isn't created, just redistributed. On every corner there are offices eager to insure, advise, mortgage or bankrupt you, and the chances are that Thursday's mean pub rocker is Friday's pen pusher.

And Bristol, may have few of Liverpool and Glasgow's problems, but it arouses none of the passion they can. There's a centre but there's no heart – and contrary to outside information, Clifton's not cool. The elegant rows of mansions built on the back of the slave-trade, have been subdivided into flats and student accomodation.

Students do get an undeservedly bad press, but Bristol University attracts hordes of the green-welly straw-between-the-ears breed. This elite recently voted to allow a National Front speaker to address them, and Clifton pubs are stuffed with halfwits condemning a world they've never lived in. Since the closure last year of The Dug Out, the best club in town, there's been no reason to venture into Clifton.

Back in the centre you can watch convoys of buses from outlying Hartcliffe and Southmead disgorge their cargoes of spruced up Kevins searching for Hofmeister, dodgy clubs and perhaps a nuck to close the evening. This is the place to get all three.

Nearby King Street may tempt you with live jazz, cobbles and old pubs, but the clientele is strictly boring ale buffs, and students out to impress mum and dad.

Good modern jazz and other live music can be found at the **Moon Club** only five minutes walk from the central nightmare. Along with the nearby **Tropic** and **Western Star** (Fridays only) the Moon provides quality musicians at no more than £2.50 a night, and when local.

## LEICESTER

# The secret diary of the inner city

**EVERY CITY** has a cross to bear, an albatross that won't go away. Leicester has had the gross misfortune to spawn two appalling phenomena: the vile **National Front** and Seventies popsters **Showaddywaddy**.

And a keen contender to join these two is home-grown loudmouth Tory MP Peter Bruinvels.

Leicester's reaction to the offensive Tory is the Socialist City Council. After setting up a Nuclear Free Zones and suffering the usual slap on the wrist from the Government for overspending, the Council took their battle a stage further by renaming a park after Nelson Mandela.

But despite the NF connection, the city lives in reasonable multicultural harmony and generally in somnolent passivity when the rest of the country's cities were exploding with vitriol and hate. Leicester managed just a token riot or two.

First Division football at **Leicester City FC** brings little glory. It swamps Leicester with our own and other cities' dubious elements, our contribution being the Stanley Knife toting Baby Squad. Meanwhile the Everards Leicester Panthers American Football team indulge in their legitimised on-field violence. Isn't it time Channel 4 showed them the red triangle?

Speaking of sport, snooker ace and renowned shiny top Willie Thorne is a local luminary. Others worthy of note are scribe Sue Townsend (who created the obnoxious Adrian Mole here) and the Attenborough brothers who dreamed of Gandhi and gorillas at Filbert Street before doing a runner to the golden sun and paycheque of Spain.

Leicester has all the things you need, and some you never wanted. Clubs and bars here are essentially transient, fortunately in most cases. Underage and cheap-after-shave favourites are The Shade, Jokers, Harveys and Caspers, while for the more discerning **The Cooler** offers electro/funk and a nice atmosphere at a comfortably safe distance from the city centre.

**The Fan Club** veers towards gothic/psychedelic and it's where most of the ex-customers of The Cooler prefer to swing their hips. **The Helsinki** *thinks* it's the place to be seen, but won't fool anyone who knows Kirklands in Liverpool.

Music and arts are a better bet. **The Haymarket Theatre** is one of the best outside London, it was the original home of the Broad Way busting production *Me And My Girl*. The **Phoenix Arts Centre** bombs out of plays but runs many a kosher movie and the **De Montfort Hall** (along with the Poly and the University) keeps pop fans supplied with the bands they see on *The Tube*.

The **Princess Charlotte** pub gives local hopefuls a











favourites like **The Blue Aeroplanes** and **Brilliant Corners** play there's more atmosphere than at any over-priced London dungeon. Club nights anywhere – even at a central disaster zone – are worth a visit. If **Manfred Admiral Jam** or **The Wild Bunch** are at the controls for funk/go go, Sixties R&B/psychedelia or massive hip hop respectively.

If you have to stay in the centre of Bristol, go to the movies. The Odeon, ABC and Odeon are particularly plush, and the converted dockside a touch Covent Garden but bearable. It has two of the country's best independent cinemas – **Arnolfini** and **The Watershed** deliver the wide-screen goods with admirable consistency.

Disregard 90 percent of the entertainment on offer, have a drink in **Hotwells** or **Montpelier** and you can salvage a good night out in Bristol, but avoid the obvious, overrated, over-priced city-centre attractions.

**CAMPBELL TKVENSON**

gig and bands worth a listen are **General Idea**, **The Bomb Party**, **Happy House**, **Hunters Club** and the improbably named **Gay Bikers On Acid**.

Daytime Leicester is a bit dull – there's not much to do but flex your Access card. The St Martins Mall, known to the shop-owners as Trumpton, is tacky mock Victoriana but does have the best of the independently-owned shops. For the usual night out try Rat Quet, Limeys, Pilot, Kit and Country Club, and the more adventurous mustn't miss the excellent Weeds of Nosa, designer **Ann Baynham**'s Foundation 2 in the nearby Silver Arcade.

That's Leicester for you. A little effort and imagination gets you by, and you'll probably do a lot worse at some time.

**COLIN TAYLOR**



## MANCHESTER

# Singin' in the rain

**CHRISTMAS IS GONE** till July and the Rainy City is back to normal. Well, almost.

GMEX (Manchester's equivalent of the NEC) is planning an intriguing exhibition, the Northern Money Show (5-7 February), where you can discover interesting ways of increasing your overdraft or getting rid of those damn British Gas shares. Utterly fascinating.

And Granada Television are soon to open Coronation Street to the public – they plan to build a theme park to go with it. I can't wait.

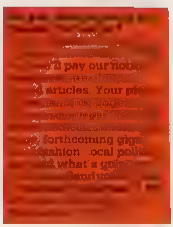
On a brighter note, there are major developments planned for Manchester's nightclubbers. **Applejacks** – on Portland Street between Brubakers and Saturdays – is due to open in February. The club will be decked out in marble, leather and woven carpets (very pretty). The owner, the enigmatic Mr George, intends to interview all his potential membership to keep the club exclusive!

As for gigs, **The Human League** play the Apollo on 17 January, followed by the dreaded **A Ha** (22 January). For those with better taste, **The Housemartins** appear at the Internationals 1 and 2 (28 January). **The Pogues** play the same venue 8 February, and **Fuzzbox** drop in four days later.

Manchester's **Band On The Wall** concentrates on American blues and jazz this month with visits from **Eddie Linkland** (15 January) and the **Mighty Flyers** (the top West-Coast blues band) on 3 February. There's also a gig by **Wilko Johnson** of Dr Feelgood fame, and **Norman Watt-Roy** (of Blockheads fame) on 20 January.

Local bands tipped to do the business in '87 are The Railway Children, Johnny Dangerously and The Man From Del Monte as well as hardy perennials James and A Certain Ratio. To hear the best of Manchester's new bands, tune into **Tony Mikelaides**'s Piccadilly Radio show (Sundays, 8-11pm) – great stuff.

**PAUL BENNETT**







GO



# NG TO PLIS

like this? RICHARD LOWE asks

T

BC series *Rockliffe*

layed John Lennox in the

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a winning smile and an enormous appetite for veg

McGrath clan, whose pat

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masking," he says. Britain

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newspapers I had mildly

respect. Britain was on its

hysterical, but I suppose

with television



Anybody round here seen a mansuite? Paul McGann puts on a suitably sad and hungry look for his new role in Withnail And I.



# LM READERS' OFFER

**Fancy a great double album or cassette of the hits of 86, PLUS a diverse selection of goodies put together specially for The Princes Trust? You do? Then read on . . .**

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| | |
|---|---|
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| Dr And The Medics – | Spirit In The Sky |
| The Housemartins | Happy Hour |
| Stan Ridgway | Camouflage |
| The Art Of Noise – | Peter Gunn |
| The Damned – | Eloise |
| Marvin Gaye – | Heard It Through The Grapevine |
| Whistle | Just Buggin |
| Paul Hardcastle – | Don't Waste My Time |
| Sam Cooke – | Wonderful World |
| Billy Ocean – | When The Going Get's Tough |
| Huey Lewis And The News – | The Power Of Love |
| Five Star – | System Addict |
| Sophia George – | Girlie Girlie |
| Phil Fearon – | Can Prove It |
| Sinitta | So Macho |
| The Real Thing – | You, To Me Are Everything |
| Cutt | Shout |
| Lionel Ritchie – | Say You, Say Me |
| Mister Mister – | Broken Wings |
| Modern Talking – | Brother Louie |
| Samantha Fox – | Touch Me (I Want Your Body) |
| MC Mister, G'A Deejay Steve – Double | Holiday Rap |
| Atlantic Star – | The Captain Of Her Heart |
| Boris Gardner – | Secret Lovers |
| Jim Diamond – | I Want To Wake Up With You |
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| Duran Duran – | The Reflex |
| Madness – | Our House |
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| Dire Straits – | Romeo And Juliet |
| Status Quo – | Rocking All Over The World |
| Eric Clapton – | I Shot The Sheriff |
| Imagination – | New Dimension |
| Joan Armatrading – | Love And Affection |
| Midge Ure/Mick Karn – | After A Fashion |
| Bill Wyman – | Je Sais Un Rock Star |
| Genesis – | Turn It On Again |
| Jimmy Page – | Prelude |
| Steve Winwood – | Talking Back To The Night |
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Going straight: ex-pirate DJ Johnny Walker of Radio One

# JOH

**AT** 12 30pm on Saturday 17 January, Johnny Walker smooth-talker idealist and ex-pirate DJ makes his first appearance on Radio One in a decade. It's a surprising return to the fold for a man who's not always been on the best of terms with the BBC. But Walker's new show *Stereo Sequence* will give that much needed boost to a career which has taken him from the east coast of England to the west coast of America.

I wanted a new challenge, says the urbane early-40s Walker, 'and I felt that if I'm ever going to get back into national radio then now is the time to do it. I'd reached a crossroads where I could stay and enjoy a rather nice quality of life. I live in Gloucestershire, and the beer's great, there are no traffic jams, no wheel clamps.

'It's all rather nice, but it's very safe. So I thought, if I'm going to break out of it now's the time to do it. It'll be a tough challenge, to come back after a ten-year gap, because a large proportion of the audience won't have heard of me, but that's the sort of stimulating challenge that I find really interesting.'

Johnny Walker began his career as a radio DJ in May 1966 on Radio England, a troubled short-lived pirate station which broadcast with a weak signal from the *Laissez Faire*, anchored off Walton-On-The-Naze. Six months later he clambed aboard Radio Caroline, first filling in for other DJs and eventually getting his own show from nine till mid-night.

Walker soon established a reputation as an innovative and imaginative presenter with the kind of radio voice producers dream about.

Caroline came to represent the spirit of pirate radio for Walker, whose years there were among his happiest. He revelled in the free-and-easy atmosphere which allowed DJs to say and play virtually what they liked.

But these halcyon days were cut short by financial shenanigans: the Dutch company which supplied Caroline, fed up with trying to reclaim outstanding debts, sent in tugs and

# HNNY WALKER

**One of the original pirate DJs, the man who quit Radio One ten years ago to make his fortune in the States returns to the Beeb this month for a new Saturday-afternoon show. DAVID CHEAL traces his career from ship to shore.**

towed the vessel (with Walker still defiantly on board) back to Amsterdam. Then, in 1968 the Labour Government's Marine Offences Act ( one of the great mistakes of all time as regards the media in this country ) put paid to the whole pirate scene.

Like many of the pirate DJs who suddenly found themselves out of a job (Tony Blackburn, John Peel and Kenny Everett) Walker eventually found work with the newly-formed Radio One – but not before he'd spent a year driving lorries.

Radio One was very different from what he'd known at Caroline: more formal, more bureaucratic, less spontaneous, with producers, engineers, stop-watches and restrictions on the material the DJs could play. But Walker grew to know and love the Beeb, and for seven years his voice and his choice of music were blessed relief in a desert of medium-wave mediocrity.

By 1976, though, Walker was hankering after something different. Radio One were tightening up their playlist system, which would have restricted the music he was allowed to use on his daytime show. He asked to be moved to a weekend slot, but all the Beeb could offer him was a new two-year contract on his weekday show.

'It was two years or nothing,' he says. He opted for nothing, decided that it time for a new challenge, upped sticks and left for the States.

His time there (mostly spent with California based stations) was not unhappy, but there were problems. The greatest of his troubles was getting a work permit, and without this vital document he was finally forced to return to these shores.

'That was my biggest snag. I was unfortunately recommended a lawyer who was somewhat unscrupulous, took the fee up front, said that he was processing the application and that it all was going ahead, and it wasn't. I took legal advice and was told that I had an extremely good case against him for loss of earnings but I didn't have the money to go through with it.'

So Johnny Walker came back to Blighty – not that he was sad to be back. Toward the end of his spell in the States he'd begun to suffer the restlessness which has characterised his career. He still likes the place, though, likes American radio and the freedom the stations enjoy, but believes that the system there is far from perfect.

'Each station in the US has a very narrow band of the type of music that they'll play. It's so competitive – you've got to tailor *exactly* the format of the station to the type of listener you're trying to appeal to, whereas one advantage that we have in this country is that the chart is made up of the most diverse types of music and I think we have a broader appreciation of music than Americans have. What I missed most of all in America was a station like Radio One where you heard a bit of black music, pop music, album music, reggae: a station like that doesn't exist in America.'

> **"The pirates keep things interesting and exciting. They'll always be there."**

There followed a three-year stint with GWR, Swindon's local independent station, where Walker did a lot more voice work – interviews, news, features. It was valuable experience, he says, but he's happy to get back to music.

It's a speech-based station and I haven't been able to give as much attention to music as I would have liked. It will be nice to get away from the news and speech element and get on with some really nice stuff.'

Exactly what that really nice stuff will be, Walker won't say – 'I'd rather people tuned in and found out for themselves' But the format of the five-and-a-half hour show is an amalgamation of what's now going out on Saturday afternoon.

*Stereo Sequence* will go out on FM stereo and medium wave. There'll be a documentary in the first hour which I will introduce then there'll be an hour of music. Then there's a live link with a radio station in Los Angeles and we'll do an hour co-presenting the hits from the American charts. Then we're having an hour-and-a-half of straight music and at six there'll be a live concert.

'There'll be an emphasis on album tracks, a lot of which will be on compact discs. We're also toying with the idea of how we can process the stereo signal to give it a punch.

'The link-up with the States is technically fairly complex. They've been doing it with Gary Byrd, but that's only one-way, when you start having a two-way conversation you have to work out problems with satellites.

Walker and Auntie Beeb have had their tiffs in the past, but now they've kissed and made up. And there have been, he says, important developments since he was last at the BBC.

I love the changes in Radio One which have been happening since 1976 – it's got its own studios, and its own buildings, which makes it very much nicer to work in. And you'll hear music on Radio One which they wouldn't have considered playing ten years ago. But it's high time Radio One was given a national full-time FM stereo capability.

And there's still plenty of room for new stations, he reckons.

'As television moves into multi-channels and satellites, radio is going to have to respond. We've had the status quo of radio for quite a long time, and we really need to move forward a bit. We need more stations. I still find it strange that we can lead the world in the music that we produce, and yet we haven't really got the outlets for people to hear it. A national commercial station would be of benefit to the listener, the competition for Radio One would keep everybody on their toes.

And as an ex-pirate DJ, does Johnny Walker approve of the pirate scene today?

'I quite like the fact that they're there, because I think it keeps things interesting and exciting. They do have an unfair advantage in terms of what they can do and the lack of restriction, but I think they'll always be there till we get a radio system that fulfils the listeners needs. The fact that they're there and can appeal to people means that for whatever reasons the existing set up is not satisfying everybody.





# ICICLE BER

**SUE DANDO misses a train and blows her usual cool on her first LM assignment. But she finds another train. Then she meets the ICICLE WORKS. And she wonders why she bothered. Pictures by RICHARD BUTCHINS.**

NO! *SHIT!* I'm going to miss the train. Someone's thrown themselves under a Northern Line tube and I've been stuck in this blasted tunnel for the past 20 minutes. I've got precisely 38 seconds to get out of here, grab a taxi to Euston, buy my day-return and find the Liverpool train. The Icicle Works'll kill me. They *hate* getting out of bed this side of *Afternoon Plus* at the best of times and yet there they'll be, waiting to meet me at the other end. Except that *I won't ruddy well be there!* 24 seconds. Got it, I know what I'll do: go home, pretend this hasn't happened and just not go back into LM ever again. No, no, that won't work, I'll say I was ill, yeah, ring in and say I'm sick, or I was burgled in the night. That's a good one. Oh no, two seconds to go. I've missed it. I'll just have to catch the next one and be horribly late. Damn — if only the poor sod had warned me he was going to commit suicide, I'd have caught the blooming [illegible].

The plan was simple enough: timed nicely to coincide with the release of their third album, out mid-January, this was to be a day (by now a half-day) out in Liverpool, with the city's home-produced Icicle Works. As a first-timer to the 'Pool, I was to be shown round, then maybe we'd visit some of their old haunts — a Works outing down Memory Lane. Simple. But by the time I catch up with the Icicle Works at Liverpool's Anglican cathedral, unbeknown to me they've been plotting among themselves to give the girl a birrova hard time. That, they decide, would be a birrova laff.



# KS

So I spend the next hour asking perfectly civil questions like 'Well, isn't this day out just the *perfect gas* eh chaps?' and always one or another of them snarls 'Worra you one bout, girl? Or somethung I'm soon left wondering just who thus lot think they are.

After all, it's not as though we're dealing with Genesis here, we're not talking mega-famous. Okay, so they've got a bit of a following — 'cult status' I think you call it, but we all know what that means they don't sell records. Sure, they got to Number 15 with *Love Is A Wonderful Colour*, but that was two years ago, for Chrissakes. Since then, the Icicle Works have joined those nonentities people have heard of not for their music but because they're the band Mike Read honks to.

We head for Matthew Street and The Cavern. I decide to try a different line of chat. 'All Scousers love the Fab Four', so here goes.

Are you all Beatles fanatics?

Chorus 'No!' Singer Ian McNabb adds 'We've all been through the stage of really liking them, but you grow out of that. Like, I was about 14 and really into them when everyone else at school was playing Black Sabbath and T. Rex and stuff like that.'

Julian Lennon?

Ian 'We don't like 'im. He's tradin' in on his dad. Cashing in — absolutely. He can't help for being who he is and for sounding like his dad, but if he wasn't Julian Lennon I don't think the kids'd be interested. He's not really had many stunning songs 'as he? He's gorra bout as much writing ability as Cynthia Lennon.'

Bassist Chris Layhe suddenly gets all animated. 'Oh, it was really weird. I was driving along Menlove Avenue, passing John Lennon's house and I turned the radio on and it was Him. (Ian: *'Wow!'*) And the next day I was driving down Beaconsfield Road — which is just round the corner — switched on the radio. *Strawberry Fields!* Twice. (Ian: *'Wow!'*) It freaked me out. I 'eard a rumour that they've left one room that he's supposed to have lived in exactly as it was when he was there.' Wow.

Ian (thoroughly excited, throwing his arms about) 'The new Lennon album's called *Menlove Avenue* and at the bottom it's got "John Lennon was born and raised at 251 Menlove Avenue". I mean, imagine it's like *your* house now. It's actually got signs outside saying **Keep Away**. You go down there now and you see loads of Japanese out the front click-clicking with their Toshibs.







Cheese over troubled waters: a Mars-bar's-eye view of the ferry across the Mersey.

cameras or wherever. You get Beatles tours all over the city, full of tourists. You wouldn't catch a Scouse on one of 'em, though.'

Up and down the length of Matthew Street are establishments calling themselves The Cavern. Each is an imitation, an irritation to the home of British pop, but they never fail to catch the fancy of the thronging visitors. Flashbulbs pop as fat wives stand grinning beneath the tinsally facades. And the real Cavern? Well, developers built a car park through that years ago. Sad.

We make our way toward the ferry, pay the 60p-each-way fare, and settle in the hull with cups of tea — 12p a go and cheap at twice the price. Ian's lapsed back into a sullen blobbiness and I've already realised that drummer Chris Sharrock — or Stump, as he's affectionately known (something to do with his heightlessness) — is either incredibly shy or he's been taught not to speak to strange journalists. So it's left to the other Chris to talk about rival 'Pool bands.

'There *is* rivalry among some bands,' he admits, 'but they're never really here so we never see them. All the Liverpool bands used to go round slagging each other off in the press, 'cos that's what was expected of you, but it was just the done thing. It's a bit childish though.'

*What do you think of Frankie Goes To Hollywood?*

Chris: 'Alright,' (begrudgingly), 'good, in fact, really good.

Frankie really lived out the rock'n'roll fantasy after they were so successful so soon — would Icicle Works have reacted the same way?

Chris: 'Well, not really. I mean, the reason I think they've got like they have is because they were nothin' then suddenly overnight they 'ad everything — they were really famous. I don't think they'd been doin' it that long. I think if you've spent a long time trying to make it then you eventually do, you get to appreciate it more. Like, we had a hit single in 1984 and we thought we were great.

It went to your heads?

Chris: 'Briefly, yeah. In one year we had a hit over here and then we did an American tour with The Pretenders. That was it. Fame. We were playing in front of 6 000, being driven round Hollywood in limousines. It was weird. Then we came back home and ... nothing.'

Do you ever get pissed off that you haven't had much Top 40 success?

Chris: 'Yeah, it does annoy a bit, especially when you see what else is successful these days — but we just keep ploughing on. I mean, I don't think our records are really what's happening in terms of the Top 40 at the moment. We're totally different.'

Was 1986 any better than 1985?

Chris: 'Not really, both of them were fairly bad in terms of success. I mean, we haven't had a hit single.'

*'Christ, Chris, stop being so negative!'* It's Tony, the band's manager, hot under the collar. 'I always thought it was Ian who screwed interviews up — be positive, for God's sake.'

Chris: 'Yeah, well then — they've both been really dreadful.'

You donated a song to the Anti Heroin Project album. Why did you get involved?

Chris: 'A lot of artists on the record did it for the wrong reasons — I mean, I wouldn't have been surprised if a year later you find out that there were people who'd worked on it who were on heroin anyway — look at Boy George. I don't know whether they did it for their own conscience, or for the publicity.

I think to be honest we did it for a bit of both. Obviously it's good publicity though of course we're against heroin. Do I know anyone who's on smack? No.'

We've been from one side of the choppy Mersey waters to the other and back at least four times. The Mars bar I had for breakfast is dying to say hello to everyone, so we decide to hit solid land again. We hit the McNabb stubbornness, too, when I suggest we tour the landmarks of the band's six-year career: the SOS Studio, for instance, where they recorded their first single *Nirvana* on their own Troll Kitchen label (though played to death by John Peel, it sold a grand total of 200 copies).

We're not going there. It's shit, a real dump.

Okay, Ian, what about the old venues you gigged at? Favourite clubs, cafés, homes, toilets, *anything*?

McDrabb is unimpressed. What does it take to please this man? We finally head for the address of the band's (don't laugh) 210-strong fan club. Ian decides to rip off for the annual haircut on the way (and here we have a strong contender for LM's worst-haircut competition) so I draw the conversation back to their home city, asking how they imagine outsiders view Liverpool.

Chris: 'I suppose they think it's all riots, football teams, the Beatles and Arthur Askey.'

*Arthur Askey?*

Chris: 'Yeah, people say there's a lot of comedians in Liverpool. Everybody here is a bit funny, witty I mean.'

## DISCOGRAPHY

### ALBUMS

| Title | Released | Label |
|---|---|---|
| *The Icicle Works* | January 84 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Small Price Of A Bicycle* | September 85 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Seven Singles Deep* | February 86 | Beggars Banquet |

### MINI EP

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Ascending* (cassette EP now deleted) | March 81 | Troll Kitchen |
| *Nirvana* | November 82 | Troll Kitchen |
| *Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream)* | April 83 | Situation 2 |
| *Love Is A Wonderful Colour* | November 83 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Whisper To A Scream* | February 84 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Hollow Horse* | October 84 | Beggars Banquet |
| *All The Daughters Of Her Father's House* | May 85 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Seven Horses* | July 85 | Beggars Banquet |
| *When It All Comes Down* | October 85 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Understanding Jane* | July 86 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Who Do You Want For Your Love* | September 86 | Beggars Banquet |
| *Up Here In The North Of England* | December 86 | Situation 2 |

It s a very cutting wit

Chris 'Well. I suppose the Scouse wit *is* very dry sarcastic People from out side might think we re being offensive, whereas we probably don t mean it to be. People here are very off-the-cuff, it's that kind of place

Ta.king of jokes how does it feel to be known as Mike Read s favo.rite band-to-bonk to?

Chris 'That s what we set out to achieve *(That salty Scouse wit!)* No actually it s a bit embarrassing cos people pick up on it I mean, o.ur mums wouldn t understand Mind you, she doesn t know what bonk means — probably thinks it s some kind of break dancing

And have you ever bonked to your records?

*Stump speaks!!* (but only briefly) I've tried

Chris *'Songs To Bonk To* that should be the next album 20 of your favourite bonking tunes. We could send one to Mike Read Er in answer to your question, no

So apart from pleasing Mike Read with a lifetime supply of Icicle Works bonking hits, what: do you want to achieve as a band?

Chris The success that we deserve. A litt.e bit of success That s a.l

*SHIT!* What the hell happened to Happy McNabby? He never did come back from the barbers. Wonder what I said to upset him? Still, that s no loss, we all got on much better once he d buggered off anyway The others were okay Stump was a bit mutanoid but Chris was a birrova laff quite sensible too, when you got him on his own Glad it's all over, though. Blimey, it's chilly on the train bet Jools and Paula aren't forced to travel second class So much for LM s bottomless budget bag Right, better start thinking about what I'm going to write



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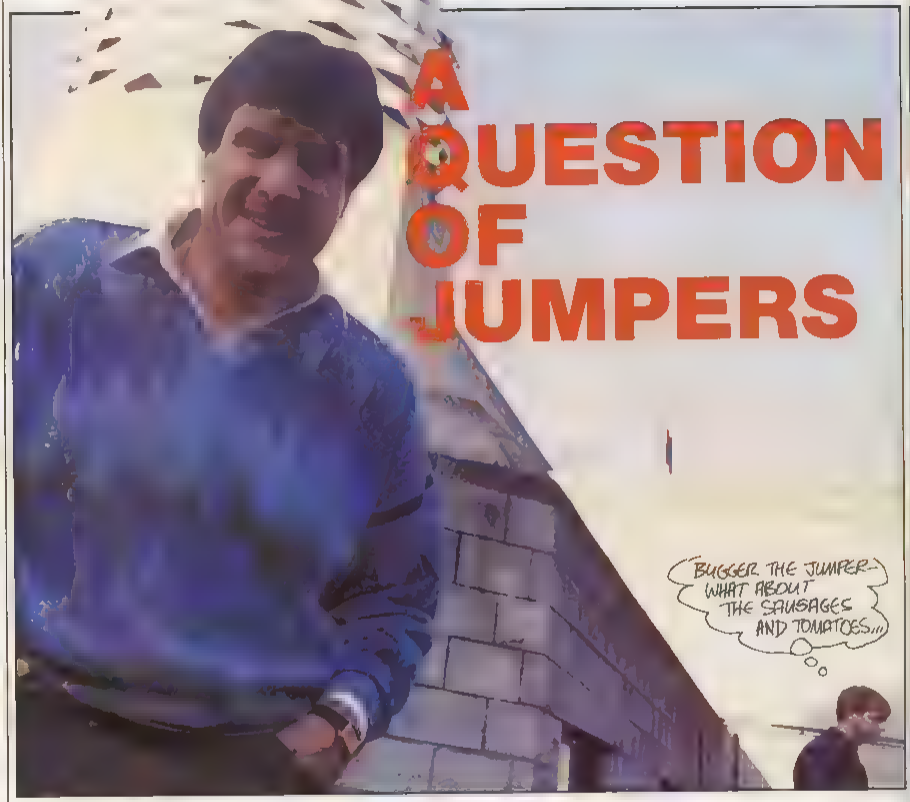
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# A QUESTION OF JUMPERS




**Booted football managers never die, they just go onto quiz shows. But EMLYN 'Crazy Horse' HUGHES done marvellous for himself, realises RICHARD LOWE. Picture by BEEZER.**

**'I'M NOT THICK.** I m not a dope You could ask me a question about current affairs or geog raphy or whatever and nine times out of ten I'd probably get it right I'm not saying I'm the cleverest person in the world but I'm certainly not stupid and anyway you can get away with murder on television

It s breakfast-time at a London Holiday Inn. Emlyn Hughes is playing host ( have what you like, someone else is paying ) and explaining his curious rise to fame (and no doubt for tune) as a TV celebrity And maybe it s not murder, but Emlyn does get away with aggravated assault on grammar and syntax

Historians are divided as to whether it was Emlyn or Mick Channon who introduced the phrase 'the lads/ the boy Lineker done great' into mainstream English, but Emlyn undoubtedly pioneered the verbs 'to do brilliant , to do marvellous and 'to do fantastic' With that track record it's inevitable, really, that he's made a career as an after-dinner speaker – 'it's dead easy, I just get up and tell a few Bill Shankly stories and broadcaster

I find television work easy, no matter what it is I do *A Question Of Sport*, a regular spot on Bob Wilson s *Football Focus*, my own quiz show *Box Clever* and I m asked on all them other daft quiz shows as a personality

'I just find it easy to talk to people, I can chat to people and relate to people from an old dear of 60 to a kid of six I'm just a naturally chatty person

I first got into TV when I was asked onto *A Question Of Sport* about 14 years ago as a contestant, in the days when Henry Cooper and Cliff Morgan were the team captains. They kept inviting me back and they must have thought there was something there because eventually I was invited to be a team captain with Gareth Edwards. I really enjoyed it and found it easy to go there and talk and answer questions, or rather not answer them I don't think I've got a 'What Happened Next' right in ten years.'

The sausages and tomatoes have arrived and Emlyn attacks them with the venom he usually reserves for such scourges of the modern game as Bobby Robson ( the most

indecisive person ever ) and of course footbal hooligans His analysis of that problem makes crude sense

"The hooligans should just be put away for ever and ever The next ten people who walk into a football match with a knife or a spike or a razor or a spud with nails sticking out of it, or whatever it is these lunatics take in with them, should be put away for ten years Now if you re a football hooligan and your mate s just been sent down for ten years you re going to think twice about taking a Stanley knife to the match Until these lunatics are given a stronger deterrent we're going to get them coming every week

It's a ridiculous state of affairs – the other week at Darlington v Halifax there were about 1,100 people at the game and there was a riot! I mean, who wants to riot at Darlington? And then you get judges giving them a £200 fine and two weeks in a detention centre, and when they come out in a fortnight they're even bigger heroes with their mates because they've been inside

The hooligans aren't the only reason for football's decline though Football has changed a lot since I was playing and certainly not for the better When I was playing for Liverpool in the late Sixties the First Division was much stronger At the start of the season we'd look down the League at all the teams we were frightened of and there'd be about 15 or 16 teams every year who we knew were capable of winning that League When you look at the First Division at the moment there's only two teams that can win the League, and that's Liverpool and Everton After that you're scratching around for an also-ran that can finish third and that s sad for the English game '

That and Bobby Robson And Emlyn's his sternest critic

He's just not the right man for the job, it' s as simple as that '

He had a team in the Seventies Ipswich that was a hell of a good side and a horrible, stinking place to go and get a result They should have won League titles We won them because of our manager we won them because of Bob Paisley and because of Bill Shankly Your players put you in a good position to win things – obviously you have to have good players to win trophies – but ultimately it's the manager that wins things for a club, you do it for him at the end of the day That s why Manchester United have been so disappointing over the last few years – they've got good players but they just haven t been doing it for the manager

Emlyn, 39, had a spell in management which taught him much about that precarious profession

'I had two years as player/manager up at Rotherham and I loved every second of it I felt I was very successful there too I got them playing, I got lots of people interested in the club, I got money for the club through transfer dealings and major contracts with sponsors – and then at the end of the day someone comes in and tells you that you're sacked That was a killer When I left they were the highest they've ever been, seventh in the Second Division with an average gate of 9,700 ' Then why was he sacked?

'Let's just say there was a lot of politics involved

And would he ever go back into management?

I m not sure about that To be a football manager you've got to have a desperation And by that I mean you've got to be desperate no matter what club you re at, whether it s Halifax or Manchester United to go on and win the European Cup Even if you're in charge of Weymouth you should have that burning ambition to take them out of the Southern League win the fourth, win the third and so on If you haven t got that you're cheating people cheating the fans, the players the club and yourself

When I was at Rotherham I was determined to make them the next Liverpool of English football And when I got the sack my desire to do that just disappeared and it hasn t come back I'm not saying it never will but until it does I can t go back into management

And so it s the cosy world of TV There's a new series of *A Question Of Sport* more of those hideous jerseys ( good gear eh't they, eh' ) and probably more attractive female sports personalities on Emlyn s team ('of course I pick the fit ones') Nice work if you can get it nice bloke, too.




# WIN A BUSH!

**TROUBLED by birds in the head? THEN TRY to win the Bush! Five bumper bundles, each including Kate Bush's LP AND signed video AND an LM cap 'n' T-shirt, are up for grabs!**

LIKE W... some re... phenom... vibes o... LM stereo right now. Yeah it's the... massive... and fi... your ey... across... rock p... tions!

...Sorry, last damn Doo...

Ed Fa... every... Rhyth... were we... Ah y... sick... Towe... (coun...

...and-eighth sets of Kate...

...ng!

...of brainpower going down... ...pull on your best boots...

...boxers.

...Heights.

2) Which Bronte sister...

3) What was the name of...

Sir Kate sing a duet at the...

If you think you're fab...

SYN TOE, to arrive no later...

bucket turn-ups will win...

...five will receive a poison...

# ZOOM AT THE T



At last, a picture with all the [illegible] and [illegible] stand by for The Flood.

**A snap decision paid off for 21-year-old MARTIN EIDEMAK when he quit his job to start his own photographic studio. Today Eidemak's making a name and a living for himself, balancing the light-meter and the bottom line. TERRY HOPE, our man with an aperture priority, meets the Cartier-Bresson of Croydon.**

A GLEAM of inspiration shines in the mad photographer's eye. 'We're going to fill the place with water,' he promises, aglow at the prospect. In a few hours the set-builders will move into Martin Eidemak's tidy top-floor studio and construct a dummy room, with a special floor strong enough to hold ten inches of water and model Angela Robinson on a floating bed. If the ingenious plan works it'll give Eidemak the perfect scene for a series of 'dream' photos; if the false floor won't hold then the wool shop downstairs is about to encounter south London's first monsoon.

And the worst happens.

The false floor wasn't leak-proof, and as Eidemak set up his pictures gallons of water seeped through. The irate ground-floor tenant came storming upstairs to demand that the torrent stopped . . . and then even Eidemak found his diplomatic skills stretched as the wool shop's ceiling fell in with a crash.

But it was worth the hassle, and the hill for damages, says Eidemak. 'It's the best picture I've taken so far,' he insists.

From scraps of paper the vision has come to life, amid little sketches of how the 'room' will look, where the chairs and perhaps a TV will go, how the touches like mist coming off the water (dry ice) and the picture of the completed scene on the wall (which means setting up the shot twice) will be managed. And then of course there's the small matter of [illegible] girl who floats . . .

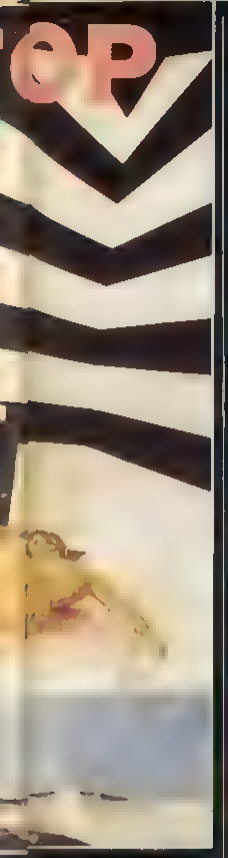
Eidemak flushes a fetching shade of pink when he's held up to his generation as a shining example of 'success'. But despite his embarrassment, he's making it by hard work in a field that's overflowing with eager, able hopefuls.

He's past the stage of undercutting everyone else's prices just to keep the wolf from the door, and he's looking forward to a career that could make him a fortune, take him round the world and bring him face-to-face with Phil Collins (he's just covered a major tour) — and all this at an age when those who've followed the traditional route into photography, through a three-year college course, are just blinking in the daylight and wondering how to start making a living.

'All I can ever remember wanting to do for a living was photography,' recalls Eidemak, 'and I was determined when I was old enough to make it my career.'

The big break came when Eidemak was just 16 and, as is so often the case in creative careers, it had precious little to do with academic success. Capital Radio were broadcasting details of job vacancies, doing their bit for London's kids, and Eidemak's mother heard of a photographer who needed an assistant.

It sounded perfect — but three days of frantic phoning later, Eidemak was still stuck with the engaged tone. 'My mum didn't give up, though, and just when the dial on our phone was about to wear out she got through to the place that was advertising the position.'



This ten-foot-square set offered the kind of challenge that Eidemak and his small team relish. And it's the guts and the know-how to tackle crazy photo shoots like this one that have enabled Eidemak, 21, to build up a book of prestigious clients prepared to pay well for his services.

There are two ways to make it to the top, and one of them is legal. You've got to go with that old, unfashionable ideal, hard work. You need complete single-minded commitment to conquer the job market.



# JOINING THE QUEUE

**It takes money to make money, but finance and training for young entrepreneurs are only a form or a phone-call away.**

**THE GOVERNMENT** knows that for every Martin Eidemak in business there's one less young person on the dole queue. They have put some money where their mouth is, so there's plenty of moral and financial support for new small businesses, and if you set up in self-employment you won't be going it alone.

The best place to start is the **Small Firms Service**, set up to help anyone running or starting up a small business. They'll give you free advice on the problems you might face, and they have the lowdown on Government schemes for small businesses. Dial 100 and ask for [illegible].

One of the Government's most adventurous measures is the **Enterprise Allowance Scheme**. If you're accepted into this scheme you'll be paid £40 a week for 52 weeks, which could be enough to pay your rent for business premises till you've built up a steady clientele.

You have to be 18 or over, and out of work for at least eight weeks, and you'll need £1,000 of your own to invest in your business. That money can come from savings, family, or a loan.

The **Loan Guarantee Scheme** was set up to encourage banks to lend money to new businesses. To get any loan you have to provide detailed information and a business plan, a bank manager can tell you what's required.

**Training For Enterprise** runs short courses on the nuts and bolts of small business, covering such subjects as finance and marketing. You can get full details from your local Manpower Services Commission office.

And if you've reached Martin Eidemak's stage, the **New Workers Scheme** will help you employ an assistant. The scheme pays £15 a week subsidy towards an employee's wages if they're under 21 and the wage reflects their age and inexperience; the subsidy can run for up to a year. Full details are available from local Careers Offices, Jobcentres and Employment Measures Units.

Read the free booklet *Action For Jobs* for more details of the help you can get with your own business, or contact a Citizens Advice Bureau.

Armed with a glowing letter from his photography teacher at school, and wearing his most enthusiastic expression till his face was in danger of staying that way, Eidemak beat the other hopefuls to the post and found himself working for The Photo Centre, assisting photographer Philip Stone, who specialised in fashion shots for mail-order catalogues.

Eidemak found himself thrust into a world of hard, late work; his take-home pay was £36 a week, of which one-third was eaten up by travelling expenses. It wasn't a position that did wonders for his social life, but it helped Eidemak gain the most important thing — experience. Soon he started helping out two other photographers at The Photo Centre, John Challis and Brian Foster. Challis photographed huge, wanting set-pieces to illustrate stories for 'true life' drama magazines, and Foster spent hours setting up intricate jewellery arrangements.

'I was really keen,' recalls Eidemak, 'and watched everything that was going on. I remember the first time I saw how much Philip Stone charged for a day's work — I couldn't believe it!'

By the end of the year Stone had left The Photo Centre to do his own thing, and Eidemak decided it was time to move on. The Association Of Advertising, Fashion And Editorial Photographers was running weekly seminars for photographic assistants, and at the end of one session he waited for the others to leave and asked the organiser if she knew of any vacancies. She did — but she emphasised that they were bound to attract an army of applicants.

It was a challenge that Eidemak couldn't resist, however, and at the second studio he tried he struck lucky. It was a big-time operation run by two photographers, Rob Knight and Steve Staford; they were producing some of the best-known advertising pictures around, including a major series for British Caledonian Airways. Once again Eidemak's enthusiastic expression helped out, and he was in, immersed in the crazy life of a busy professional.

'The second day there I'd arranged to go out after work, and I suddenly found I'd been booked on a plane to Scotland that evening! We had a job up there, and everything was dropped to accommodate this.'

A year later Eidemak, now 18, was dreaming dreams of self-employment. He'd kept in touch with Philip Stone, who suggested that the two of them could shoot a few weddings together to raise cash and eventually offered Eidemak space in his own studio in return for some help with his heavy workload.

'I had my own desk and a phone, and was in business! Philip Stone talked to me about everything. I knew how every part of his operation worked down to the tax-forms he had to fill in, and it was tremendously helpful.

'My father sat down with me, and we compiled a letter of introduction to potential clients, using addresses gleaned from the yellow pages among other sources, to get me work. I offered to do the first job for anyone at a ridiculously small fee just to prove I was capable, and the response was unbelievable.'

Eidemak had managed to save £3,000, and after four months finding his feet at Stone's studio he was ready for the big test. After a thorough search, he settled on a rundown establishment in Croydon, and sorted out a reasonable rent. It took Eidemak two weeks to clear the dirt and grime, and £600 worth of carpets and paint to make the studio habitable, but it was his and he was just 19.

And for the past two years Eidemak has had to work as hard as ever, satisfying his clients and finding new ones. It's a tough job convincing some of his older clients that he's a fully-fledged professional, and Eidemak is constantly on test — and surviving very nicely, thank you.

Eidemak's business has grown and now he has four assistants of his own. His latest, Philip Knoles, is 18, highly enthusiastic, and hoping to follow in Eidemak's footsteps; another local boy helps out as part of a Youth Opportunity scheme; Carol runs the reception and handles most of the paperwork; and another girl takes Eidemak's work round potential clients.

It's a busy, close-knit operation, and the future looks secure. The top is a long, steep climb away, but already Martin Eidemak is halfway up.







The toaster was turned as high as it would go, and Eidemak put in doctored bread with match-heads hidden in the crust. When the toast popped up, the matches ignited and set it alight. At this point the camera shutter was opened, and a flash was fired to illuminate the scene. But if this had been the only exposure the flash would have overwhelmed the flames, so the shutter was left open for another six seconds, in darkness, to let the flames register.

The background is a sheet of colourama paper graduated from black to white to suggest shadow. Around the edges of the set-up was a box which stopped the mouse running away (not surprisingly, it didn't enjoy this brief burst of stardom, but has since found a good outlet home with one of the girls from the studio). Finally the mouse decided to climb onto the piece of cheese held above it. Lighting was from the right-hand side of the picture, with a smaller light to balance on the other side.





Eldomark's maintenance? Harris removed hood, rebuilt his engine and fitted a new transmission (see page 32-36) – and we think it was worth it.





Model Angela Robinson caught in a shivering moment.

# Girls on Boys



**Beginning her regular girlie rant about the female point of view on all things male, SUE DANDO starts the balls rolling on The Great Big Dick Debate.**

# Members

**THAT'S IT!** Do whopping willies *necessarily* mean brilliant bonking? *That's* what the LM readers want to know. Paul Strange looks jubilant. 'Dando, go forth and investigate – and don't come back till you've got the answer.'

I perk up. Does that mean I get to do practical research? Hard-hitting, self-sacrificing experiential journalism? I dribble lustfully, grabbing for my 12-inch rule, nothing if not hopeful.

Alas, willing volunteers were thin on the ground. In the end I found myself in the middle of London's Oxford Street notebook at the ready, leaping out at unsuspecting ladies to demand their views on the subject. The line of inquiry was subtle. 'In your opinion, does the size of a man's willie make any difference to his sexual performance?' And the answers ranged from 'are you a pervert?' to 'are you from *The Sun*?' It was surprising, too, that most people were willing – nay, positively *dying* to take the opportunity to rant on at great length about men's dingle-danglers.

Speaking of length – and who doesn't? – interviewees who were really getting to grips with their subject decided that tidgy is anything under five inches, an okay average is five or six inches, seven to nine is pretty blinding, and anything over that is a complete plonking porky-pier.

Oh, and before anyone gets a terrific inferiority complex, we *aren't* talking in terms of *droopy* dongers here (whew! *Ed*) – though how these girlies managed to get their measures to the nearest half-inch is anybody's guess.

However, onto the more 'interesting' comments, some of which were rather, uh, *dicky*.

'It never ceases to amaze me how men who've got a dick you could hang a coat on think girls only need to look at it to have multiple orgasms. When it comes to the crunch, they really don't have a clue what to do with their clothes pegs.' (Mandy Jeffries, 26)

'Size doesn't matter. I mean, if I'm turned on enough, I could cope with a tree-trunk – honest!' (Karen Stapleson, 22)

'Assuming the performance is good, then, yes, a big one would give me more pleasure. When they're small, they keep slipping out. Mind you, if a bloke's got a weeny one, I'd never say anything. But a big one's sexier – it's all down to the power of suggestion, sort of. Cor. What awhopper.' (Mandy Wilson, 25)

'The ones who have big ones are usually worse because they think that's all they need. Basically, they don't bother with technique because they don't think they need it. On the other hand, little ones

are prepared to work at it (Diane Spencer 30)

The only worry I'd have would be if it was really huge And then got stuck! (Emma Stubbs, 19)

Who are us females to judge on men's bits? I mean, the poor sods are stuck with what they've got for the rest of their lives, they'd better get to like it cos there ain't much they can do about it. And I'm not that genned up on plastic surgery for willies actually (Jeanette Hughes, 29)

If you put two naked bods of differing willie proportions in front of me and asked me to choose the big or little one - I'd have no hesitation. Give me the whopper any day, there's really nothing to beat it. Except perhaps for Côte-d'Or chocolate pralines.' (Samantha Phillips, 20)

For a start what's the point in having sex when there's no feelings or caring for each other involved? You're only more likely to catch some disease, aren't you? And if you do care for someone then for one thing size won't matter a toss, and by the same token, you'll presumably know enough about each other to know what you both like and what gives you both pleasure. So I don't really think size comes into it.' (Angie Bush 23)

The Big Willie Syndrome is just something put about by dense blokes in boozy conversations and exceptionally pathetic macho women who aren't intelligent enough to know any better. Total crap.' (Annabelle Burrett, 27)

Conclusions from these burblings: it ain't what you've got but what you do with it. Rest assured, guys though quite what women think you *should* be doing with it is another LM feature altogether. (God, don't you just *love* those cliffhanging endings?)

LM



Ingrid Schroeder 28: 'Yes, size definitely does make a difference. It's so much more of a turn-on to see a whopping willie - the old imagination runs quite a riot, I can tell you.



Mandi Gies 22: 'No, big ones don't make sex better, it's a question of how it's used. Sexual performance is heavily related to how confident a person is. If a person feels good about himself or herself *out* of bed they're more likely to be much more fun *in* bed regardless of the size of their willie.'



Penelope McGrath 24: 'While men with less to offer in the willie department are much more likely to try harder, and while I do agree that it's not what you've got but what you do with it, I personally would prefer a big one it's a much snugger fit.'



Melody Howard 25: 'Size makes no difference whatsoever - it's definitely what you do with it. Big isn't beautiful, just uncomfortable.'



Claudia Bracken 24: 'It's a difficult thing to talk about without going into the great complexities of a relationship. There are so many factors which go to make sex good or bad – how much you're turned on by someone, whether they know what you like and vice-versa. Size is only incidental.'



## THAT WILLIE POLL IN FULL!

In a special poll carried out for the peace of mind of certain male LM staffers 200 women were asked 'In your opinion does the size of a man's willie make any difference to his sexual performance?' Our sample said

**BIGGER IS BETTER:** 28 votes

**SIZE ISN'T EVERYTHING:** 172 votes

Only



# THIS SPORTIN





# G LIFE

**Every loser wins with American football, rants RICHARD LOWE. It's only the game that loses out — but in an age of armchair sport and strong-arm supporters it's not whether you win or lose, it's how pissed you get.**

**BAG THE BEST** armchair, stock up on Budweiser, flick the switch on the TV remote control to the unfamiliar Channel 4 and settle down for the most moronic TV marathon of the year.

Yes, it's Superbowl time again, and no doubt the poison-pens of the media will take a break from rolling off Britain's only truly popular sport to join in the hysterical hyping of American football that coincides with this absurd annual event.

Only Americans could have invented a sport as gaudy, brutal and monumentally crass as American football, and only the most gullible citizens of the 51st State could be dumb enough to appreciate it. For beneath the glitzy glamour that surrounds the game — the chirpy cheerleaders, the ridiculously complicated rules, the laughable outfits of the players, the unashamed commercialism of the whole trashy razzmatazz — beneath all that it's little more than a bastardised version of our own dear, quaint rugby football.

(And remember that the Yanks' beloved baseball is merely glorified rounders, a game any self-respecting British brat gives up when he, or more likely she, leaves the primary-school playground.)

But instead of attracting the kind of endearingly oafish brute who likes to run off his beer-belly on the rugby pitch, the world of American football is peopled by freaks — vast men who have mutated into monsters through a diet of steroids and Big Macs (William Perry, The Refrigerator, has been known to get through 24 in a sitting). And the game itself is as ugly, awkward and brutish as its participants' power, pace and violence are its only selling-points.

Britain's infatuation with American football won't last. Once the hype and hysteria has died down, and once the novelty appeal has waned, American football will take its rightful place in the graveyard of imported crazes, casually shunned by the majority, like kung fu and skateboarding. It'll remain only as a minority pursuit for hardened enthusiasts. American football replacing real football as our national sport is about as likely as The Fridge quitting the game to concentrate on ice-skating and synchronised swimming.

The curse of the hooligans is a more serious threat to the supremacy of soccer. It's sad for the game that gangs of youths should choose to beat the crap out of each other in and around football grounds, and harsh on the clubs that they should be held responsible for their supporters' behaviour. But a football club is by nature a focus of local pride and identity, even if few of the players actually come from the town or city their club represents (not one of the team that won the FA Cup for Liverpool last season was eligible even to play for England), so football has become a backdrop to regional rivalries and a suitable arena in which to settle them, whether the clubs like it or not.

The state of affairs underpins a more fundamental reason for football violence: it's simply that a lot of people, most notably pitifully stupid and shockingly malicious young lads, enjoy a good scrap. The strategy of the ambush exercises their tiny minds, it satisfies that deep-rooted macho craving for glory on the battlefield and it gives them something to boast about in the pub. Football gives some spurious purpose to mindless violence.

Such is the way of 'lads', and no half-baked Government measures like identity cards (we all know who'd be first in the queue for them) or banning alcohol from grounds (everyone just gets tanked up before the game) are going to change them.

But football's crisis runs deeper than the obvious problem of hooliganism. Attendances have been falling consistently and dramatically for 40 years, these days there's simply more to do of a Saturday afternoon than freeze to death on a windswept terrace watching Preston North End hold Bolton Wanderers to a gritty 0-0 draw.

And the game itself is apparently less appealing than it was in the good old days. The impression you get from some romantic nostalgists is that football in the baggy-shorts era was an electrifying spectacle of wingers tearing up the flanks with gay abandon, 'inside-forwards' whose natural skill went unfettered by modern coaching techniques, and robust, traditional centre-forwards of awesome striking ability, and that every game left spectators tingling with joy and giddy with excitement.

But I don't believe a word of it. I'm sure they had their Wimbledons, their Michael Robinsons and Doug Rougvies, and I'm sure that dull clinically functional football wasn't invented by Don Revie's Leeds.

Yet some of the football played in last year's World Cup — Maradona combining the strength of an ox with the finesse of a ballerina, shimmering past helpless defenders, the enthralling spells of tight, elegant, controlled team work in the Brazil-France match, the speed and skill of Denmark — must have convinced even the most sceptical that football is still the greatest, most complete of sports.

Cricket is another of our staple sports that's been forced to change with the times, losing some of its dignity, gentility and shambling amateurism that makes the sport so great. Cricket's flirtation with the brash commercialism that taints modern sport reached its culmination at the World Series tournament in Australia a few years back, a nightmare come true for those who value the game's traditions. We witnessed the gruesome sight of cricket played at night, under flood lights, with a white ball, and with the players sporting ludicrously garish outfits in hideous shades of orange, green and light blue. The days of linseed oil and white cotton flannels are over — modern cricket means polyurethane-coated bats and day-glo pink pads.

However, though the trappings of cricket have had a messy crash with the modern world, it's still basically the same old game. There's no widespread disillusionment with the modern game among former players and supporters the way there is with football, apart from the odd jealous grumble about a top player's earnings. And indeed England's most popular player, Ian Botham, fits that classic cricketing stereotype, the Sunday Afternoon Slogger.

Botham's no athlete — he's usually overweight and unfit, he smokes dope (sorry, he 'experimented' with it when he was young), he's a loutish, over-

grown beer-boy and he plays first-class cricket with cavalier recklessness as if there were nothing more at stake than the price of getting the ale in after the match.

But what a marvellous entertainer he is. When Botham's out to make the crucial, quick hefty knock that he specialises in, he doesn't bother with delicate stroke-play: no timid pokes through the covers for a quick single, or classically correct square cuts. He just hammers the ball to the boundary, wielding his bat like a giant club, attacking the ball, with the contemptuous ease of a giant swatting a fly.

And he's a great bowler too – loose and undisciplined at times, when he's frustrated, but deadly and effective when that frustration blossoms into dogged determination. And the public love him, because he brings drama and excitement to a game that, let's face it, can be mind-numbingly dull.

Indeed, Botham's former agent/manager, the ridiculous Tim Hudson, was so taken with Botham's image as a swashbuckling hero that he planned to pack him off to Hollywood and turn him into the new Errol Flynn. The cinema may support the odd bovine brute whose success far outweighs his talent (Charles Bronson and Sylvester Stallone spring to mind), but somehow I don't think Botham would have cut it – not that the idea of a sports star breaking into the world of showbiz is a far-fetched one.

After all, these days the edges between the various categories of celebrity are blurred and we get Page Three girls and soap-opera stars making records, snooker players hosting TV chat shows, and pop stars setting themselves up as film actors and racing drivers.

Sport itself is becoming just another light-entertainment show on TV – something to watch passively rather than play actively. It's a worrying truth that when people say they like American football or rugby league or Crown Green bowling or whatever, it usually means they like watching it on TV. (And those who dismiss football as a dying sport forget that – apart perhaps from the stupefyingly dull pursuit of fishing – it's still by far Britain's most popular *participatory* sport.)

TV's only real opposition in the evening is that perennial attraction, the pub, so it's no coincidence that TV has collared the two most popular pub games – snooker and darts, and managed to palm them off to the public as proper sports, complete with commentators, action replays, panels of experts and Des Lynam at the helm.

And there's no doubt that they make great television. All the drama, the personality clashes, the heroes and villains, the scandals and the big-money prizes – snooker and darts are compelling combinations of those classic TV formats, Soap Opera and Game Show.

But darts and snooker aren't really sports, they're what some people do instead of talking about TV when they're out on the ale. And it's difficult to take seriously any sport in which the participants get through 20 Benson & Hedges and either six pints of bitter or half a bottle of vodka while they're actually taking part. Even The Fridge doesn't delve into his trough of Budweiser till after the game.















# THIS SPORTING LIFE

**GUY PIERCE reports from among the discarded Bovril cups on the plight of a dying breed – the football fan who actually goes to matches.**

SOCCER CRISIS? Of course it's in crisis' it always has been Certainly since I started standing on windswept Wrigley wrapper strewn terraces some 20 years ago it's been that way

In the Sixties it was 'Bad Boy Best' (And though England managed to overcome a dose of the World Cup Willies and lift the Jules Rimet Trophy in 66 Alf Ramsey's total amnesia over the letter H caused sensitive folk a bit manner of concern

Then it was 'Bad Boy Bowles' Bertie Mee and his clockwork orange's doing the double, and Don Revie's Revie, the only man who could outgun Richard Nixon in a paranoia face-off

And when Revie Of Arabia decided that dunes helped him breathe more easily and waltzed off to sheikh some action there was a national sigh of relief at his departure

Smiling Joe Mercer took over and players and fans alike seemed to *enjoy* England's performances The Football Association soon got wind of that, however and in came Ron Greenwood another man infected with RHS (Ramsey's H Syndrome).

Enter Robson's Choice, a satisfactory World Cup and 'Soccer In Crisis 1987'

All through these dramas over the past two decades 1 and hundreds of thousands like me have faithfully handed over our cash at the turnstiles each week and cheered, cried, berated, burned our fingers on scalding cups of coffee given the opposition (both players and supporters) a good vocal seeing to and after 90 minutes trudged off home

But it's only over the past couple of seasons that I've started to wonder why do we do it?

What I resent and my resentment is becoming more deeply entrenched week after week, is the contempt in which the average supporter – real supporter not the back page vanity or the armchair critic – is treated

Football supporters have become society's whipping boys over the past six or seven years Most people don't differentiate between the hooligan the young idiot with two Hofmeisters too many inside him, and the vast majority of law abiding fans who have put themselves out often travelled long distances at some cost, and for their pains are treated with suspicion at best by the police and who want a fight about as much as the average family spending their Saturday afternoons on the consumer treadmill in your local shopping arcade

I travel round the country watching Everton Membership card? You must be joking The powers that be would leap at the chance to stamp 'FS' on my forehead and hang a bell around my neck to warn others of the Soccer Plague which I'm carrying

Football fans particularly those of us who travel to away matches are seen as either dangerous or daft But there is a tremendous camaraderie among away fans of rival teams

Anyone can be a home supporter it takes something extra to follow your side around the country It's relatively easy for someone like me I suppose supporting a successful team like Everton (even though I live in London and hold a Goodison Park season ticket home games costing me more over the year than away) but I know of two lads in my local pub one who follows Plymouth home and another who's a fervent Burnley supporter and there are thousands more like them who travel the country to see their team come away with a point after a gripping 0-0 draw

Even my encounters with the dreaded Millwall fans have not proved to be the blood and knew exchanges that one might anticipate once they've discovered that we travel every week There's a certain grudging respect between travelling fans – a respect that's far more evident than any we could expect (and deserve) from those who make a living out of the game or from those like politicians who

feel that they can achieve extra curricular advancement in their own field by hounding the poor supporter.

I realise that for every defence I put up the prosecution is going to throw Heysel or Birmingham at me. Bradford was another if more tragic matter – though the Valley Ground conflagration does bring one to question just who is the real hooligan in football? All three were terrible and I wish that even a shadow of a repetition of those sad events never occurs again.

Matters will not improve however while there are so many self interests being served in football. All it would appear to me, to the detriment of those of us who only stand and cheer.

One could start at the top – at 10 Downing Street where the present incumbent, with her ever watchful eye on the political main chance has decided that in the 'Soccer Crisis' she has a mini Galtieri on her hands. Her evident concern about the game is one of the more despicable examples of the virulent hypocrisy that runs through football.

Then there are the rent-a-quote team – Tony Beaumont Clark, Peter Brunnvels, etc. MPs who'll flog 'em, hang 'em, send 'em back to where they come from at the drop of a News Agency phone call.

Then there's the case of Luton Town, tied inextricably to politics in the form of Chairman David Evans, prospective parliamentary candidate (Conservative for Welwyn City) whose appearance at the last Tory Party conference made Kenny Everett's 'let's bomb Russia' episode look like a piece of calculated cunning and compassion.

Despite the ban on away supporters, I attended the Everton game at Kenilworth Road back in December. I went with a local lad, his mate and his four-months-pregnant wife. I understood that the aim of the all ticket members-only scheme was in addition to combating hooliganism, to create 'a family atmosphere'. (I quote from that day's over-priced programme).

What I experienced was paranoia, the worst language I've heard on the terraces this season, a £1 supplement for members' guests, appalling facilities, and the most unsporting and ungracious crowds I've witnessed in years, together with a pitch (sorry, 'surface') which rendered the game into little more than a glorified six-a-side match on an ice rink.

All in all it was not an edifying experience. If that's their idea of a family atmosphere they can have it. After that, and with the memory of the previous year's game at Kenilworth Road still fresh, where I witnessed some extremely unpleasant fighting in the streets instigated by Luton fans (also witnessed and ignored by local police just 50 yards away) I shan't be going back to Luton again.

But what about the hooligans? How do we get rid of them? The Luton membership scheme arose ostensibly out of the Luton/Millwall riot in the FA cup quarter-final two years ago. Millwall were due to meet Everton in the semi-final, had they beaten Luton. If that match had taken place it would have revived a long-standing feud between the two clubs which dates back 15 years.

There is no love lost in south London for Everton since a somewhat bloody meeting in 1972 when Millwall beat Everton 2-0. Fifteen years on I happened to meet some travelling fans from the Dam on a train returning south. Most of them couldn't have been more that two or three years old when that infamous clash took place. Yet a deep and virulent hatred of Everton had been instilled in them because of what happened that day.

If someone is brought up to hate a football team and its supporters for something that happened possibly before he was even was born, then all the membership schemes in the world aren't going to stop hooliganism.

What would go a long way to helping the situation in the media, in particular television, treating football and its followers not as a cutesy diversion but as the National Game. It would greatly assist matters if instead of the patronising ignorance Brian Moore dispenses to supporters when he deigns to step out of London – I wonder that he's got the nerve to return to the North East after his abysmal commentary on the Newcastle/West Ham match – we might have a clearer, less hysterical approach to the game.

Other than major tournaments – I would dispense with football coverage on the box. If you want to see football, go and watch. Television does nothing to get bums in stands, feet on terraces. When you can, just switch on, watch 15 or so minutes and then be in a position to pontificate about the state of the game, then football isn't doing itself any favours. In the final analysis it is the thousands at Anfield, White Hart Lane, Old Trafford and Goodison who keep the game going, not the board of *Today* newspaper.

And if you must have experts, why not talk to the people who watch Stockport County and Crystal Palace, Gillingham and Coventry every week? What's more expert than those diehards, I wonder.

In its present form television football coverage reached its nadir during the Heysel riots. Forget if you can those harrowing scenes, the carnage and the casualties, violence. The overriding memory for me was of Graeme Souness whining about the causes of the tragedy. This was hard to take from a man whose own disciplinary record on the field is shameful, and who, newly installed as manager of his country's premier club, Rangers, disgraced himself with an act of brutality on the field which would have got him arrested if it had been committed anywhere else.

As for the popular press. Soccer will always be 'in crisis' as long as there are slack news days and same-wire copy needs to be turned into something dramatic to sell papers.

When the sun-away Sun or the look-in-the-two-faced *Mirror* run effective campaigns to give the supporter a break from all the rip-off merchants, parasites, drama-queens and charlatans then we might see sports coverage of some value. But as a cleansing of soccer's Augean Stables would probably have to start with the tabloids themselves I think we're immune from that.

Things won't change, if they do then only for the worse, though seen for the better by self-serving interests the blinkered outlook of the short term.

Meanwhile I'll continue to meet the lads at the Vines for a couple of ales, share a cab to the match, spend another fruitless afternoon trying to persuade Pete to get the pies in and wonder what on earth Howard Kendall was on when he signed Dave Watson.




**BOTHAM THE MAN**

Ask anyone what the words 'English cricket' conjure up and they'll give you this: rain, bad light, poor sportsmanship, illegal substances, gin-swilling test selectors, ducks dropped catches, backroom bickering, boardroom backstabbing. And Botham. Ah yes, I T Botham, *Boys Own* hero, man of the people, the guy with the ability to single handedly win a Test match while getting up the noses of numerous 'important personages' in one sweep of his Duncan Fearnley bat. Blisteringly brilliant one moment he can be bloody-minded and idiotically reckless the next. But love him or loathe him, you can never ignore this larger-than life character.



**BOTHAM THE COMPETITION**

Pictured here is the ever-bashful ITB partaking of leisurely pleasures in a bathtub of bubbly – just the sort of shot that's crying out for a witty caption from some waggish LM reader. So get thinking – you're in with a chance of winning:

**BOTHAM THE PRIZE**

First the confession, you don't actually win the *real* Ian Botham, no, our prize is much more exciting, and it won't eat all your Shredded Wheat either. We've got five copies of the amazingly originally-titled new book, *Botham*. Autographed by the author, Test Match commentator and general cricket nut Don Mosey – it's not the 240-page Botham Is God rant you might expect. Instead while crediting Botham as being the greatest natural talent in world cricket, Mosey also denounces him as a loud-mouthed hooligan' and a 'petulant child'. Gripping stuff.

Mosey makes perfectly obvious his contempt for the all-rounder's gross misconduct both on and off the field. Great attention is paid to Botham's torrid relationship with the media – understandable, really since Mosey's been a cricket writer and BBC correspondent throughout the player's tainted career.

All in all, Botham-bashers will find themselves rubbing their hands in glee at the author's all-out attack in *Botham*, while his supporters will undoubtedly be inundating Mosey with poison pen letters for evermore.

To enter the competition, send your picture captions, name and address on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope to **WIN IAN BOTHAM!**, ***LM, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*** to reach us by **6 February**. The five best entries – chosen by the laddish LM staff – will win a book each.

Hunter S Minson's

# Mondo Bizarro



**Still at large in the city of lost angels, our demented correspondent gets abreast of the softcore 'King Of Sleaze'. Yes, it's . . .**

## Russ Meyer or bust

**AMERICANS** have an odd attitude to sex. No – let's correct that. People have odd attitudes to sex. It's just that the American attitude is odder than many.

You walk down Hollywood Boulevard, past newsstands where you can buy magazines with titles like *Cocksucking Secretaries*. You go into a sex shop and you can buy a vibrator so big it could be used as an offensive weapon.

There's a story that soon after buying one of these things some little guy was stopped by a mugger with a gun. 'Okay, what's in the parcel?' asked his assailant. When the realistically shaped construction of latex and batteries was revealed, he hesitated for a moment.

Seizing the opportunity, the little guy clubbed him with King Dong. *He's* now facing police charges and the mugger is suing him from his hospital bed, where he's recovering from a fractured skull.

But this is just one side of the story. Travel from the triple-X-rated paradise to Santa Monica, and under that blazing Californian sun will you find one pair of bare boobs slowly browning on the beach? Not that I saw.

And bare boobs are what this article's all about. Not just bare boobs. Big bare boobs. Let's try that again – should we? BIG bare boobs! Hardly does them justice. How about buxotic pulchritudes of mammoth mamullae? Arrogant, cantilevered beehives straining both the bra-straps and the imagination. BIG big bare boobs.

Right, we're getting there. We're in Hollywood, the fantasy factory – only nowadays the fantasy is run by accountants, grey money-men who decide whether script X will make enough to swell the coffers of their parent company which is really concerned with soft drinks. Nowadays, the only way of staying truly independent is doing it yourself.

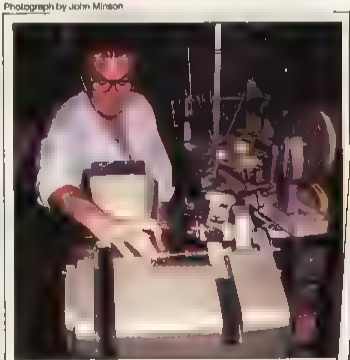
So there I was, in LA to interview the last great Hollywood independent. A man described by John Landis, one of the more talented members of the movie bratpack, as 'an American Phenomenon'. A man who, since the late Fifties, has been following a personal vision, seeking his own Holy Grail, in over two dozen films. A vision that starts at 4 ODD and just keeps on getting bigger.

Russ Meyer runs a tightrope between respectability and ridicule. A couple of Christmases ago London's National Film Theatre gave the King Of Sleaze a major retrospective. But what right-thinking, respectable citizen would admit to watching *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultravixens*? Meyer will always be shunned by the conservative establishment because he makes sex films.

No – Meyer makes sex satires, cartoons with real people. Wildly voluptuous women with unquenchable sexual appetites. Square-jawed men with IQ and virility problems. Mix them all together in a nice little take, throw in a tongue-in-cheek moral, and the whole thing will end happily. His genius is to make fun of the stereotypes, yet keep things downright raunchy, too – and that can never be wholly acceptable.

I met RM in the bar of my Wilshire Boulevard hotel. He was wearing a grey leather jacket, and looked fit and tanned, not at all the flamboyant figure that the

Photograph by John Minson



Russ Meyer in his cutting room at work on his latest epic The Breasts Of Russ Meyer




All film stills courtesy of The Kobal Collection

# Hunter S Minson

tag 'film director' suggests But he's more than just a director He also writes his films, produces them, edits them and, when everyone else has had a spell in front of the camera, he even appears in them

He had the evening planned We were to eat in a restaurant just behind the hotel, which he hadn't visited since he was there to celebrate the birthday of Eve his second wife, who was killed in a plane crash in the Seventies Eve had been one of his earliest stars and was later his co-producer The day she died he had been editing a homage to her Meyer's life and his films are inextricably linked

The restaurant was sophisticated and discreet The meal was excellent Meyer is a lover of good wine, good food, anything that is good in life, and that includes good sex During the meal he told me of his ideal fuck 'You say count to ten and she's ready to go

In the early days there was no below-the-belt action, though In 1959 *The Immoral Mr Teas* was immoral enough because it combined a little polite nudity with a story of sorts It was the first film to do so. The nudie cutie was born

Meyer's story is the history of cinematic sex When everyone else was doing nudie cuties, and the bottom had fallen out of that market, he went on to invent the roughie *Motorpsycho*, *Mudhoney* and *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill* toned down the nudity-for-its-own-sake, but replaced it with perverse, menacing eroticism

*Faster Pussycat* is the tale of three buxom go-go dancers who kill an all-American boy and kidnap his girlfriend, keeping her in a state of near-catatonic terror However they meet their match when they arrive at a desert ranch home of hidden treasure and a corrupt family of two sons, one a bodybuilding vegetable and their lecherous wheelchair-bound father

Working in colour again, Meyer took the first steps toward sexual satire with a series of middle-class melodramas *Vixen* is the tale of a voracious nymph and her stand-old man out in the Canadian wilds Its 70 minutes manage to include adultery lesbianism, incest, Vietnam draft dodgers and the RA. The British censor cut 25 minutes on its original release!

*Vixen* took Meyer to Hollywood proper The 20th Century Fox axecs were so impressed with the incredible profits produced by this one low-budget movie that they signed him up. The result was his incredible non-sequel, *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*. It's a film crammed with faces from previous films or ones which were to appear again later because for RM filmmaking is like a family activity

Charles Napier, who appeared in *Rambo*, was a Meyer regular So was Henry Rowland, a veteran of Second World War movies, where he almost always played the evil Nazi Meyer cast him as Martin Bormann 'Bormann was the real suck-ass of Hitler's deputies, and they never proved that he died. So I had him reappear in my films

In *Beyond The Valley* Bormann is barman at teen king Ronnie 'Z' Man Barzell's place where party guests utter such immortal lines as 'You're a groovy-looking boy I'd like to strap you on some time In *The Seven Minutes* RM's second big studio film, Bormann's the butler of an upright politician

But RM was a victim of studio politics. He arrived one morning to find that it was all-change in the upper echelons, and they were subtly suggesting that he should go painting out his name on his door

After that he was 'awash in my own vomit', to use his description of the early Seventies. *Slaves* was his least successful film, something which he puts down to his leading lady's lack of pectoral protuberance 'She was like a boy

But RM was determined never to let down his fans in the one area where they expected him to be upstanding, and all came right with *Supervixens*

By then the sex film had been revolutionised by Linda Lovelace and her explicit sword-swallowing act But though there was pressure to take the road down that deep throat, Meyer had little sympathy for explicit hardcore, finding it a turn-off

Instead he continued with what he did best blending comedy, self parodic melodrama and outrageously abundant barzoomas in wild and witty send-ups of anything that could be considered sacred or tasteful. The cop who's built like a brick wall may carry a huge night-stick, but he's impotent Martin Bormann runs a gas station in the desert And at Radio Rio Dio ( 20,000 Watts of Faith Healing Power!) total immersion takes on a whole new meaning!

The meal is almost over All that's left is for RM to run me back to the hotel in his Corvette the sort of car you lie in and glide along the freeway It's tastefully painted with his RM logo, but not for reasons of vanity It appears in his latest production

For the past six years *The Breast Of Russ Meyer* has been in production. It's been so long that its director has given up even suggesting a completion date. And it currently runs at something over ten hours, which rather restricts its audience to video cultists

*Breast* is the culmination of Meyer's life as a film maker It contains edited versions of all of his films – 'Like *Reader's Digest* condensed books, he quips. Meyer's style is normally punchy, and summing up all those brazen, bouncing boobs in such short spurts will be nothing short of an all-out assault on the senses

In-between there are autobiographical sequences Philosophy, the meaning of life, railway lines going into the distance 'What does it all mean? Who cares because you know that any minute there'll be a great-looking broad with huge knockers coming along'

That's Meyer in a nutshell For those who want the tits, the whole tits and nothing but the tits, they're there in plentiful pulchritude But if you want more – that clever satire, the knowing references to other films, and some fine individualistic film craftsmanship which can hold you tighter than a dozen mega-productions then that's there too.

Back at the hotel we say goodbye. That's it or that's almost it. RM invites me up to his house a couple of days later It's not a museum to my films – it's a shrine,' he explains And while he works on *Breast* I'm free to roam among all the memorabilia of that life in movies

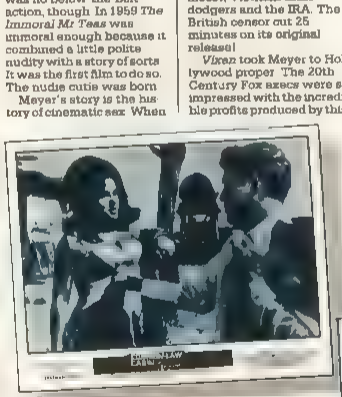
There are framed posters in every language imaginable, carefully-bound collections of press cuttings and a wall dominated by the sort of shields that normally carry animal heads

These carry trophies of a different kind

There's a plaque for each movie, bearing an odd assortment of props and related objects The *Vixen* plaque, for example, carries a can of grapefruit juice, in memory of the actresses who wouldn't drink anything else and almost bankrupted the production by having their juice flown out into the middle of nowhere

But two things impress me more. One is a painting with scenes of hunting and fishing – a reminder that Meyer is a man who enjoys an active, outdoor life And as if to back this up, in the garage, which leads to his own private editing suite just behind the house are two movie lights on stands

True they look rather dejected now but you know that they're ready and waiting and should someone phone RM in the middle of the night to tell him they've just discovered this Vegas stripper with a ripe, firm, 44-inch bust, he'll be ready to throw them into the back of a truck and drive off into the desert, forever in pursuit of his dream of bigger barzoomas in bigger films






Photograph by John Minson

**Mounting Meyerabilia adorns the walls – plaques for *Vixen* (left) and Cherry, Harry & Raquel**




# THROUGH A SCREEN MONOCHROMATICALLY

**The grace, suavity and elegance of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are returning on the home screen. Unrepentant old-filmophile ROGER KEAN looks at the craft and sentiment of Hollywood.**

*A fine romance*
*With no kiss es*
*A fine romance*
*My friend this is*
*We should be like a couple of hot tom matoes,*
*But you re as cold as yesterday's mashed pot-tatoes*

**THE MUSIC** and songs were strikingly sophisticated the lyrics were often, well gauche to say the least. And it s interesting to reflect that the massed millions who trooped faithfully to the Gaumonts and Odeons to adore Rogers and Astaire in the Thirties and Forties later berated their sons and daughters for listening to meaningless rock'n roll rub




bish in the Fifties

After all in *their* day they were happily humming and singing along with ditties like the one quoted above (Fred and Ginger in *A Fine Romance* from the 1936 musical film *Swing Time*) And those who lovingly remember actually seeing the heyday of the Hollywood glitter-musical on the silver screen would probably find it ironic that their grandchildren are now humming the same songs

The wheel has turned full circle - TV, having killed off the mass-audience cinema industry is now reviving its classics on video Just as the CD has given a new lease of life to all those ancient albums so video is helping thousands rediscover the joys of old, usually black-and-white movies

Okay so a lot of them do turn up on the box on wet Sunday afternoons but thanks to Screen Legends, Video Gems Video Collection and so on they're on our high street shelves and we can watch them when we want at a price not much above that of a blank cassette. This sudden accessibility has sparked off a renaissance of the black and-white oldies video sales show that high-camp Hollywood still brings a twinkle of tinsel to many a tear-wet eye

But what is not for the ordinary punter brought up on a diet of TV soaps *The Price Is Right* American A-Teams and more recently dialler killer zombie horrors on video hire?

Obviously it depends on personal taste - and the range is wide Today you can buy serious cinematic drama, films like the awesomely influential, *Citizen Kane* by Orson Welles (Channel 5), which probably suggested the look of Alfred Hitchcock's doom-laden *Rebecca* (Video Collection), or three s William Wyler's absolutely superb five-handkerchief 1946 classic *The Best Years Of Our Lives* (Video Gems) (The title is ironic the film depicts the fears of three small town Americans returning from the War learning to live as civilians again in a world changed beyond recognition )

Song-and-dance tastes are catered for adequately, too There are the very early Rogers/Astaire vehicles like *Flying Down To Rio* – Rio Rio down by the sea o' *The Gay Divorcee Top Hat* ,all Video Collection) and *Swing Time* (Channe) 5, indeed nearly all of Ginger and Fred s ten collaborations are available on video now And then there are later musicals *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, *The Wizard Of Oz* (both Screen Legends,

Or you can grip the edge of your settee in front of the semina. *King Kong* (Channel 5) watching Fay Wray scream and scream and scream. The specia. effects are still marvelous even though the acting and dialogue are often unintentionally hilarious (The original *King Kong* does have one of the best ever last lines 'Oh no, it wasn t the airplanes It was beauty killed the beast')

Thrill to the sparkling dialogue of Michael Curtis s *Casablanca* (Screen Legends) the electric combination of Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman has proved utterly timeless Bite your nails with the tension of *Gaslight* (Screen Legends) as Charles Boyer tries to save Ingrid Bergman from the evil intentions of Joseph Cotten

Whatever your taste in films, there s something for you in the oldies But beyond that, the fascination of these classics springs from the love and attention that went into making them Cinematic techniques especially cameras and special effects, have been vastly improved in the last 50 years yet the lighting and atmosphere created in the Thirties and Forties has rarely been bettered, technological improvement doesn t necessarily mean better films

Films are stories, they re people situations actions and above al., emotions It s a currency not tarnished by time and in fact I'm tempted to believe that the rigours of the Depression and the War made ordinary folk into nicer people than they are in today's welfare state nicer! only in the sense that they reacted favourably to entertainments that were designed to be uplifting rather than depressingly terminal nihilistic or mindless The true children of the golden Hollywood period have been *Star Wars* and *E T*

What this renaissance on video offers is a chance to discover the most brilliant craftsmen in the business Fred Astaire may look old hat in evening dress, white cravat, slicked hair and patent-leather tappers but the effortless ease with which he makes even a hat stand look like a good dancer has rarely been bettered, even at Covent Garden

And anyone who thinks of older films as slow should check out the breathtaking speed of the editing in big musical production numbers like *The Carioca* (*Flying Down To Rio*) and *The Continental* (*The Gay Divorcee*). These predate the similar techniques used in pop promos and *Top Of The Pops* by some 45 years

The rambling storyline of *The Best Years Of Our Lives* is an eye-opener for those who regard British soap opera as the pinnacle of naturalistic writing depicting life-as-she is lived through ordinary people in slightly contrived situations. Its director William Wyler, is one of the great unsung heroes of Hollywood a man who told stories about simple living men and women coping with their lives against a background of deprivation, both physical and mental There s nothing OTT about his work nothing that smacks of Hollywood-the-shallow everything is crafted to pull the audience into his story and into the lives of the characters onscreen

Watching *Best Years*, it's almost impossible (unless you're completely heartless) not to be crying after the first fifteen minutes

Director John Ford is quite similar to Wyler, probably his best-known movies are John Wayne westerns On video don t miss the so-called trilogy of *Fort Apache* (Channe. 5), *Rio Grande* and *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon* (both Video Collection) It s a trilogy in name rather than fact since Wayne plays different characters in the three adventures and is older in *Yellow Ribbon* than in *Rio Grande*, though the film was made a year earlier Such is the magic of Hollywood

There's a possibly apocryphal story that Ford accused by his studio of falling behind schedule, took the script and ripped several pages from it retorting *Now* we re back on schedule But that shouldn t be taken to mean that he cared little for his work John Ford was one of the great Hollywood craftsmen, and his films are a mammoth vein of gold yet to be fully mined by video Where he differs from Wyler is on the level of sentiment – sometimes frankly Ford's work drips with the stuff, and Wyler is altogether less schmaltzy

But sentiment is the wonder ingredient that Forties Hollywood has to offer to today's more cynical and world-weary audiences If watching these marvellous old films inspires us to think of them as hopelessly simple-minded and naive perhaps we re just sitting on the wrong side of the looking glass

It s so easy to become numbed by the bad, gritty tell it like-it is approach of modern shock films the massacre on the evening news in our sitting rooms that the better feelings of humanity can be filtered out And, to be honest, I can't see that the values under examination in say *Citizen Kane* have less relevance now than they did almost a half century ago in 1941

If you want to see something cynical, take a look at one of the new generation of old videos with computer-generated colour added to them

For Christmas Video Collection released *It's A Wonderful Life* starring James Stewart in new colour How would Leonardo da Vinci react if his cartoons were coloured in or more aptly in this case, his paintings were reduced to monochrome? I don t approve - but that's a subject for another LM article shortly The black and-white films were lovingly made in black-and-white and in black-and-white they should be seen

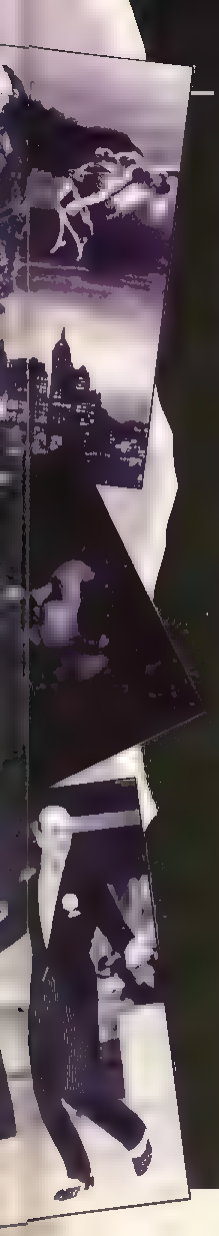
If I've failed to inspire anyone to dip into the past, our following roundup on video cheapies has newer films to offer – but don t be fooled by colour All that s glitzy is not gold











# Cheap thrills

**CURTIS HUTCHINSON offers a run-down of the Big Four video-releasing companies who are filling the shelves of high-street chain-stores with cheap pre-recorded tapes.**

THE VIDEO COLLECTION

**THREE OUTS** got the cheapie video scene off to a flying start less than 18 months ago with the release of some 56 titles offering something for everyone; from DIY tapes and twee MOR music vids for the unhip, to the cultish *Thomas The Tank Engine* and an unbeatable selection of classic (and some not so classic) Hollywood movies.

At first the tapes were only available through Woolies, but the explosion of demand led to a phenomenal improvement in distribution, and now you can buy Video Collection tapes at any forward-thinking high-street store.

In the early days of the video age the biggest rentals were recent blockbusters; black-and-white movies, music videos, specialist films and children's shows had little impact. The Video Collection hit upon the idea of putting out these tapes at the ludicrous giveaway price of £6.99, a price which they think marks the dividing line between impulse buying and planned purchasing.

The gamble paid off—within 12 weeks some 700,000 cassettes were sold. Early releases included Hitchcock's *Rebecca* and the all-time classic western *High Noon*, but it was John Wayne who quickly asserted himself as The Collection's hottest star. His low-key (ie he doesn't shoot anyone) *The Quiet Man* became their biggest seller.

Now, with a catalogue of more than 350 titles and selling more than 2.5 million vidsos a year, The Collection is about to launch a new selection of movies.

Instead of just digging into the treasure-trove of Hollywood, they've acquired more recent titles from the Seventies and Eighties including the controversial *Straw Dogs* (Sam Peckinpah's blood'n'guts tale of not-so-ordinary Cornish folk) and Brian De Palma's stylish whodunit *Dressed To Kill*.

VIDEO GEMS

**FOLLOWING** in the footsteps of The Video Collection, Video Gems launched themselves last summer with 40 titles priced at £9.99 available in major stores like WH Smith, Boots, Woolworth and ASDA.

Enter Samuel Goldwyn Jr, son of the legendary Tinseltown producer, who'd inherited one of the world's most coveted movie collections and was eager to see his movies distributed by Video Gems. So alongside oddities like *The Scooby Show* and *Shirley Bassey In Concert* came such gems as Gary Cooper in *The Westerner*, Laurence ('you will never take me alive') Olivier as Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, and the epic weepie *The Best Years Of Our Lives*.

But the biggest scoops for Video Gems have been the music tape for The *Prince's Trust Birthday Party*, released last Christmas, and the full-length cartoon spectacular featuring the TV toys Transformers. *Arrival From Cybertron* soon sold in excess of 80,000 units and plenty more Transformers titles are poised for release.

Goldwyn optimistically predicts that the cheapie scene will shift 80 million vids in 1987 and a staggering 200 million in 1988—and that Video Gems will take a starring role in its development.

CHANNEL 5

**TO DRAW** an analogy with the book business, Channel 5 see themselves as purveying a low-cost mass 'paperback'. Since last March they've been packaging out high-quality film, music and kiddie tapes priced as low as £8.99, and their immediate success in the budget market has made Channel 5 optimistic.

They predict that this year, for the first time, the public will spend more on

buying videos than on renting them.

Channel 5's movie releases have been extraordinarily diverse. Classics like *King Kong*, *Citizen Kane*, and Buster Keaton's *The General* nestle alongside the likes of *The Graduate*, *Soldier Blue*, *This is Spinal Tap* and *Eraserhead* – strange bedfellows, but big business.




**AT THE TAIL** end of last year an enterprising new label was launched. Screen Legends has successfully mined old with new and film with TV, releasing budget-priced videos from organisations like MGM/ UA, [illegible] Brothers, Rank, Embassy and Longman. Impressive or what?

Screen Legends' first 76 titles covered TV, music, [illegible]

The impact was immediate. Within weeks Screen Legends had 18 titles battling for the Number One position in trade paper *Video Week*'s all-important Top 20. The [illegible] 400,000 tapes in just its first month.

Early favourites included vintage musicals like *The Wizard Of Oz* and *West Side Story*, but Screen Legends' biggest seller so far has been the MGM musical extravaganza *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*; they'd shifted more than 30,000 copies by the end of last year.

But recent blockbusters like *Superman – The Movie* didn't even make the label's own Top Ten.

Trends show that Screen Legends' biggies are going to be vintage classics and *Thomas The Tank Engine*—but another trend indicates that cheapies will get more expensive. All of Screen Legends' feature films retail at £9.99.

***Adventures Of Marco Polo***
[illegible] mins
[illegible] Cooper
[illegible] Rathbone
**Video Gems** £6.99

***An American Werewolf In London***
97 mins
[illegible] Naughton
[illegible] Agutter
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Amityville Horror***
[illegible] mins
James Brolin
[illegible] Stanger
Margot Kidder
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Avalanche***
[illegible] mins
Rock Hudson
Mia Farrow
**Video Gems** £6.99

***Bachelor Mother***
84 mins
Ginger Rogers
David Niven
Charles Coburn
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Back To Bataan***
86 mins
John Wayne
Anthony Quinn
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Barbarella***
97 mins
Jane Fonda
John Phillip Law
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Barbary Coast***
90 mins
Edward G Robinson
Miriam Hopkins
**Video Gems** £6.99

***Beat The Devil***
[illegible] mins
Humphrey Bogart
[illegible] Lollobrigida
Robert Morley
[illegible] £6.99

***Bells Of St Mary's***
[illegible] mins
Bing Crosby
Ingrid Bergman
**Video Collection** £6.99

***[illegible] Of Our Lives***
[illegible] mins
Fredric March
Myrna Loy
Teresa Wright
**Video Gems** £6.99

***The Birthday Party***
[illegible] mins
Robert Shaw
[illegible]
**Video Gems** £6.99

***Blue Hawaii***
[illegible] mins
[illegible] Presley
**Channel 5** £8.99

***The Body Snatcher***
[illegible] mins
Boris Karloff
Henry Daniell
**Video Collection** £6.99

***The Bostonians***
[illegible] mins
[illegible] Redgrave
[illegible] Redgrave
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***The Boys From Brazil***
124 mins
Gregory Peck
Laurence Olivier
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Brief Encounter***
86 mins
Trevor Howard
Celia Johnson
Stanley Holloway
**Screen Legends** £7.99

***Bringing Up Baby***
99 mins
Cary Grant
Katharine Hepburn
**Video Collection** £6.99

[illegible]
123 mins
Lisa Minelli
Michael York
Joel Grey
**Video Gems** £8.99

***Cannonball Run II***
[illegible] mins
Burt Reynolds
Dom De Luise
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Captain Courageous***
112 mins
Spencer Tracy
Mickey Rooney
Melvyn Douglas
**Screen Legends** £8.99

***Carefree***
81 mins
Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Carnal Knowledge***
97 mins
Jack Nicholson
Candice Bergen
Art Garfunkel
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Carry On Camping***
86 mins
Sidney James
Kenneth Williams
Barbara Windsor
**Screen Legends** £7.99

***Casablanca***
102 mins
Humphrey Bogart
Ingrid Bergman
Claude Rains
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***The Champ***
120 mins
Jon Voight
Faye Dunaway
Ricky Schroder
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Champions***
96 mins
John Hurt
Edward Woodward
Ian Francis
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Christiane F***
91 mins
**Channel 5** £9.99

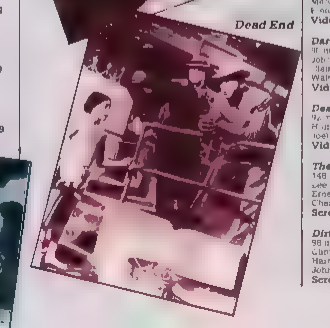
***The Cincinnati Kid***
[illegible] mins
Steve McQueen
Edward G Robinson
Ann-Margret
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Citizen Kane***
[illegible] mins
Orson Welles
Joseph Cotten
**Channel 5** £7.99

***Crossfire***
81 mins
Robert Mitchum
Robert Ryan
Robert Young
**The Video Collection** £6.99












*Cabaret*

# Budget movies on video

**This month LM brings you an up-to-date round-up of feature films available. Next month we'll be lookin at the growing list of pop videos.**






*Barbary Coast*

***Dark Angel***
[illegible] mins
Merle Oberon
[illegible] March
**Video Gems** £6.99

***Dark Command***
[illegible] mins
John Wayne
Jane Terrell
Walter Pidgeon
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Dead End***
[illegible] mins
Humphrey Bogart
Joel McCrea
**Video Gems** £6.99

***The Dirty Dozen***
148 mins
Lee Marvin
Ernest Borgnine
Charles Bronson
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Dirty Harry***
98 mins
Clint Eastwood
Harry Guardino
John Vernon
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***The Domino Killings***
96 mins
Gene Hackman
Candice Bergen
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Duel In The Sun***
[illegible] mins
Gregory Peck
Jennifer Jones
**Video Collection** £6.99

***Easter Parade***
[illegible] mins
Judy Garland
Fred Astaire
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Educating Rita***
[illegible] mins
Michael Caine
Julie Walters
**Screen Legends** £9.99

***Eraserhead***
85 mins
**Channel 5** £9.99

***Escape To Victory***
113 mins
Sylvester Stallone
Michael Caine
Max von Sydow
**Video Collection** £6.99

***The Evil That Men Do***
94 mins
Charles Bronson
Channel 5 £9.99

***Fair Wind To Java***
89 mins
Fred MacMurray
The Video Collection £6.99

***Flame Of The Barbary Coast***
91 mins
John Wayne
Ann Dvorak
The Video Collection £6.99

***Flying Down To Rio***
96 mins
Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
Video Collection £6.99

***Flying Leathernecks***
98 mins
John Wayne
Robert Ryan
Video Collection £6.99

***Flying Tigers***
94 mins
John Wayne
John Carroll
Anna Lee
Video Collection £6.99

***The Fog***
89 mins
Jamie Lee Curtis
John Houseman
Channel 5 £9.99

***Follow The Fleet***
104 mins
Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
Video Collection £6.99

***Fort Apache***
97 mins
John Wayne
Henry Fonda
Channel 5 £7.99

***Fun In Acapulco***
97 mins
Elvis Presley
Channel 5 £6.99

***Gaslight***
- mins
Charles Boyer
Ingrid Bergman
[illegible]
Screen Legends £6.99

***The Gay Divorcee***
- mins
Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
Edward Everett Horton
Video Collection £6.99

***GI Blues***
104 mins
Elvis Presley
Channel 5 £6.99

***Gigi***
- mins
Leslie Caron
Maurice Chevalier
Louis Jourdan
Screen Legends £9.99

***Girls, Girls, Girls***
- mins
Elvis Presley
Channel 5 £6.99

***The Goldwyn Follies***
- mins
Ritz Brothers
Adolphe Menjou
Phyllis McCarthy
Video Gems £6.99

***The Graduate***
- mins
Dustin Hoffman
Anne Bancroft
Channel 5 £9.99

***The Grass Is Greener***
104 mins
Cary Grant
Deborah Kerr
Robert Mitchum
Video Collection £6.99

***Gunga Din***
- mins
Cary Grant
Victor McLaglen
Douglas Fairbanks jr
The Video Collection £6.99

***Hans Christian Andersen***
- mins
Danny Kaye
Farley Granger
Video Gems £6.99

***Hell In The Pacific***
96 mins
Lee Marvin
Toshiro Mifune
Video Collection £6.99

***Hercules***
101 mins
Steve Reeves
Video Gems £6.99

***Hercules Unchained***
97 mins
Steve Reeves
Sylva Koscina
Video Gems £6.99

***High Noon***
81 mins
Gary Cooper
Grace Kelly
Video Collection £6.99

***High Society***
103 mins
Bing Crosby
Grace Kelly
Frank Sinatra
Screen Legends £9.99

***The History Of Mr Polly***
92 mins
John Mills
Sally Ann Howes
Megs Jenkins
Video Collection £6.99

***The Hit***
97 mins
John Hurt
Terence Stamp
Channel 5 £9.99

***How Do I Love Thee?***
- mins
James Gleason
Shirley Winfield
Rich Lenz
Video Gems £6.99

***The Hunchback Of Notre Dame***
117 mins
Charles Laughton
Channel 5 £7.99

***The Hurricane***
- mins
Dorothy Lamour
Jon Hall
Video Gems £6.99

***Indiscreet***
96 mins
Cary Grant
Ingrid Bergman
Video Collection £5.99

***Indiscretion Of An American Wife***
- mins
Montgomery Clift
Jennifer Jones
The Video Collection £6.99

***Invasion Of The Body Snatchers***
- mins
Donna Wilder
Kevin McCarthy
Original Siegal version
Video Collection £6.99

***It's A Wonderful Life***
- mins
James Stewart
Video Collection £6.99

***Ivanhoe***
- mins
Robert Taylor
Elizabeth Taylor
Joan Fontaine
Screen Legends £9.99

***Jesus Christ Superstar***
107 mins
Screen Legends £9.99

***Johnny Guitar***
- mins
Joan Crawford
Mercedes McCambridge
Video Collection £6.99

***Kelly's Heroes***
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Clint Eastwood
Telly Savalas
Don Rickles
Screen Legends £9.99

***King Creole***
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Elvis Presley
Channel 5 £6.99

***King Kong***
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Fay Wray
Channel 5 £7.99

***Kotch***
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Walter Matthau
Deborah Winters
Video Collection £6.99

***Last Feelings***
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Carla Lugo
Video Gems £6.99

***The Last Known Of Spring***
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Carlo Lupo
Video Gems £6.99

***The Last Starfighter***
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Robert Preston
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***Last Train From Gun Hill***
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Kirk Douglas
Anne Bancroft
Channel 5 £6.99

***The Lion In Winter***
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Peter O'Toole
Katharine Hepburn
Channel 5 £9.99

***The Little Foxes***
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Bette Davis
Herbert Marshall
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***Little Women***
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Paul Lukas
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***Love Happy***
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The Marx Brothers
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***Love Story***
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Ali MacGraw
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***Lovers And Other Strangers***
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Michael Brandon
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***Magic***
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Anthony Hopkins
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Richard Bennett
Dolores Costello
Agnes Moorehead
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***The Maltese Falcon***
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Humphrey Bogart
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***McVicar***
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Roger Daltrey
Adam Faith
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***Meet Me In St Louis***
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Tom Drake
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David Bowie
Tom Conti
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Jose Ferrer
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Dick Powell
Claire Trevor
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***My Foolish Heart***
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Susan Hayward
Dana Andrews
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***Never Love A Stranger***
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John Drew Barrymore
Steve McQueen
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***North By North West***
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Cary Grant
Eve Marie Saint
James Mason
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***Notorious***
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Cary Grant
Ingrid Bergman
Video Collection £6.99

***Number One***
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Bob Geldof
Mel Smith
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***On Golden Pond***
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Katharine Hepburn
Henry Fonda
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***One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing***
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Video Collection £6.99

***Operation Petticoat***
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The Video Collection £6.99

***Paradise Hawaiian Style***
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Elvis Presley
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***Pimpernel Smith***
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Leslie Howard
David Tomlinson
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***Porridge***
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Ronnie Barker
Richard Beckinsale
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***Portrait Of Jennie***
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Joseph Cotten
Jennifer Jones
Video Collection £6.99

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Greer Garson
Laurence Olivier
Mary Boland
Screen Legends £6.99

***The Princess And The Pirate***
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Bob Hope
Virginia Mayo
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***The Prisoner Of Zenda***
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Stewart Granger
Deborah Kerr
Louis Calhern
Screen Legends £9.99

***The Producers***
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Zero Mostel
Gene Wilder
Channel 5 £9.99

***Psycho***
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Anthony Perkins
Janet Leigh
John Gavin
Screen Legends £9.99

***Quadrophenia***
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Phil Daniels
Sting
Channel 5 £6.99

***The Quiet Man***
- mins
John Wayne
Maureen O'Hara
Video Collection £6.99

***Raffles***
- mins
David Niven
Olivia De Havilland
Video Gems £6.99

***Reach For The Sky***
- mins
Kenneth More
Muriel Pavlow
Screen Legends £7.99

***The Real Glory***
- mins
Gary Cooper
David Niven
Video Gems £6.99

***Rebecca***
- mins
Laurence Olivier
Joan Fontaine
Video Collection £6.99

***Rebel***
- mins
Sylvester Stallone
Video Gems £6.99

***The Red Badge Of Courage***
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Audie Murphy
Bill Mauldin
Screen Legends £6.99

***The Reluctant Heroes***
- mins
Ken Berry
Jim Hutton
Trini Lopez
Video Collection £6.99

***Return Of The Pink Panther*** 108 mins
Peter Sellers
Christopher Plummer
Channel 5 £9.99

***Ring Of Bright Water***
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Bill Travers
Virginia Mckenna
Video Collection £6.99

***Rio Grande***
- mins
John Wayne
Maureen O'Hara
Video Collection £6.99

***Riot In Cell Block 11***
- mins
Emile Meyer
Frank Faylen
Neville Brand
Video Collection £6.99

***Rising Damp - The Movie***
- mins
Leonard Rossiter
Frances De La Tour
Channel 5 £9.99

***Roar***
- mins
Tippi Hedren
Noel Marshall
Video Gems £6.99

***Roastabout***
- mins
Elvis Presley
Channel 5 £6.99

***Roman Scandals***
- mins
Eddie Cantor
Ruth Etting
Video Gems £6.99

***Room At The Top***
- mins
Laurence Harvey
Simone Signoret
Video Collection £6.99

***Room Service***
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Marx Brothers
Channel 5 £7.99

***Ruby Gentry***
- mins
Jennifer Jones
Charlton Heston
Karl Malden
Video Collection £6.99

***Sands Of Iwo Jima***
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***Secret Life Of Walter Mitty***
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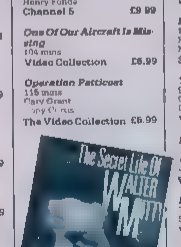
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Ginger Rogers
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***Shane***
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Alan Ladd
Van Heflin
Brandon DeWilde
Screen Legends £9.99

***Shark***
- mins
Burt Reynolds
Video Gems £6.99

***Silk Stockings***
- mins
Fred Astaire
Cyd Charisse
Peter Lorre
Screen Legends £9.99



***Sin***
110 mins
Raquel Welch
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Sinbad The Sailor***
117 mins
Douglas Fairbanks Jr
Anthony Quinn
Maureen O'Hara
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***The Sky's The Limit***
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Fred Astaire
Joan Leslie
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***The Slipper And The Rose***
136 mins
Richard Chamberlain
Gemma Craven
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Soldier Blue***
109 mins
Candice Bergen
Peter Strauss
**Channel 5** **£9.99**

***A Song Is Born***
113 mins
Danny Kaye
Virginia Mayo
Benny Goodman
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Sophie's Choice***
157 mins
Meryl Streep
Kevin Kline
**Channel 5** **£9.99**

***Spellbound***
106 mins
Ingrid Bergman
Gregory Peck
Leo G Carroll
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***The Spiral Staircase***
78 mins
Dorothy Maguire
George Brent
Rhys Williams
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Stage Door***
66 mins
Katharine Hepburn
Ginger Rogers
Lucille Ball
**Video Collection**

[redacted]
108 mins
Richard Shattuck
John Boles
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Superman, The Movie***
138 mins
Christopher Reeve
Marlon Brando
Gene Hackman
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***Suppose They Gave A War And Nobody Came?***
111 mins
Tony Curtis
Ernest Borgnine
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Suspicion***
99 mins
Cary Grant
Joan Fontaine
**Channel 5** **£7.99**

***Swing Time***
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Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
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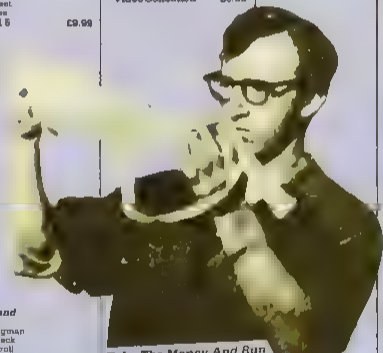
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96 mins
Cary Grant
Katharine Hepburn
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Take The Money And Run***
85 mins
Woody Allen
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Target Harry***
85 mins
Suzanne Pleshette
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***10***
18 mins
Dudley Moore
Julie Andrews
Bo Derek
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

That Touch Of Mink
95 mins
Cary Grant
Doris Day
**Video Collection** **£6.99**



*Take The Money And Run*

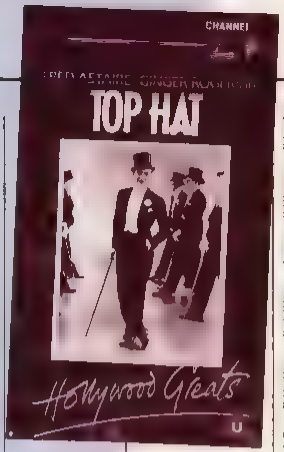
***They Shoot Horses, Don't They?***
113 mins
Jane Fonda
Michael Sarrazin
Gig Young
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***The Thirty-Nine Steps***
78 mins
Madeleine Carroll
Robert Donat
Peggy Ashcroft
**Screen Legends** **£7.99**

***Tobruk***
105 mins
Rock Hudson
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Tom, Dick And Harry***
83 mins
Ginger Rogers
Burgess Meredith
Alan Marshal
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Too Late The Hero***
141 mins
Michael Caine
Cliff Robertson
Henry Fonda
**Video Collection** **£6.99**




***Top Hat***
[illegible]
Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
**Channel 5** **£7.99**

***2001, A Space Odyssey***
[illegible] mins
Keir Dullea
Gary Lockwood
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***Up In Arms***
105 mins
Danny Kaye
Dinah Shore
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Very Important Person***
94 mins
James Robertson Justice
Leslie Phillips
Stanley Baxter
[redacted]

[redacted]
102 mins
John Wayne
Cecil Kellaway
Gig Young
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Waltz Of The Toreadors***
105 mins
Peter Sellers
John Fraser
Margaret Leighton
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***The War Of The Worlds***
85 mins
Gene Barry
Ann Robinson
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***West Side Story***
147 mins
Natalie Wood
Richard Beymer
Russ Tamblyn
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***The Westerner***
[illegible] mins
Gary Cooper
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***White Christmas***
120 mins
Bing Crosby
Danny Kaye
Rosemary Clooney
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***Who Dares Wins***
20 mins
Lewis Collins
Judy Davis
Richard Widmark
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***Winter Kills***
94 mins
Jeff Bridges
**Channel 5** **£9.99**

***The Wizard Of Oz***
99 mins
Judy Garland
Frank Morgan
Ray Bolger
**Screen Legends** **£9.99**

***The Wrong Arm Of The Law***
90 mins
Peter Sellers
Lionel Jeffries
Bernard Cribbins
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Wuthering Heights***
104 mins
Laurence Olivier
Merle Oberon
David Niven
**Video Gems** **£6.99**

***Young At Heart***
116 mins
Doris Day
Frank Sinatra
**Video Collection** **£6.99**

***Zachariah***
93 mins
Don Johnson
John Rubinstein
**Video Gems** **£6.99**





# I'M NOT A NUMBER, I'M A FREE MAN

**One night in 1967, unsuspecting TV audiences sat down to the first episode of THE PRISONER, a new spy series produced by the highest-paid actor in the business, PATRICK McGOOHAN.**

**The programmes left viewers confused, divided and angry – but THE PRISONER became a cult.**

**Now CHANNEL 5 is releasing all 17 episodes on video, so another generation can make up their minds about this extraordinary series. ROGER KEAN dives into the psychedelic nightmares of Number Six in the vain hope of discovering why the Prisoner resigned.**

IT'S TIME has come. Spot checks in the video shops suggest *Prisoner* fever will run high again. Great, but why?

What on earth *is* all the fuss about? After all, we're talking OLD with *The Prisoner*: it's almost 20 years since it was shown, and over 20 years since ATV started making the series.

True, *Doctor Who* is been going longer (since 1963, if memory serves), but that's current, as vital to the week for some people as *The Archers* or *Coronation Street* (forget your flibbertigibbet *EastEnders*—mere newcomers). *The Prisoner*, however, was finite, and after being removed from our late-Sixties screens it's made only patchy appearances (till the national screening on Channel 4 in early 1984 – and not all regions received Channel 4 then).

Yet there's always been a thriving *Prisoner* appreciation society, now stronger than ever, and new fans of the series are as anxious to dissect its meanings as the hardened veterans.

When it came to preparing the video release, Channel 5 were advised by copyright-holders ITC Entertainment to approach **Six Of One** for help with the sleeve-designs. Six Of One is the *only* official (and ITC-approved) *Prisoner* appreciation society, and its members are reckoned to know more about the programmes than anyone else.

Larry Hall, one of the society's co-ordinators, worked with Channel 5 on the video cassettes, writing the scene notes and supplying many of the *Prisoner* production stills used on the covers from his own collection. It isn't Patrick McGoohan he lets on who sports the famous original *Prisoner* blazer in the background shot, it's Six Of One member Peter Jones.

So, that piece of essential trivia cleared up, I hoped Larry Hall might offer some insights on why *The Prisoner* has been such an enduring cult. But, first of all, how did *he* catch the bug?

'I'm one of the original batch, really. There's three layers of people, if you're 35

# A Prisoner in your own living-room



*All 17 episodes of* The Prisoner *will be released in the order they were first shown on ITV. The tapes are complete and unedited, including (most vitally for the cognoscenti) the full opening and closing title sequences. There are two episodes on each cassette, with the final episode on its own.*

*The first two tapes are already in the shops, at £9.99 each, and more are on the way.*

or over it means you watched it when it first came out in 1967, probably saw the preceding programme called *Danger Man* and were hooked. *Danger Man* was the most popular programme on TV and McGoohan was the creative force behind it, really. And then along came *The Prisoner*.

'So all the *Danger Man* John Drake fans watched *The Prisoner*. And sure enough, there was this familiar character, in the familiar dark suit, striding into what were obviously Government-type offices, handing in his resignation, and suddenly he reappears in this village. We all thought this was *Danger Man*, but of course it wasn't. It was something entirely different. At the time you either loved it or hated it, and I think this is still true.'

But it didn't quite add up to a cult.

'I don't think it really blossomed into a cult at that time because it came to the end of its run and that was it. For the over 35s that was their first introduction to *The Prisoner*, it finished, we all went away and nothing happened. At that time there was nothing like a Six Of One club. There were a few articles written in the mags but nothing more.

'The next batch of people are 25 and over, because *The Prisoner* was reshown in the Midlands and on one or two other stations around 1977. By that time things like *Monty Python* had started up and a whole new generation could take the sideways leaps of logic of the Pythons.

'Okay, it's not an action thriller adventure series, but they started to see that there were hidden meanings in there. This is a statement of a man battling to retain his individuality against a state which is trying to beat him down and make him into one of the masses – a number. McGoohan says at various times "I'm not a number. I am a free man", or "I'm not a number, I am a person", and really that's the whole ethos of *The Prisoner*. A lot of young people do seem to identify with that – a lot of older ones, too. We all feel trapped by the job, you get a mortgage, a millstone round your neck all the time – you're constantly being turned into a number.

But that was the muddle run. Then there was the third phase, the 1984 rescreenings on Channel 4. And from that we've had an amazing response from very young people. We had 15-year-olds joining – people who were not even *born* when *The Prisoner* was made. So what does a 20-year-old programme mean to the 15-to-25-year-olds?

'My very quest in life, I was worried Larry wouldn't have any ideas on this one, but his enthusiasm has led him to ponder deeply.

'I think maybe the younger end have come up through science fiction – (though *The Prisoner* wasn't really science fiction). But SF is not only respectable now, it's also very popular. *Star Wars* hit us, and all the different spin-offs on TV and in films – not just the space-zapping things, but also the more intelligent SF like *Blade Runner* and so on. That's generated an interest in science-fiction/fantasy generally, so maybe *The Prisoner* has been taken up with that as well.

Perhaps I suggest McGoohan's view of his world was ahead of its time and *The Prisoner* has really come of age only recently.

'When it was made there were no such things as credit cards and numbered bank accounts, whereas in the Seventies that was starting, you were seeing credit cards, and some of *The Prisoner* started to come true. The only time when it *does* show its age is where it actually comes out of the Village, like at the parties where everyone used to wear evening dress and you get dicky bows and chamber music playing.

'The technology is impressive, too, in that you can't see it. It's there and they can call up anything at any time but you don't have bags of dials, you don't have loads of flashing lights. Number Two's room is almost bare, a globe chair in the middle with a desk, and there are dials and buttons, but all fairly low-key: there's not hundreds and thousands of them. You get the feeling it's all underground, there's a great powerhouse throbbing under the Village. This helps make it timeless. It was very clever to do a set like that.'

Much is hidden away in *The Prisoner*, suggested rather than shown in the story as well as the hardware. It's the essence of the series, according to Larry.

Questions were posed but they didn't supply the answers, something which probably added to its unpopularity on the first showing. People are used to a formula, you see, with good guys and bad guys and the good guys are overtaken by the bad guys, but the good guys come up winners in the end. In *The Prisoner* there were no real winners.

Those sideways leaps of logic and the unusual, artily' structured plots appeal to the cultists. Does Larry share some of his colleagues' more esoteric assessments of *The Prisoner*?

'There's a lot of intellectualising. Six Of One started in about '78. I joined the year afterwards, and most of the people seemed to have beards and duffel coats! I was very bemused by them because my interest stemmed from the first showings, and I really wasn't into the intellectual side. Still, to this day, I can't get into all that, but I respect other people's attempts to read something into it, because *The Prisoner* is multi-layered and you can see it over and over again, and see it from a different point of view each time.

> "In the Seventies you were seeing credit cards, and *The Prisoner* started to come true"

It's often argued that the episodes are very uneven in quality, some much more complex and thoughtful than others. Was this because of the much publicised infighting between McGoohan and his team?

'There were personality clashes within the team. George Markstein, the story editor, wanted a very straightforward action-adventure series. It was McGoohan who brought in things like enormous balloons which chase people and smother them to death, and penny-farthing bicycles, and the general look of the series. I think he and Markstein were at each others' throats towards the end, and in fact Markstein left after Episode 13.

'There were also arguments between McGoohan and actors and with directors, but I think that's simply because Patrick is a perfectionist. He wanted the best. His argument is: "Don't argue – do it!" There are a number of people we've interviewed over the years who've said: "At the time there were terrible fights, but looking back we can see why it was, and we respect the man now. We understand, and now we've seen the finished result we can see why he wanted it that way."

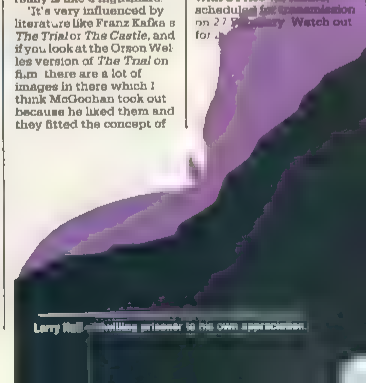
And if you view *The Prisoner* as a whole, it doesn't run from Episode One to Episode Seventeen in a nice progression. You can take out a single episode and find that it's completely different to the preceding one. I think McGoohan did that deliberately. He kept switching the cast – even the background people changed – so you never know where you are – it really is like a nightmare.

'It's very influenced by literature like Franz Kafka's *The Trial* or *The Castle*, and if you look at the Orson Welles version of *The Trial* on film, there are a lot of images in there which I think McGoohan took out because he liked them and they fitted the concept of the Village. There are a lot of hidden meanings and messages in there and you can see them or you can even make your own up.'

And, indeed, the enigmatic final episode of *The Prisoner* has long tantalised those who would solve the puzzle of Number Six. On the original showing, many viewers and critics alike hailed it as pure rubbish. Among the cultists, there are as many opinions as there are fans. Larry sees it quite simply.

'The Prisoner, Number Six, appears to escape to London with his fellow prisoners, but yet the last episode ends the way the first began. So is it cyclic? Does it all start again? Has he actually escaped? If he has escaped, why does his London home door open in exactly the same way as his Village home door, automatically with this hum? As he drives through London the landscape looks the same as the Village. I think it's probably an accident but in the Village you've got a dome which is rather like St Paul's dome and you've got a bell tower which is just like Big Ben, so when you reduce the skyline of the Village to black and the skyline of London to black, they look very similar. I think that was McGoohan's idea – it's not just a village, but a symbol for the world. The Village is a microcosm of the world.'

Whatever *The Prisoner* really says, it's attracted some influential, go-getting following. Kate Bush, Peter Gabriel, Mick Jagger and Jools Holland, who should just have finished recording a full [illegible] programme from Portmeirion with a *Prisoner* theme, scheduled for transmission on 27 February. Watch out for [illegible]



Larry Hall – willing prisoner to his own appreciation.



Larry Hall, a Six Of One co-ordinator, has been responsible for the sleeve notes and design on Channel 5's video tapes. Is it a coincidence that he lives at Number Two?

Several authors have been attracted to the series, too, including Thomas M Disch who wrote a *Prisoner* novel.

These were mainly written after the first run of *The Prisoner*. They're not entirely appreciated in the Six Of One circle, because they tend not to follow the original series too closely. But I think most people miss the point – a script isn't a story. It's a TV programme and, mainly visual. I quite like the books, especially the Disch one, which is very complex and probably nearer to the spirit of *The Prisoner* than any other. There's a lot of Kafka in that as well.

And of course the Kafkaesque isolation of Number Six makes perfect material for the hostile logic of a computer game, and several Spectrum owners in the Six Of One club have written *Prisoner* adventure games for their private use.

Most of them are based on Number Six's wanderings round the Village.

You're landed in the middle of a strange environment, you don't know where you are, you don't know why you're there, you don't know what's expected of you. So that's great, an adventure game always starts like that.

You awake in your apartment, there's a door, there's a window, a badge and a key. What do you do next? You try to get out the door. You can't. You get the key and try that. It won't work. You wear the badge and then it *will* work, and you discover that you need the radio-controlled badge and the key in combination to open the door. So you're now out into the Village. What do you do now? What're you looking for? And that is the basis of all these computer games.

All of this product is generated purely out of interest. Nothing else. One or two things like the books are commercial, but I did the *Prisoner* record really for the club. Someone who's interested in computers and in *The Prisoner* naturally does a computer game, someone who's interested in writing books and also interested in *The Prisoner* naturally writes a book.

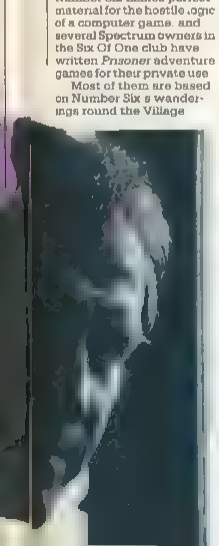
Ironically, the man behind the cult remains detached from all this activity and adoration.

McGoohan has been quite touchy about his surreal brainchild and the treatment it met at the hands of Sixties critics. He talks about it very little, and has flatly refused to do any promotional work in the States.

He did however agree to support the British Channel 5 release with his publicising presence – till CBS in America ordered a pilot for a new series of *The Prisoner* from ITC of California without consulting him. The legal wrangle now underway has sadly prevented him from fulfilling his obligation.

McGoohan is a very strange, enigmatic character, muses Hall. He's 20 years out of *The Prisoner* and as an actor, writer and a director, he obviously likes to feel that he's done more in his life than *The Prisoner*, something which is really at odds with our interests.

In many respects, Patrick McGoohan is still a prisoner of his own creation, and the fans of his strange and haunting TV series are simply not going to let him rest.






# Behind the bars

***The Prisoner*** **is remarkable not only for its enduring cult success, but also for the way it was made. Though it's only 20 years since the first filming began, the behind-the-camera story has become obscured. Conflicting stories, conflicting interests, and the enigma of Patrick McGoohan himself have helped to create a *Prisoner* mythology.**

The series grew out of Associated Television's huge international success with the long-running *Danger Man*, which also starred Patrick McGoohan as John Drake, the charismatic spy for hire (but always on the side of the angels).

*Danger Man* was so popular that it made McGoohan the world's highest-paid TV star, reputedly earning over £2 000 a week. In some of the later episodes, McGoohan also wrote and directed and stamped his own personality on the programmes.

Lord Grade (then plain Lew Grade) of ATV was a great admirer of McGoohan, so it wasn't hard to persuade him to finance a new project – *The Prisoner*. McGoohan, who became Executive Producer – top dog – took George Markstein, *Danger Man*'s script editor, with him onto *The Prisoner* to develop the stories.

According to author Roger Langley, who's probably done more digging on the subject than anyone else, as many as 30 of the 50-minute episodes were originally planned, but *The Prisoner* soon grew into an expensive and time-consuming project. Production started in mid-'66, transmissions began in '67 and rapidly caught up with the film makers, and the final episode was only finished two weeks before broadcast.

Audience ratings plummeted midway through the transmissions. *Danger Man* fans were confounded by the deliberate obscurity and open-endedness of the programmes. And by that time *The Prisoner* had already cost £1½ million and a further £1 million was required to complete the series.

It seemed financial suicide to continue, and despite Lew Grade's great faith in McGoohan's ideas, *The Prisoner* was cancelled. The final apocalyptic episode was hastily cobbled together to round it off – and further confound those viewers who were *still* hoping for a satisfactory explanation!

TV's highest-paid star and TV's biggest budget were the golden stuff of publicity campaigns. Much was made of McGoohan's *auteur* position as producer, writer, director and star, and it was said that the series was all his own idea.

Markstein disagreed. But the extraordinary move away from normal linear storytelling to the disjointed, dream-like events which left audiences to do most of the work bears all the marks of a strong controlling influence – surely McGoohan's.

Still, who *really* came up with the idea first remains a fascinating riddle.

Location scenes of the Village were filmed at Portmeirion over a very short period, and the crew then returned to MGM's studios at Boreham wood in

Hertfordshire to do the interior scenes and shoot locations around London. Pick-up shots were finished later in Portmeirion – but without McGoohan, who was by then busy with the film of Alistair Maclean's *Ice Station Zebra*.

Among many memorable images from *The Prisoner* the most haunting was the result of an accident. The Rovers are giant white balloons with a malignant life of their own which herd and, if necessary, kill difficult prisoners. When the TV team arrived at Portmeirion, the first version of a Rover machine was built on a go-cart chassis intended to travel on land or water. But it sank irretrievably into the sea.

After some quick thinking the *Prisoner* crew bought meteorological balloons from the nearby RAF base and these proved so effective they remained adding another mystery to the series.

The interior of Number Six's cottage never existed at Portmeirion. It was built on MGM's vast lot at Borehamwood (the studio has since been built over). Indeed, quite a lot of Portmeirion had to be constructed in London: the control room and Number Two's chamber supposedly inside the Dome at



The Chimes Of Big Ben: the Prisoner pops in for breakfast with Number Two (Leo McKern) served by the Butler (Angelo Muscat)



Living in Harmony: The Kid (Alexis Kanner) puts a gun to the Prisoner's back.

Portmeirion, though it wouldn't fit inside the real thing) were the other permanent sets.

And it was at Boreham wood that the real panic set in as transmission dates swamped production deadlines, and where the real tensions grew into open arguments between McGoohan and his crew. In the end exhausted and fed up with his critics McGoohan left England, vowing never to work here again – and for the most part he hasn't.

His co-director David Tomblin reckoned their 'work of art' hadn't paid the bills. But Patrick McGoohan retorted that *The Prisoner* was nothing more than a job – that he knew nothing about 'art'. And George Markstein was quoted as calling *The Prisoner* the biggest load of rubbish.

Yet the series still has the power to compel, disturb, provoke and entertain after 20 years. Perhaps it's true then that when it comes to their own work, artists are the worst liars.

# Looking after Number Six

**SIX OF ONE**, the *Prisoner* appreciation society, claims 2 000 members hanging on every nuance of the show's 17 episodes – a membership as large as the fan-clubs of many TV series still running, like *Doctor Who*. There's also a healthy growing American contingent in the club.

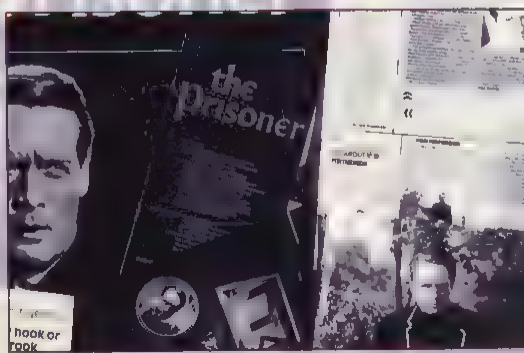
Six Of One publishes a quarterly magazine, *Number Six*, to a high professional standard, offering essays, stories, reports on members' activities and assorted Prisonerabilia. And local *Prisoner* groups publish their own tracts and fanzines under the auspices of Six Of One, referring to the penny farthing mascot of the series – calls itself *Spokes*.

*Prisoner* badges, posters, stickers and coffee-table books on the series abound, and Six Of One co-ordinator Larry Hall has helped produce an LP of *Prisoner* themes and incidental music.

Six Of One also organises conventions, roadshows and location walkabouts. The major annual convention is held in the summer at Portmeirion, in the very Village itself, members attending a weekend of discussions, parades, and screenings of *Prisoner* episodes. And every year there's a chess game on the lawn played with human pieces, as in the episode *Checkmate*.

There's also Number Six, the *Prisoner* shop at Portmeirion. Run by Max Hoita, an authority on *The Prisoner*, it dispenses memorabilia and information on the series.

Membership of Six Of One costs £10 a year and entitles you to *Number Six* magazine, *Prisoner* souvenirs and specials, offers. For details, send an *SAE to* Six Of One, *PO Box 66, Ipswich IP2 9TZ.*




Just a selection of merchandise items that Six Of One makes available for its members.

All publicity and production stills from *The Prisoner* are reproduced courtesy of **ITC Entertainment** and with thanks to Jarl Hall, Peter Jones and Six Of One. Portmeirion photographs by Roger Kean.

# INFORMATION IS WHAT WE WANT

**To help you find your way through the dream-world of the Village, here are the bare bones of all 17 episodes of THE PRISONER, listed in the order of their original TV appearance in 1967/68.**

**1** ***Arrival***
The Prisoner awakes to find himself in the strange Village occupying a cottage marked 6 with a door which opens and shuts automatically with a humming sound. Alone, he feels observed. The day starts: people appear, yet no one is able to help. Telephone calls are local only, and taxis are just for local trips. He's invited to meet Number Two, discovers why he is in the Village, learns he is Number Six, sees the deadly efficiency of the Rovers, and feels the impact himself when his escape attempt is foiled. The Prisoner realises he can trust no-one.

**2** ***The Chimes Of Big Ben***
With the co-operation of new comer Nadia, the Prisoner escapes in a boat constructed of pieces of sculpture made for a crafts competition. Nadia believes the Village is some where in Poland. They re met by one of her contacts and freighted to London in packing cases. In return for protection the Prisoner agrees to reveal to his old boss why he resigned but the chimes of Big Ben inter vene in an extraordinary way.

**3** ***A, B & C***
Number Six is subjected to a revolutionary technique his dreams can be penetrated manipulated and displayed on a screen. Convinced that he was selling out to one of three suspects, A, B and C, Number Two sends the Prisoner into his dreams to meet each of them. But there's a strange twist in the tale, and Number Two is caught in his own trap.

**4** ***Free For All***
Encouraged by Number Two the Prisoner stands for election to become the new Number Two. He pursues his campaign till he realises he's being manipulated, going too far at one meeting when he attacks Village democracy. The climax best Number Two subjects him to electronic brainwashing and in the polls Number Six's victory is overwhelming – but in that victory there is bitter defeat.

**5** ***The Schizoid Man***
In his sleep, the Prisoner is brainwashed to alter his characteristics and his instincts. When he wakes up he looks very different and everyone calls him Number 12 and then he's brought face to face with his double, who's assumed his cottage and his identity. A battle of wits ensues and evidence points to the Prisoner not being who he really is till even the authen tic Number Six doubts his own sanity.

**6** ***The General***
A new face arrives in the Village – the inmates are attending lec ture classes which give the equivalent of a university degree in a few minutes. Vast quantities of knowledge are imposed directly on the cerebral cortex through a sub-liminator. But the Prisoner mis trusts the system and discov ers it can be used to indoctri nate the masses with any ver sion of history the programmers desire.

**7** ***Many Happy Returns***
Number Six awakes to find the Village is deserted. No inmates, no guards – he's free to escape. He builds a raft and sets sail almost dying on the arduous sea voyage. He's picked up by gun-runners but rescue is a dubious relief and he escapes again, swimming to land and finding himself in England. He returns to his old office and undergoes an intense debriefing which seems to clear him of suspicion. But unable to relax till the secret of the Village is uncovered, he requests and is given assistance in his search for its location. The title says it all.

**8** ***Dance Of The Dead***
Against a background of Vil lage festivity as the annual car nival and masquerade ball draws near, the Prisoner attempts to confuse the unseen enemy when he finds another prisoner's body washed ashore on the beach. Swapping iden tifications in the hope that they'll institute a search, he returns to the festivities. Under cover of the carnival ball, the Prisoner enters the corridors below the Village and discovers the body from the beach. He is apprehended and made to stand trial for murder as the cabaret act of the carnival.

**9** ***Checkmate***
There is a [illegible] hard out on the Village lawn with humans as pieces. The Prisoner gets involved with the Queen and Number Two takes advan tage of the friendship by brain washing them to make them believe they're in love with each other. The Queen is given a necklace to wear which is really a bug to keep tabs on their movements. Meanwhile the Prisoner, following advice from the chess game's umpire, reckons he's discovered how to tell fellow prisoners from war ders, and gathers a nucleus of trustworthy men to plan an escape. But it isn't the necklace that foils the plot.

**10** ***Hammer Into Anvil***
A girl dies under Number Two's per secutions just as the Pris oner is about to save her in a community like the Village where no-one can be trusted, even Number Two is vulnera ble, and in an act of revenge for the dead girl the Prisoner employs all the tricks of his sub versive trade to turn the tables. By pretending their superiors have sent him to the Village to spy on Number Two, he forces the man into mental collapse.

**11** ***It's Your Funeral***
Probably the weakest story in the series, this relies on an attempt to confuse the Prisoner about an assassination plot. A frightened girl appeals to him for help to prevent the killing but no-one believes Number Six after he's discredited by Number Two for crying wolf once too often. The girl's father, a watchmaker, is in on the plot and has designed an explosive device triggered by a transmit ter. In a race against time the Prisoner has to find the trans mitter before the button is pres sed.

**12** ***A Change Of Mind***
Number Six undergoes an oper ation to remove his aggressive ness, performed by Number 86 and televised to the whole Vil lage. He emerges smiling docile and drowsy, but soon realises that his tea is drugged and the operation is a fake. He's [illegible] Number 86 and hypnotises her instead, and then approaches Number Two, agreeing to disclose his secret information in public to convince other difficult Vil lagers to follow his example. Number Two, however, is one wary that Number 86, following a post-hypnotic suggestion from the Prisoner, is about to blow the gaff.

**13** ***Do Not Forsake Me***
Professor Selzman invented a process which transmits the mind and personality of one man into another's body. Number Two uses the Selzman method and Number Six awa kens to find himself in his Lon don home, but with the body of a stranger. Only Selzman can return him to his proper state but he's disappeared, and the Prisoner was the last person in contact with the genius. His search begins.

**14** ***Living In Harmony***
Give a man love, then take it away – isolate him, make him kill, then face him with death – *and he'll crack.*

The Prisoner is dumped in the small Western town of Har mony where he meets beauti ful Kathy and the Judge who runs the town and seems to know all about him. The Judge wants the Prisoner to become Sheriff, but he refuses and gets thrown in jail after witnessing the hanging of Kathy's brother. Kathy helps him escape but the Prisoner gives in and agrees to become Sheriff, though he won't wear guns. This gives him the freedom to plan another escape – but it's foiled when a psychopath, the Kid, murders Kathy. Enraged, the Prisoner dons his Colts and heads for a shoot-out where he's killed – or is he?

**15** ***The Girl Who Was Death***
Believing the Prisoner will lower his guard with children around and let slip some vital information, Number Two watches closely as Number Six relates an extraordinary *Danger Man*-type story to a group of kids. The story's con voluted plot involves a girl killer called Sonia, who's out to get the Prisoner. It ends as Sonia's father, a lab. which is a sight house, which is a rocket.

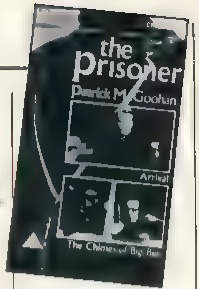
**16** ***Once Upon A Time***
Number Two prepares the Pris oner for an intense week of questioning in a make-or-break attempt to discover why he res igned. The interrogator's elec tronic process takes Number Six back through the seven stages of life, from babyhood to his job and resignation. But Number Six proves tougher than Number Two.

**17** ***Fall Out***
The extraordinary final episode is like a psychedelic dream. The Prisoner appears dressed in his own suit again, in an under ground courtroom. Judge and jury are masked in white cowls. The Prisoner is told he's passed the ultimate test, and is now referred to as sir. He witnes ses the trial of nonconformist Number 48 and the failed Number Two from Episode 16.

Then the Prisoner is told he may at last, meet Number One and is led into a cylindrica, chamber where sits another cowled figure. Ripping away the covering, the Prisoner is confronted by a monkey mask. Ripping that away, he sees himself.

He flees, leaving the chamber and securing its hatch. It's a rocket, and the Prisoner sets the count-down going.

The Butler joins him and together they free Number 48 and Number Two, overpower some guards, and escape wearing the villagers that the rocket will destroy everything. Seizing a lorry, the four men return to London. Number 48 going his own way. Number Two to Parliament, and the Pris oner (with the Butler) to his home. After they enter the door closes automatically with a mysterious hum, and the num eral 1 is seen on the door.




**The actors who play Number Two in each episode are**

George Baker *(1)*, Leo McKern *(2, 16, 17)*, Colin Gordon *(3, 6)*, Eric Portman *(4)*, Anton Rogers *(5)*, Mary Morris *(8)*, Peter Wyngarde *(9)*, Patrick Cargill *(10)*, Mark Eden *(11)*, John Sharpe *(12)*, Clifford Evans *(13)*, David Bauer *(14)* and Kenneth Griffith *(15)*.

Patrick McGoohan himself wrote and directed the episodes *Free For All*, *Once Upon A Time* and *Fall Out*.

Thanks to Larry Hall and the Six Of One Club for expert information.

# INSIDE THE VILLAGE

**MUCH OF** the location footage for *The Prisoner* series was shot at Portmeirion on the coast of North Wales. Its strange, almost surreal quality was the ideal background for the Village of McGoohan's imagination.

In real life Portmeirion is a hotel although hardly conforming to the usual concept. It was designed and largely built by the noted Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, who had always dreamed of developing a site of great natural beauty without defiling it, perhaps even enhancing it.

Work commenced in 1926 and continued for 50 years although additions are still being made by Portmeirion Limited, the company which owns and runs the hotel complex. As the map shows, the site is actually constructed in the form of a village with the numerous buildings that make up the hotel accommodation having their own particular sometimes peculiar appearance. Narrow roadways so effectively used in *The Prisoner* wind between houses and cottages, under various archways and up and down the hillsides. Generally the style could be called *Italianate* but there's a wild degree of fantasy involved as well – Mediterranean-gothic-classic might be a better description. Williams-Ellis himself referred to it as being a 'light-opera approach' and it's true there's a feeling that another Prisoner might suddenly appear here. *The Prisoner of Zenda*. In places, Portmeirion almost looks like a film set – some of the windows turn out to be painted onto the walls, some buildings are really two-dimensional despite their monumental appearance and often the scale is deceptive.

Every building, every wall, gazebo and archway takes into account the tumbling hillside on which Portmeirion is situated so that at every turn there are unusual vistas to delight the eye. If you have seen *The Prisoner* and then visit the place, every view seems familiar from the series, and standing in the centre of the lawn, looking all around, it's easy to imagine that Portmeirion contributed directly to *The Prisoner* by adding its own peculiar charm – and not a little menace.



## MAP OF PORTMEIRION - THE VILLAGE

1. Plas Meirion (main hotel)
2. The Town Hall
3. Central Piazza
4. The Lawn
5. Campanile (The Bell Tower)
6. Number Six (Prisoner) Shop
7. The Pantheon (or Green Dome)
8. Car Parks
9. Reception
10. Swimming Pool

**Hotel Portmeirion,** *Penrhyndeudraeth, Gwynedd LL48 6ER* Tel 0766 770453



The Lawn where every year Six Of One re-enact the human chess game from Checkmate.



Prisoner information centre, the Number Six shop.

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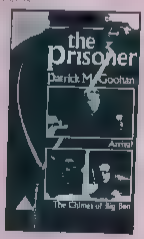
# WIN A PRISONER !

**Yes, information is what we want, and in return you can win Episodes One to Four of *The Prisoner* on video, and an LP of the original soundtrack.**

**IN THE TV** series they wanted information from the Prisoner at any cost and they were prepared to go to any lengths to get it, physical and mental torture, drugs, electrotherapy, interfering with his brain the works.

We at LM on the other hand, are an altogether more civilised bunch. But we put the thumbscrews on **Channel 5** and the official *Prisoner* Appreciation Society **Six Of One – and after a little persuasion they capitulated and agreed to our demands.**

**So here's the deal. You answer the eight questions below correctly, and your name will go into the LM** Competition Hat (it belongs to Paul Strange, so it's well vast). The first three entries pulled out will each earn two Channel 5 VHS video cassettes with Episodes One to Four of *The Prisoner* **and** an LP of the *Prisoner* original sound track music, courtesy of Six Of One.




And on top of that, the *very first* entry picked out will also receive a year's free membership in Six Of One with all the goodies that go with it, including the association's quarterly magazine.

It doesn't seem much to ask, does it – just a bit of information?

Send your entries complete with name and address on a postcard (or the back of a sealed envelope) to

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Now it's your turn. Information please.

1 *Where is the real-life location of the 'Village'?*
2 *'Village' inmates were referred to by numbers – what was the number of the Prisoner himself?*
3 *How many episodes of The Prisoner were made?*
4 *What secret information did the 'Village' administrators want from the Prisoner?*
5 *Which actor played the same character in three episodes?*
6 *In which building in the 'Village' did Number Two live?*
7 *Ron Grainer wrote The Prisoner main title theme. What other famous TV fantasy title theme did he write?*
8 *In the final episode, the identity of the malevolent Number One is revealed. Who was he?*

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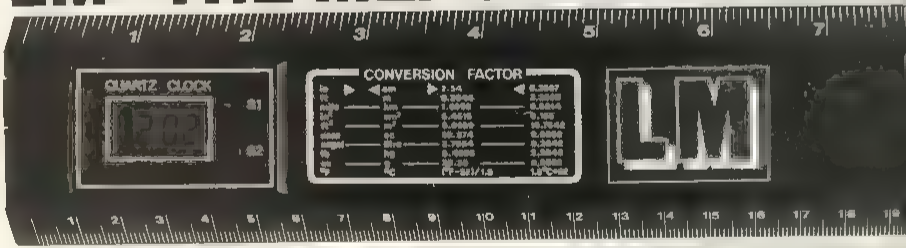
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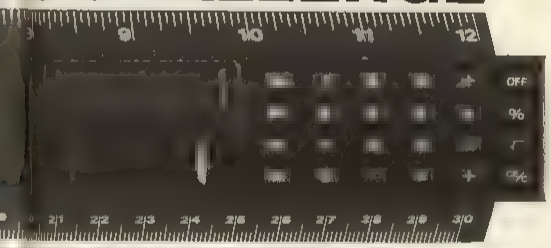
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# WAR AND PIERCE

**PIERCE BROSNAN, the suave but inept private eye of REMINGTON STEELE, turns cold-blooded killer in THE FOURTH PROTOCOL. CURTIS HUTCHINSON spoke to him on the set of this new Frederick Forsyth spy thriller.**

HE WAS at the tail end of a 90-day retainer with the producers of *Remington Steele*. The show's last season had fared badly in the all-important ratings and was dropped by its network, if the producers couldn't resell the show within three months then Brosnan was free from the remaining year of his five-year contract. The prospect delighted him – he felt the show had run its course and he was all but signed to star as James Bond in *The Living Daylights*.

But at the eleventh hour the producers found a buyer, and Timothy Dalton was crowned Bond. That's showbiz.

Standing on a large white box, kitted out in the full uniform of a top-ranking KGB officer, camera strategically placed at his feet pointing skywards, Pierce Brosnan was filming a split-second reaction shot which would be edited into a sequence filmed in Sweden (doubling for Finland). He had just killed a double agent in Scandinavia, and now back in England, he was watching as the body was dumped through a hole in the ice.

The next set-up was to take place some 30 miles away on Dunstable Downs (a landlocked cliff formation doubling for Dover), so we agreed the best place to do the interview was in the back of his limo as it sped sometimes lost, along the winding roads of rural Hertfordshire.

*The Fourth Protocol* a major new British movie which opens all over the country in February, is based (though not too closely) on Frederick Forsyth's novel, a chilling reminder of just what modern technology could do. The novel is the all-time bestselling paperback, and was also the first book to become a computer game *before* it was filmed.

Brosnan stars as Valeri Petrofsky, a crack KGB agent planted in Britain under an assumed identity. His mission: to assemble a nuclear device in a rented basement flat near an American airbase. The Soviet plan is to detonate the bomb on the airbase making it look like an accident, outraged Western governments would then be forced to kick the Americans out of Europe and NATO. In Forsyth's words, *The Fourth Protocol* is about 'cynicism in high places'.

The title comes from a treaty signed in 1968 by Britain, America and the Soviet Union: an attempt to halt the spread of nuclear weapons. The powers agreed to four secret clauses, or protocols, the fourth protocol banned the smuggling of nuclear weapons across national borders.

'My character,' Brosnan explains, 'is what is known as an "illegal" in the sense that within the KGB they get British passports from 20 or 30 years ago and they build up a whole new identity. I then go underground as Jim Ross and gather together the components and then build it with Joanna Cassidy, who plays a nuclear physicist. The making of the bomb is pretty spectacular, in the sense that it's such a simple thing to make as there's only nine components. Of course some of the materials are hard to get, but if you could lay your hands on them, then Christ, you've got the making of an atomic bomb.'

Forsyth, who adapted the screenplay from his book, shows ingeniously how the spies' difficulty is not in assembling the bomb but in obtaining the components, which have to be smuggled into Britain from the Eastern bloc. The bits of bomb are hidden in car headlights, in a fire-extinguisher, in a tobacco tin, the central core comes into the country inside a child's ball, and the vital two-inch lithium disc is concealed in the shoe of a Czech violinist.

Brosnan was drawn to the part of Jim Ross because it takes him away from the action-man roles he's become too closely identified with.

'There's not an awful lot of action in the movie. A lot of it is about the internal workings of the characters and mine is a very cinematic role in the sense that there's not a lot of dialogue but it's the behaviour of the character within the piece.'

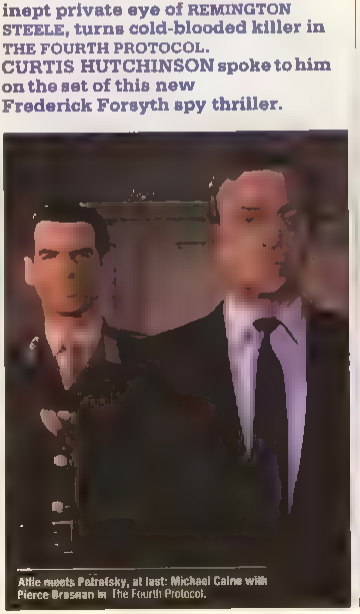
Brosnan's *Fourth Protocol* role also meant he could work with his childhood hero: the ubiquitous movie-a-week man Michael Caine (who plays an ex-pats turned-spycatcher on Brosnan's trail). But though Brosnan was involved in the film's production from day one, the plot and the shooting schedule hardly brought him and Caine together at all.

'We never actually meet until the very end of the film. In all we only worked together for two whole days in a 68-day shoot. I wondered if he was at all fazed by meeting someone he'd queued up to see two decades ago in *Zulu* and *Alfie*. 'Not really,' Brosnan replied. 'Michael's actually a very nice easygoing guy. It's the old thing actually when you watch a movie star's work for so many years you feel you already know them when you come to meet them.'

Now that the chance of playing Bond has passed him by, Brosnan's future in the movies depends on *The Fourth Protocol*, and once he's fulfilled his *Remington Steele* contractual obligations he'll be concentrating on films.

'TV acting is really the toughest job, acting-wise, I've ever done,' he asserts, 'in the sense that you've got to have stamina. And then also you've got the politics and all the crap that goes with it. Networks always want you to do various things and you have to protect yourself or you don't have time to get on with your life. I prefer film really.

'With films you get much more time to work on a part and to digest what's going on and where you're going to take your character. But really I've just got to get down and just do more films, I'd like to kinda put TV to one side for the moment.'



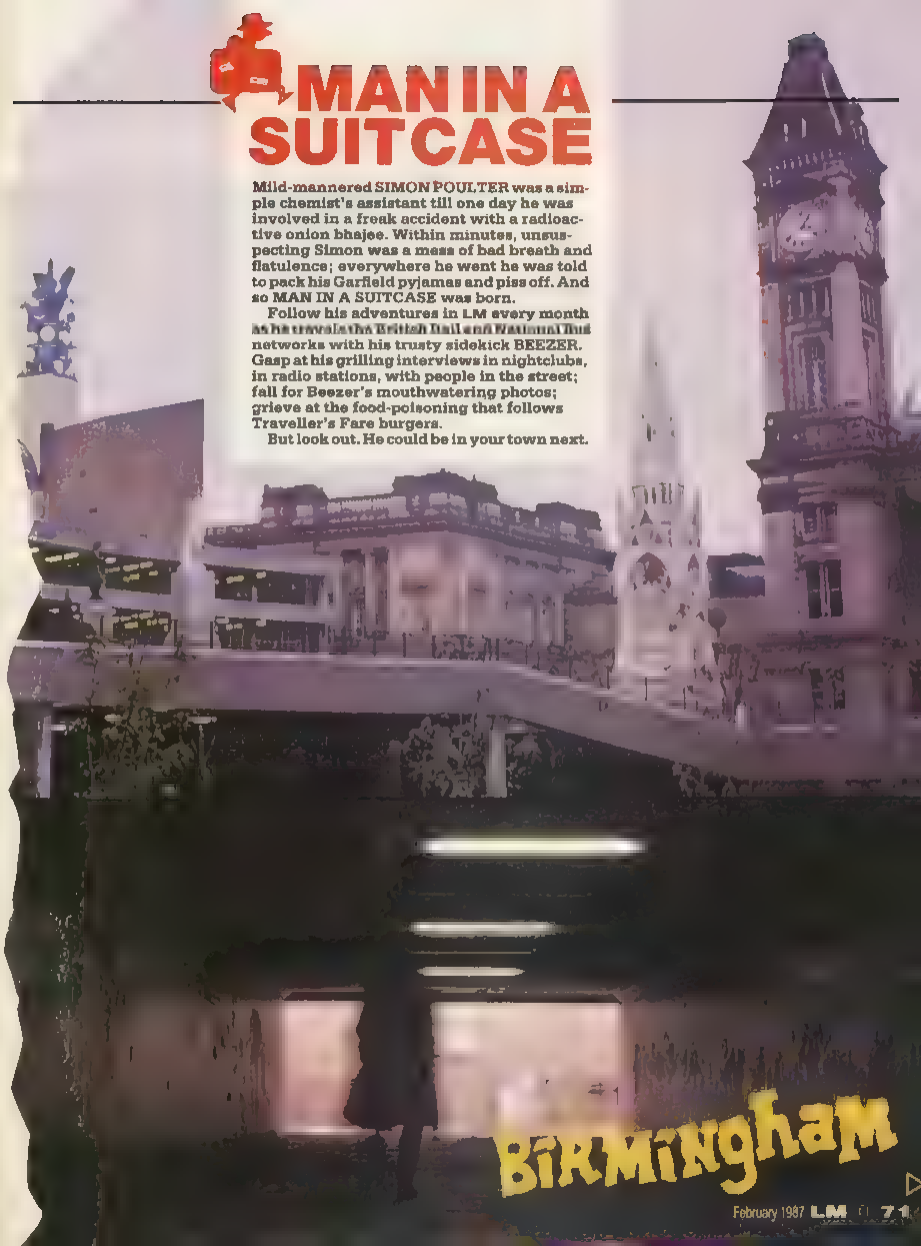
Alfie meets Petrofsky, at last: Michael Caine with Pierce Brosnan in The Fourth Protocol.

# MAN IN A SUITCASE

Mild-mannered SIMON POULTER was a simple chemist's assistant till one day he was involved in a freak accident with a radioactive onion bhajee. Within minutes, unsuspecting Simon was a mess of bad breath and flatulence; everywhere he went he was told to pack his Garfield pyjamas and piss off. And so MAN IN A SUITCASE was born.

Follow his adventures in LM every month as he travels the British Rail and National Bus networks with his trusty sidekick BEEZER. Gasp at his grilling interviews in nightclubs, in radio stations, with people in the street; fall for Beezer's mouthwatering photos; grieve at the food-poisoning that follows Traveller's Fare burgers.

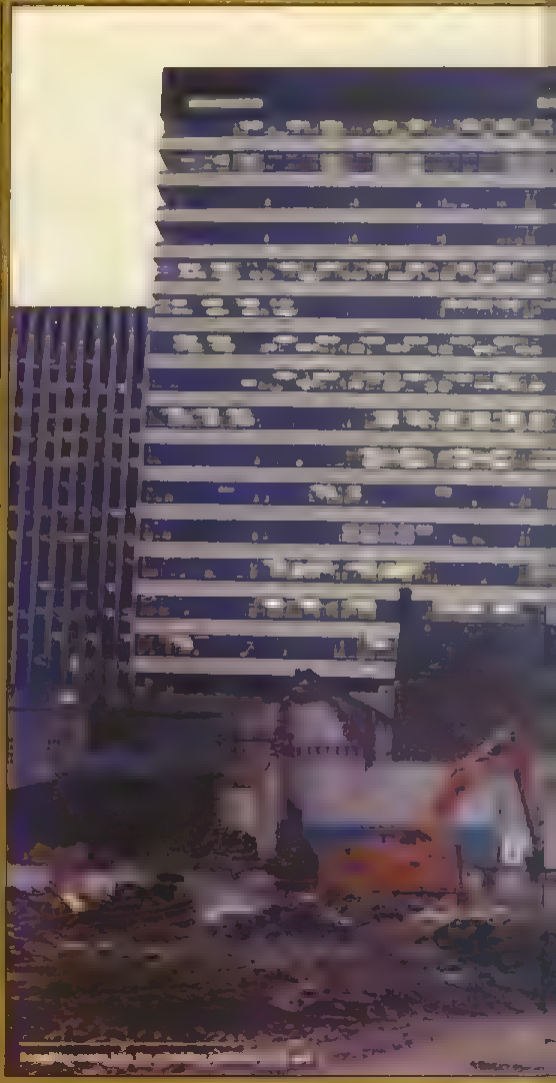
But look out. He could be in your town next.



BIRMINGHAM







**THEY SAY** Los Angeles is seven suburbs in search of a city. Birmingham is the same with its collection of satellite districts like Sutton Coldfield, Edgbaston, Handsworth and Harborne. Each area has a strong identity but local awareness has bred insularity to the point where these areas are almost oblivious of their function as part of the city. To them, Birmingham is no more than a square mile of shops and offices.

Birmingham is like an enormous ring doughnut. Less a city than a cosmopolitan collection of conurbated towns round a vacuous centre.

Looking at the concrete and rubble of the city's centre, you sense that the Birmingham of the Eighties was the planners' nightmare of the Sixties. Under the high rise habitations and the monstrous carbuncles to lift a Royal phrase that pass for office blocks is a jungle of grey slabs, a horrendous, fly-bedding warren of subways, a subterranean labyrinth of endless steps and blind corners. Birmingham's new streets are a typical urban cockup.

You'd be hard pressed to find evidence of rebirth in Birmingham. Just look at the acres of rubble, bricks and debris festering in the mud of Broad Street. Now Birmingham's bid for the 1992 Olympics has fallen through. I'm sorely tempted to offer a *Blue Peter* badge and an *I Spy Annual 1977* to anyone spotting the construction of a new centre. The city is rife with dereliction, a sad reflection of a series of indifferent British Governments.

Birmingham lacks the self-publicising sense of places like Liverpool. Apart from the City Council's mediocre, virtually non-existent campaign declaring Birmingham The Heart Of England, there are no visible signs of promoting the city. Worse still, your average Brummie will cheerfully admit that Birmingham is Britain's second city, second best in every way. The city's conservative Quaker founding fathers have a lot to answer for.

As a passing visitor, I may not have been in Birmingham long enough to breathe any of the fresh new air that's supposed to be revitalising the city. Lord knows the place could do with it, and the potential is there to make Birmingham not just Britain's second city, but its first.





# Too Old To Rock'n'Roll?

WM are poles apart. But both claim to serve the whol[illegible] pol[illegible]
community.

[illegible]

[illegible]arge section audiences.

# No Friggin' Giggin'

LIKE ANY CITY in Thatcher's depressed and out-of-work Britain, Birmingham should in theory be abundant in leisure centres, music venues, and theatres. But the reality is tougher, according to Mike Davies, an editor of *The Essential Student Guide To Birmingham* and the city's listings magazine *What's On*.

Davies feels that Birmingham's youth scene is isolated. 'It seems to be a problem endemic of Birmingham,' he says. 'Nobody wants to talk to each other, everybody is literally doing their own thing, and it doesn't spread across. Everything seems to be inward-looking. Bands don't think about collaborating — they don't think about communicating beyond the gig that they're playing to the audience they're going to get.

'Information seems targeted to [illegible] own [illegible] It works on [illegible] Birmingham and not just the youth side. The clubs are very much the same, they don't actually tell anybody outside the clique that frequents them. It's [illegible] in Birmingham — if you're not part of that circle you never know what's happening.' Mike Davies isn't the only person to complain that Birmingham's many up-and-coming bands have nowhere to gig, but there are a few oases in the musical desert.

A must is the Tuesday-night **Glitch Club** at Barberries on Broad Street, run by Steve Coxon and Dave Travis, where you're guaranteed bands like [illegible] Gerry, The [illegible] and Martin Stephenson The Daintees. And [illegible] that's not your music [illegible] of tea [illegible] down for the disco afterwards and get in for £1 (50p with NUS or UB40 card).

Apart from the National Exhibition Centre and the Odeon (where acts are [illegible] months in [illegible] leges, [illegible] allow students, the only Birmingham venue to bridge the gap between the pubs and smaller clubs is **The Portland Club** in Ladywood. Open seven nights a week, it doesn't always have live music, but often you can find three bands and a DJ there — pretty good going for £2.

Since March, The Portland has been offering such bands as RAD, The Housemartins, King Kurt and The Redskins. Once a month there's an 'alternative' disco, but it's best to phone first to find out what's going on.

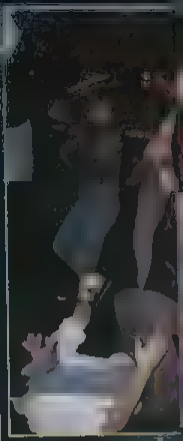
**The Powerhouse** on Hurst Street is big, in the same league as The Portland, and the Diamond Suite at the Irish Centre is pretty sharp at getting local bands. Elsewhere you'd be [illegible] anything [illegible] for live [illegible] music. [illegible] no shortage of [illegible]

There's no shortage of Birmingham bands, either — Terry & Gerry, Mighty Lemon Drops, Red Beards From Texas, The Men Upstairs, Mighty Mighty, and Strap On Jack are among the most interesting of a varied collection.

## Ace Clubs

MUNIC VENUES may be thin on the ground in Birmingham, but nightclubs there are aplenty. As in any major city, you'll find huge, [illegible] tourist-traps [illegible] Hippodrome, [illegible] The Dome, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for me, [illegible] quieter and more interesting places, less [illegible] trashy and expensive [illegible] trendy, are more [illegible] with your hard-earned cash. Again, Barberries is worth a visit; the bar prices are reasonable, especially between 5.30pm and 7pm, when all drinks are half-price. The party usually goes on till 2am, and all they ask is that you dress with 'style, sophistication and elegance'.

I'd wholeheartedly recommend **Mega's Wine Bar**, next to the cult clothing shop MegaActive, and its powerful Thunderbird On The Rocks drink (just 65p a shot). Open every night, Mega's varies the fare but keeps up the quality: over the weekend there's nonstop soul, funk and reggae, you can find jazz and blues on Monday and Fifties and Sixties on Tuesday, and Wednesday is for local bands. Thursday there are usually male strippers and drag artists, so expect a few hen parties.



Punters at The Powerhouse








[illegible] Birmingham Film & Video Workshop



Birmingham could do with more like Mega's and Barbarellas.

The Powerhouse on Hurst Street is worth a look on Monday; though it's a student night, anyone can get in for £1.50 (NUS cards only 50p) and benefit from 50p pints. And music here is more than just The Smiths – this crowd likes to party! There are no dress restrictions, but Dog Johnson clones will definitely be out of place.

It's a relaxed atmosphere at The Powerhouse, so simply wear what you feel best in

## Framed youth

PRODUCING FILMS about young people for young people, the youth-run **Birmingham Film & Video Workshop** has been making its lively contribution to the city scene for almost seven years. Set up in 1980 with a minimal West Midlands Arts grant to run regional screenings and discussions, the BFVW later moved into TV news/documentaries and feminist politics, helped by more grants from the British Film Institute and Channel 4.

Last December, Channel 4 showed the BFVW's series *Turn It Up* in the *Eleventh Hour* slot. The series consisted of four hour-long programmes – *TV Exclusive* (with Jimi Somerville), *Acting Up, Cabaret Style* and *Special Investigators* – which included four films made by BFVW: *Framed Youth, Not A Girl Anymore, MisTaken Identity* and *Girl Zone*) as well as some of the 120 tapes submitted by youth and community video groups nationwide.

The documentaries looked at gays and lesbians at class, at the problems of young women, the link was youth.

Workshop director Johnnie Turpie explains how *Turn It Up* made Channel 4. 'With the basis of the work available and with the knowledge that there is a lot of good material around written by young people throughout the country we suggested a youth season would be a good idea to the editor at Channel 4 (Aaan Fountain) who we work with.

Turpie seems happy enough that the films are shown, let alone winning awards such as the British Film Institute's high profile Grierson Award (which went to *Framed Youth*) and a £1000 award from the City Of Birmingham's Economic Development Unit (for *Girl Zone*). And BFVW's programmes have been broadcast in Berlin and Los Angeles.

What we try and do is make something that is engaging and not just like the usual idea of community or independent video and particularly unemployment and boredom and our production *GIRO* was quite the reverse of that. It's a lively programme. It says some quite strong pointed things about contradictions of the work ethic.

The basis is collaboration and we all work together and we all decide on what we're going to make, how we're going to make it and try and go and do that.

## Airwaves

● **BRMB Radio** 261m/1152 kHz MW and 94.8 MHz FM Stereo. 24-hour pop music and local features.

● **BBC RADIO WM** 1458 and 828 kHz MW and 95.6 MHz FM. Very MOR station with emphasis on speech rather than music. Something in-between Radio Two and Radio Four, with a regional slant.

● **PCRL** 103.5 MHz FM. 24 hours a day, seven days a week of Afro-Caribbean music and interests. (When the DTI hasn't got its equipment.)

## Where To Hear It

● **The Barrel Organ** *Digbeth* Tel: 021-622 1353

● **Birmingham NEC** *Banner Lane, Coleshill* Tel: 021 780-4141

● **Birmingham Odeon** *New Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 6101

● **Burberries** *Broad Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 1500. Live music on Tuesdays at the Click Club 8pm-2am.

● **The Coach & Horses** *Kesteven Road, West Bromwich* Tel: 021 588 2136

● **The Diamond Suite** *The Irish Centre, Digbeth* Tel: 021 622 2314

● **JB's** *Dudley* Tel: 0384 53597

● **Mega's Wine Bar** *Priory Queensway, Birmingham* Tel: 021 236-3016. Open Monday-Saturday 12pm-2.30pm and every evening – phone for times which vary night to night.

● **The Mermaid**, *Stratford Road, Sparkhill* Tel: 021 772 0217

● **Midlands Arts Centre** *Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham* Tel: 021 440-3838. Occasional gigs.

● **The Portland Club** *Icknield Park Road, Ladywood* Tel: 021 454 9119

● **The Powerhouse** *Hurst Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-4715. Open Monday-Saturday 9pm-2am. Phone first to check what's on.

● **Sensateria** at The Powerhouse (see above). Wednesday night alt/psych/gothic music.

● **The Strathallan Hotel** *Hagley Road, Birmingham* Tel: 021 455-9777. Live jazz every Sunday lunchtime in the Baltimore Bear Bar.

● **The Triangle Media & Arts Centre** *Aston University, Aston Triangle, Birmingham* Tel: 021 359-3979. Occasional gigs.

## Clubbing

Before hitting the night clubs, phone them to check admission prices, dress restrictions and what's on each night.

● **Boogies** *5-17 Lower Severn Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-6951. Open Monday-Saturday 8.30pm-2am. Sunday 7.30pm-12 midnight.

● **Burberries** On-The-Street *220 Broad Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 1500. Open lunchtime 12 noon-3pm and nights 5.30pm-2am.

● **The Dome**, *Horsefair, Birmingham* Tel: 021-622 2233. Disco Monday-Thursday, Friday and Saturday 9pm-2am. Over-20s.

● **Edwards No 7** *7 John Bright Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-8650. Open Monday-Thursday 5.30pm-10.30pm, Friday and Saturday 5.30pm-11pm, Sunday 7pm-10.30pm.

● **Liberty's** *184 Hagley Rd, Birmingham* Tel: 021 454 4444. Nightclub open Monday-Saturday 9pm-2am. Very exclusive nightclub, restaurant.

● **Mega's Wine Bar** *Priory Queensway, Birmingham* Tel: 021 236-3016. Open Monday-Saturday 12pm-2.30pm and Monday-Sunday nights – phone for times which vary.

● **The Millionaire** *Centre City Tower, Hill Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021-643 4554. Open Monday-Saturday 9pm-2am.

● **Pagoda Park** *Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 6696. Open Wednesday-Saturday 9pm-2am. Over 20s.

● **The Powerhouse** *Hurst Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-4715. Open Monday-Saturday 9pm-2am. Impressive lightshow and three bars – phone ahead to find what's on.

● **Snobs** *Paradise Circus, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-5551. Open Monday-Saturday 9pm-2am. Reduced admission with an NUS card.

● **Tressines Nightclub** *11 Newhall Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021-236-2366. Open Monday-Saturday 8.30pm-2am.

## Stage Directions

● **Alexandra Theatre** *Suffolk Street, Queensway, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 1231.

● **Birmingham Hippodrome** *Hurst Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 622 7486. Big show-stoppers stop here.

● **Birmingham Repertory Theatre**, *Broad Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021-236 4455.

● **Hall Green Little Theatre** *Pemberley Road, Acocks Green* Tel: 021 706 1541.

● **Midlands Arts Centre** *Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham* Tel: 021 440-3838. Multimedia arts centre housing nearly every artform in existence. There's always something going down.

● **The Old Rep**, *Station Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 2514.

● **Royal Shakespeare Theatre** *Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire* Tel: Stratford Upon Avon 295623. Britain's finest theatre is worth the coach or train journey – a must.

● **The Triangle** *Aston University Arts & Media Centre* Tel: 021 359 3979. Another multimedia hang out with a range of alternative fringe and occasionally mainstream films, theatre and music.

There's a healthy abundance of amateur groups in the Birmingham area. Keep your eyes peeled for details in *What's On* and the local papers.

## Big Screens

● **ABC** *Bristol Road, Birmingham* Tel: 021 440 1904.

● **Futurist**, *John Bright Street, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643-0292.

● **The Odeon**, *Queensway, Birmingham* Tel: 021 643 2418. (Not to be confused with the Birmingham Odeon.)

● **Midlands Arts Centre** *Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham* Tel: 021 440-3838.

● **The Triangle** *Aston University, Birmingham* Tel: 021 359-3979.

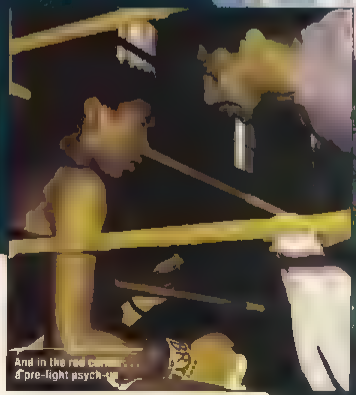




RA



Birmingham's answer to Madison Square Garden.



And in the red corner... a pre-fight psych-up




# AGING CALVES

**Gumshield and sponge at the ready, CURTIS HUTCHINSON winces from his ringside seat as a succession of 15-to-19-year-olds knock the stuffing out of one another in the Birmingham Midland Regional Round of the National Association Of Boys' Clubs Boxing Championships. (Try saying *that* with a gumshield in.) Pictures by RICHARD BUTCHINS.**

***BEAT HIM*** *to the butcher!* shouts an enthusiastic dad as his son delivers a short, sharp lethal undercut to his opponent's chin. A rapid volley of jabs follows the blow through, forcing the bloody-nosed opponent into his corner, trapped, he's a human punchbag.

'This ain't kids' stuff,' yells the father 'keep your left hand popping!'

The referee leaps in to separate the fighters, inspects a cut above the battered opponent's eye, shakes his head and sends them back to their corners, where worldly-wise seconds dispense solace and water-spray.

Once you've adjusted to the sight of two 15-year-olds slugging the shit out of each other what strikes you is the speed and intensity of the battle. It's a foregone conclusion the guy with the bloody eye will go home bruised and dejected, while the winner can dream dreams of winning this Midland Regional bout and going on to stardom in the glitzy surroundings of London's Grosvenor House, far from the austerity of the Birmingham Athletic Institute.

As if to prove that not a punch was thrown in anger, the victor struts over to the loser's corner, where they shake gloves and hug. There's no animosity, just an unspoken understanding and a pervading sense of bravado. *The Rocky* generation has come of age.

Back in the dressing room the young champ shrugs off the suggestion that any of those punches hurt, he's too busy reliving blow by blow, his moments of glory, and he's not going to feel a bruise till well into next week.



Exhausted, bloody but victorious

# FRANKLY MR FRANKI

**When Frankie went to stardom two-and-a-half years ago they did it with style, sleaze, and sex, making the gutter press every day. Then they backed off, but returned in triumph last year with the impressive LIVERPOOL LP. Where can Frankie go next, and can they be there together? RICHARD LOWE talks to HOLLY JOHNSON and PAUL RUTHERFORD. Pictures by BEEZER.**

DURING THE HOT summer of 1984, cruise missiles were secretly ferried along empty early- morning B roads to those pockets of the English countryside that will always be America, and Ronald Reagan was on the radio again.

Ladies and gentlemen, he announced, let me present Frankie Goes To Hollywood, possibly the most important thing this side of the world. He was on *Top Of The Pops* every week too, grappling in a wrestling-ring with his Soviet counterpart Chernenko. Grinning from the ringside were five wicked and wonderful Scallywags from Liverpool: Paul, Holly Mark, Nasher and Ped. It was all their video for *Two Tribes*, all in the name of Frankie.

*Two Tribes* was a bit more acute than your average Number One smash. And Frankie Goes To Hollywood were a bit more than an ordinary pop group with a couple of hit singles. They were a sensation.

For 15 weeks of 1984 one of their records held Number One in the charts, *Relax* became the fifth-biggest-selling single of all time, the diehards devoured fortnightly remixes of *Two Tribes*, keeping it at the top for nine weeks, and when Frankie's third single, the drippy but irresistible *Power Of Love* also topped the charts it was time to adjust the record-books. And let's not forget those T-shirts.

But time isn't kind to overnight sensations – they tend to bow out as two-hit wonders – and following up that little lot once the novelty value had worn off was a tall order for Frankie. They followed their instincts, which took them to pubs, bars, nightclubs and, every now and then recording studios in Ireland, Ibiza and Holland where they conceived and nurtured eight new songs. And finally, in the autumn of 1986, they gave birth to a bawling, brawling beast of a rock album which they christened *Liverpool* in honour of their fatherland.

*Liverpool* is half as long and twice as good as the sprawling mess of *Welcome To The Pleasuredome*, there's no over-indulgent Trevor Horn studio trickery or bullshit Paul Morley 'marketing'. It's a rare example of a modern 'rock' LP that doesn't draw too heavily on the past or pander to current fads (no, not a hint of hip-hop here, and no *Relax* rewrites either). It's loud, punchy, pompous and bloody marvellous.



Small and sweet: Holly Johnson

# HOLLY

**HOLLY JOHNSON** is small and ever so sweet. He talks in a camp Liverpudlian lilt which comes from watching too many episodes of *The Liver Birds*, and he eats toasted sandwiches – or he did when I met him at a jumped up burger bar round the corner from his tasteful West End flat. He gets shirty when I ask if he's leaving the group and laughs when I suggest that he's a dead arty. He's pleased with the latest Frankie LP.

'I think this LP is a lot different to the first one – it's more purist, more rock n roll if you like – and I suppose more in the tradition of the rock bands from our era in Liverpool – not that it sounds like Echo And The Bunnymen or anything.

'*Liverpool* is a lot more focused. The idea behind the first album was to present lots of different atmospheres and moods. Also what we wanted to do was to make classic disco singles that weren't bland – you know how all those dance records from America are dead slick with no rough edges or interesting sounds on them. We wanted to make rhythmic dance records that were a bit black but not smooth, whereas on this album the music's pure rock, really. I like dance music and I like rock music – anything that isn't middle-of-the-road.' But what about *The Power Of Love*?

Well. *The Power Of Love* was a conscious spoof – a tongue in cheek attempt at a smoochy ballad full of out and out clichés. It was taking the piss, in a way. Spoof or not, *The Power Of Love* was Frankie's last Number One. The follow up *Welcome To The Pleasuredome* stalled at Number Two, and even the comeback single *Rage Hard* was a respectable Top Five hit. But their last single, *Warriors Of The Wasteland*, only just managed to limp into the Top 20. Frankie seem to be sliding ever so gently downhill.

Of course we haven't done as well as last time, admits Holly. It would have been impossible to – and we weren't foolish enough to think we could. A lot of people are putting us down and saying we're on the way out or whatever, but if you look at anyone's career over that last 20 years or so no one has had that kind of consistent success. You get people like David Bowie and Elton John who've only had about two Number Ones in all the years they've been making records. You can't expect to be Number One every time and we were dead jammy to do so well straight away. It was a bit of a fluke occurrence.

And our intention – mine anyway – wasn't just to make enjoyable commercial pop. Songs should say something occasionally. What for?

'Well, self satisfaction, I suppose – and to raise issues. Like in *Two Tribes* there was the whole question of sex and horror being the 'new gods' the big crowd pullers that we read about all the time in the popular newspapers. That kind of voyeuristic violence is so popular today on films and TV and stuff it's like some bizarre new religion. And I suppose the point of writing songs about things like that is to bring ideas to people's attention, to create discussion.

'*Two Tribes* didn't just go on about whether the Russians were bad or the Americans were bad. It made the point that throwing bombs at the other side is going to achieve absolutely nothing.

In the same way, *Warriors Of The Wasteland* discusses the class structure in this country which is still as strong as ever as far as I'm concerned. It just illustrates the way there's a mass of working class who are kept in their place and forced to work for conglomerate industry. There's that line about the rich living in splendour and security while the rest are kept in their place. I know that's patently obvious to some people – but it's just what I felt like writing about.

'I think I've said enough serious things for a while though and when I do my solo album I'd like to do something lighter, more frivolous – something you can just go out and dance to on a Saturday night. Does this solo project mean you'll be leaving Frankie Goes To Hollywood, then?

'No, why should it?' Holly snaps defensively.

Well, there's been the odd rumour.

It's just that I want to do a project that I don't have to compromise on. Frankie is always a compromise – it's bound to be because there's five people's opinions to consider. Just because I want to do something on my own it doesn't mean I'm leaving the group. People shouldn't jump to conclusions. So what are Frankie's plans? Can we expect another two-year gap before the next record?

I hope not. It's too uneconomical, to take two years recording an album – it costs us a fortune. Our recording bill to date, for two albums and the singles, has been more than a million pounds. Amazing isn't it? And we have to pay that. But don't you use your record company's producers and studios?

Yes, but they still charge us. So who makes all the money out of Frankie Goes To Hollywood? Trevor Horn?

You said that not me. He's very diplomatic, but not as rich as you'd imagine.

My mum gets a lot of attitude from people at work. You know the sort of thing. 'Your son's a millionaire, why are you working?' But I'm not a millionaire. I wish I was. I'm not exactly poor but I've got to keep on working – I've got a mortgage to pay.

> **"I'm not a millionaire, I wish I was. I'm not exactly poor but I've got a mortgage to pay."**

The thing with us is that we all hate business meetings and that's to our detriment. That particular scally aspect of us is the reason we lose out in the business world because it is a business world and we are a business. We're not in some idealistic musical utopia and it was a great shock for us when we realised that. We're all a bit more aware now, but I wasn't really educated in a

manner to deal with things like that. I'm not well-versed in the ways of business and I don't think many working-class people are.'

For the next few months however, Frankie will be concentrating on the tough business of touring. Holly has mixed feelings.

'I enjoy it when we're actually doing the gigs and I hope the show will be entertaining, but the actual lifestyle of being on tour is a bit of a drag. The others enjoy it more than me because it's less physically demanding for them. If I've got to use my voice every night for over an hour I can't be going out getting pissed every night. They think I'm being dead miserable when they're off to a party and I've got to go home and go to bed.' Much has been made of the apparent split in the band between the drunken, loutish lads' and the sensitive sensible Holly (with Paul somewhere between the two extremes). But Holly dismisses it.

"That image of us is created by the press, really. I mean, obviously there are differences between us – they're quite a few years younger than me for a start. But when we're actually together, everyone's laughing and cracking jokes. Of course there've been times when we've argued and stopped talking to each other for a while, but I'm sure every band's like that. But people get an idea about us and really play on it.

'Like, Ped's always made out to be really thick, when in fact he's really intelligent – one of the most intelligent people I know. He may not be extremely articulate but he knows exactly what's going on, and just because he uses a lot of four-letter words it doesn't mean he's stupid. He's probably my favourite Frankie. Ped.' Frankie Goes To

> **"Ped's always made out to be really thick, but he's one of the most intelligent people I know. He's probably my favourite Frankie, Ped."**

Hollywood are in a difficult position these days. They don't have the instant chart-appeal of Wham! the fashionableness of Big Audio Dynamite or the (thoroughly undeserved) intellectual credibility of Pet Shop Boys.

Yes, Frankie's awesome initial success was a result of combining all three, but now they fall between the stools that they used to so skilfully straddle.

'I don't think we do fit into the current music scene at all,' observes Holly, 'and to some extent that's why we haven't succeeded in America. I mean, we've only had one hit there and that was *Relax*. The thing is they can't pigeonhole us into a certain category so they can't market us properly to specific radio stations and specific audiences. But I wouldn't have it any other way. It was annoying, though, and surprising that we didn't get any back people in the audience on the American tour. So what sort of audiences *does* Frankie get?

'Well, we don't get many grannies, but we get a wide range, from mature adults to little kiddies.' A family band?

'Yeah, I wouldn't mind that.'



Paul Rutherford, the wimp who makes a difference



# PAUL

IT WAS like Halley's comet and something like that only comes once every so often.' Up in the swish offices above Kensington High Street which house Frankie Goes To Hollywood Ltd Paul Rutherford is reflecting on Frankie's rise to fame and the mayhem that followed.

Nothing like that's ever going to happen to anybody for a long time. I mean, we didn't just have a couple of hits – everybody in England was massively into the whole thing in a really big way. Things like that just don't normally happen.

'I don't think any of us have really sat down and thought about what's been going on over the past three years and exactly what we were doing. We've just been like *shunted* round the world – these five Scallies just having a brilliant time – and none of us really knew what was going on. We've grown up really quickly as a band because it's all happened so quickly for us in such a huge manner. And personally we're a lot more honest with each other now – we've realised we're quite different people now and we respect each other's privacy I suppose.

We actually get on like a house on fire and that's really the thing that made it work: the fact that you've got these five people with absolutely nothing in common. I mean, we don't even like the same music – it's ridiculous. But it's all those different elements that make it work – you know there's one person into soul, one person into modern pop, one into heavy metal.' Who's the HM fan? He must have been shouting loudest when you recorded *Warriors*.

Pad – and Nasher. Nasher's favourite band is Van Halen. I'm the wimp. I'm into all the souly stuff. I suppose I'm just an old soulboy still – I can't shake it off.' Paul's in a curious position in Frankie Goes To Hollywood. According to the LP sleeve notes he 'semi-sings' and 'wholly-moves', and he admits that his contribution to Frankie is a bit vague.

> **"Nasher's favourite band is Van Halen. I'm the wimp. I'm just an old soulboy."**

'I really don't know what exactly my role is. I don't play an instrument and I don't do any songwriting – that's Holly's department and Mark's department. That's the way it always was, and there's an unspoken thing that Holly would never sing anyone else's lyrics, unless it's like Burt Bacharach or someone. I don't really know what I am – a cheerleader or something. I don't do anything but at the same time I do a hell of a lot.

'It's like a spiritual thing, though that sounds a bit pretentious, but I add a certain spirit or flavour to the group. I suppose I'm like one of the 11 herbs and spices – something you can't pinpoint but it's definitely there. If it was nothing I'd probably have left under the pressure of being the wanker who doesn't do anything. Like Andrew Ridgeley got a lot of stick because he used to make out that he actually did *do something* in the band. I suppose I get away with it, I've always been honest about it.

> **"I'm like one of the 11 herbs and spices – something you can't pinpoint but it's definitely there. If it was nothing I'd probably have left under the pressure of being the wanker who doesn't do anything."**

'I suppose I really shine when we're on stage. I'm great with people in front of me, and that's the excitement for me. I'm looking forward to the tour: it seems ages since we've actually performed live instead of miming or whatever. But I'm always there, in the room, when the songs are written, and I'm asked about whether things are good or not.' And the LP?

'It's good: it's more 'us', if you know what I mean. The only thing we didn't agree on was the title, and the only one we could agree on was *Liverpool*. Obviously it works in terms of the lyrical content. Holly's concerned mood. I mean, *Pleasuredome* was more of a hedonistic attitude and this one was a more concerned attitude with socialist leanings.

'Because we're all from there, we're more concerned with Liverpool's plight than, say, Leeds's plight. It just seemed to make sense.' Do you think Frankie will go on forever?

'No, not at all – we've got a death wish, definitely. You see: I always thought that Frankie Goes To Hollywood was all about being young, having a laugh and having a great time. Now we're beginning to turn into old men – getting married and stuff like that – and it just doesn't work, it doesn't rub off and I think the music's actually changed along with the attitude, the music's become more mature.

'It's a hideous thought that we might turn into a bunch of old dinosaurs.'








Unexpected jumble sale bargains: Flaming Youth's 1969 LP Ark II (back row, left) featured Phil Collins before he joined Genesis. A rare LP, it's currently worth around £20. It cost 25p. The Art Deco table lamp (front row, right) was spotted for 40p. It's been valued at about £70. The Art Deco perfume set (front row, centre) cost 20p and is worth roughly £30. Other items on display are the Risk strategy game (£1), Hi-Q hexed plastic puzzle (10p), Mastermind game (35p), various books, and a large and highly useful breadbin (40p)

# SETTING SALE

**Once a bitter battleground for killer grannies, the jumble sale has become an ace place for bargains. PAUL STRANGE – our answer to Compo – sets off in search of jumble-sale fun and comes back with a practical guide of dos and don'ts.**

SO YOU THINK jumble sales are just for OAPs and hobos, huh? Think again, and damn quick. And while you're at it, grab your local paper and start scouring the small ads: what you're looking for is a jumble sale on a Saturday, preferably after lunch, with a low admission price (about 10p) and the promise of refreshments.

Found one? Good. There are hundreds all over the country, even in January, and you'll find even more in the spring, late summer and early autumn.

If the local paper doesn't give you any leads, try shop windows, interrogate friends and check if any group (Scouts, Guides, a church, etc) is collecting jumble. Somewhere, some thing *must* be happening, and if you're lucky you may find two or three sales taking place near you on the same day.

Right. You're nearly ready.

Proper dress is essential. Go rough – there's no point clomping round a dusty church hall done up to the nines – and avoid tight clothing (most jumble sales are extremely sweaty affairs).

Always take a couple of plastic carrier-bags with you, and perhaps a black plastic bin-liner. You're likely to pick up a load of items and you'll need your hands free.

Take enough money with you, but don't take more than a fiver (it'll cover nearly all eventualities: it'll buy you plenty of stuff and it won't tempt you *too* far). Take the money in pound coins or smaller change – most stalls will be unable to change a five-pound note and you'll waste valuable shopping time looking for change.

It's vital to arrive early – at least half an hour before the sale is due to start. The best bargains will go within the first five minutes.

Once you've arrived, check that you've got the right building and the right queue for the jumble sale (not as stupid as it sounds: thus – church halls often have separate sections and different events taking place simultaneously while swimming baths, community halls and Scout huts are always unto themselves).

Go with a friend or two. There's nothing worse than standing on your own in a queue of mad jumble sale fanatics, not knowing anybody. Besides, you can turn the sale into a social event, a bit of a laff.

The first minutes of any jumble sale are crucial and revealing. Once the doors are open, you can come across *anything* and you'll probably be quite surprised at some of the items on offer. This is the biggest thrill of jumble sales: you *never* know what on earth you'll uncover.

Most jumble sales have stalls round the sides of the room, and sometimes in larger halls there's a separate inner square of stalls as well. Stalls at smaller sales offer a wide and confusing range of items, while larger sales usually have some specialist stalls (shoes, bric-a-brac, clothes, records, games, books, etc).

As you enter the sale, split up with your mates, get an idea of the scale of the event, and check if there are any specialist stalls. If there's a particular item you're looking for, go immediately to the stall that looks most promising, but don't be surprised if they haven't got it: it's rare to find *exactly* what you have in mind.

Alternatively, you can walk quickly round *all* the



stalls take advantage of your early arrival and be the first to see what's on offer. Make a few snap purchases, but don't go crazy. Think rationally before you buy something: do you really need it? Would you have bought it normally? Is it in good nick? Is it a bar gain? Remember the object of this first lap is to get round the sale *quickly* before too many people pile up at the stalls.

Some jumble sales have separate rooms for different items (school sales, particularly: use this method) or a spread-out haphazard mess (summer jumble sales in church gardens etc). Tackle these events in much the same way and avoid spending too much time on any particular room or stall.

Within five minutes the sale will be packed and you should move on to a second much slower circuit of all the stalls. You'll have to be prepared to push and shove occasionally (don't worry too much about the grannies: *they* do it all the time) and sometimes things will feel painfully slow. Don't get angry – with luck you'll have picked up a few bargains on your first circuit and you can relax a bit.

How much you pay for jumble is entirely up to you but as a general rule of thumb you should spend between 10p and 50p an item and avoid paying more than a pound. Don't haggle with the stall-holders at this stage, there are always plenty of customers around early on who will pay the asking price.

Again, *think* rationally about the object you're about to buy. Remember that there's an awful lot of useless crud on offer at jumble sales.

Now comes the good bit – a break, and time for a cuppa. Most jumble sales offer refreshments and they're a great blessing. You've got time to relax, meet up with your mates, find out what they've bought and compare notes.

The break also allows time for the sale itself to cool down (you'll be amazed at the ferocious pace of some jumble sales) and you'll be able to decide whether it's worth staying. Are there any bargains still around? Have your friends spotted something you could use? Have you spotted anything that might interest them?

After you've had a break, carry on meandering round the stalls. If the sale is about to end, now's the time to haggle with the stall-holders. You'll find that some of them will drop their prices considerably and you'll find a real bargain or two.

After this final circuit, make for home. With luck you will have spent less than a fiver, picked up a few bargains and had a great time. If not, well, it was a naff jumble sale.

*Always* be on the lookout for the unusual – you'll be amazed at what some people throw away.

Good hunting.

| | |
|---|---|
| **DO** arrive early – at least half an hour before the sale is due to start. | **DON'T** arrive as the sale opens – the bargains will be snapped up before you can get to them. |
| **DO** dress suitably. Rough clothes are best. | **DON'T** go potty and buy everything in sight. Think rationally before buying. |
| **DO** take one or two plastic bags or a bin-liner. | **DON'T** spend more than a pound on each item and never take more than a fiver to each jumble sale. |
| **DO** make a quick circuit to start with, snapping up the odd bargain. | **DON'T** waste time on frivolous items, use your time wisely. |
| **DO** have a break after two circuits. | **DON'T** shove too forcefully. |
| **DO** haggle a bit toward the end. | **DON'T** haggle with stall-holders until the end of the sale. |

## ELECTRICAL GOODS

**WATCH IT.** Toasters, irons and old radios are often right brutes and unlikely to work. They can also be jolly dangerous, so check that they're marked with a sticker saying 'working' or 'in good order'. Avoid them if there's no sticker, and don't take the stall-holder's word that they work. Electrical games (Scalextric, train sets, etc) are a better bet and are usually easier and cheaper to repair.

## SHOES

**CHECK** for wear, tear and hidden gunge (often an unpleasant business), and make sure that they fit. Shoes can be a marvellous jumble sale purchase – new and fairly fashionable pairs can often be found in great nick for less than 30p.

## SHIRTS

**ONE** of the mainstays of any jumble sale, though inevitably most need a bit of work. Like all jumble-sale clothing they must *always* be washed or dry-cleaned before use. Shirts can often be improved by folding back or cutting off the sleeves, and by crumpling the material.

## JACKETS

**LOOK OUT** for late Fifties/early-Sixties types with narrow lapels, they can be dead cool (particularly with the collars up). Avoid the early-Seventies jackets with the big lapels, they always look naff no matter what you do with 'em. Again, always dry-clean jumble-sale jackets before use.

## HATS

**ALWAYS** a good buy. Be on the lookout for porkpies, trilbies, homburgs, stetsons, flat caps, cossacks, Panamas, boaters and top hats. Pay no more than 75p.

## TROUSERS

**WORTH** a shot. Traditionally-styled and well-cut trousers can look great with a few modifications and Army combat jobs are always a fair bet. Be careful with denims and need record jeans – inevitably most of them are hangovers from the early Seventies and have four-foot-wide flares. Far out. Remember the dry-cleaner.

## TIES

**GREAT** buys here. Look out for plain or single-stripe ties, not too thin and not too wide. School ties are also definitely in, and you should come across a few. Avoid psychedelic jobs, particularly kippers. Again, wash.

## MATERIAL

**LARGE BITS** of cloth, satin, cotton, nylon, etc can be turned into curtains and make useful drapes for old settees. In the right hands good-looking material can go for new clothes. Be prepared to rummage, and wash.

## GAMES AND PUZZLES

**WORTH** a gander. Check – even if the box is taped up – that all the pieces are there. If they're not, you're wasting your money. You needn't wash these.

## BOOKS

**ALWAYS** a good purchase, particularly if you're paying between 5p and 10p a book. Try to ensure that all the pages are present. Usually there are so many books at a jumble sale that you can pass a good hour rifling through. Great fun.

## RECORDS

**DIFFICULT.** Very rare that records arrive at a jumble sale unbattered, and even if they do they're likely to get scratched by the mauling grannies. Tread very carefully, weigh up the pros and cons, check the nick and watch the price. Pay no more than 20p a single and 50p–75p an album.

## SPORTS EQUIPMENT

**THIS STUFF** can come pretty pricey but if the nick's good, go for it. Sports-club jumble sales are obviously a good bet for this type of gear.

## BRIC-A-BRAC STALL

**GUARANTEED** entertainment and amazement. Often the stuff's a pile of crap, but sometimes you'll find the odd piece of Art Deco or Art Nouveau work, or even Edwardian and Victorian numbers. Play it by ear and watch the prices.

## LARGE ITEMS

**SOMETIMES** you'll come across a large and worthwhile piece of furniture. If you're without a car this sort of purchase is pretty impractical, but you may get the stall-holder to put it aside for you to pick up later. Watch the price, big doesn't mean expensive.

# CANS FESTIVAL

**LM staffers carry the can (and a bucket of aspirin) on their search for the best take-out lager. SUE 'mine's a vodka and Coke' DANDO adjudicates.**

**OKAY, we admit it, this month's Consumer Guide was an excuse for a mammoth LM piss-up and an excellent method of getting completely plastered on expenses.**

**Originally we wanted to give you an idea of the best and worst canned lagers on the market, but it quickly became obvious that drink is all down to taste and what one person thinks is the best thing since Côte-d'Or chocolate pralines (hem hem) another may find as pleasant as a pile of dog's do.**

**However, after four hours of discussion, supping, argie-bargies, more supping, brawls and even more supping, we managed to draw some conclusions, and with the help of Barnaby Page's built in calculator we gave each lager an overall percentage.**

## 1 BUDWEISER

Everyone agreed that big Bud is a superb canned lager. Various comments included 'tha bis', a nice, pale straw colour', 'not too much bouquet but clean and strong', a pleasant smooth taste' definitely the best' 'great, excellent, smashing dog that beechwood aftertaste and 'bloody brilliant.

What more can we say? It a definitely our favourite lager. Can we have a year's free supply please?

**Overall 81%**

## 2 CARLSBERG SPECIAL BREW

Our Number Two, and a big favourite with LM's National Sales Executive Barbara Gilliland (aka the Irish slag'). A sweet, thick taste but a bit too heavy, said LM's fearless Ed Roger Kean (he was referring to the lager) a strong bouquet,' claimed Sub-Editor Barnaby Page, hobbling around on his one good leg, the business said London Editor David Cheal as he fell off his chair too strong for mass consumption, grunted Dep Ed Paul Strange as he picked David Cheal up from the floor Terrific lager

**Overall 77%**

## 3 HEINEKEN

The perfect lager said David Cheal, as he fell out of his chair for the third time. To be honest, he looked utterly pathetic lying there a gibbering, quivering wreck blubbering on and on about Dorothy tobacco, and tight braces We decided to leave him where he was

Everyone else reckoned that Heineken is pretty average/boring but some surprisingly high marks brought it into third place

**Overall 73%**

## 4 STELLA ARTOIS

Not bad, said Editorial Assistant Sally Newman a manic smirk breaking across her face (it was her fifth can). Light with a bitter aftertaste, said Art supreme Oli Frey, who always *claims* he doesn t drink lager anyway while Roger Kean also reckoned it a 'light with a bitter aftertaste David Cheal (now laid out on a stretcher with nurses in constant attendance) said it has a nice continental taste' We re still not sure if he was referring to the Stella or that nice French nurse in the ever-so-tight uniform.

**Overall: 69%**

## 5 RED STRIPE

Slightly different to all the others ' said a disgonal Sally Newman but so was she. 'It s a bit flowery but very nice Yes full-bodied and a good all-round drink ' Oli Frey disagreed with Sall. Rather so-so,' he said, spluttering most of it out on the floor Simon Poulter reckoned it s the 'original ads' drink', while Roger Kean said it s got a thin taste, but it drinks well Pretty enjoyable overall, but a nasty smell – a bit farmyardish!

**Overall: 65%**

## 6 LAMOT PILS

After much slurping and licking-out of cans, there was great enthusiasm about this one. Not too heavy not too fizzy. said Sally Newman Ludlow s answer to Oliver Reed. Meanwhile Strangie, in a sudden outburst of generosity, reckoned it's okay – vaguely pleasant even.

**Overall 47%**

## 7 HOLSTEN PILS

Great for parties, but not for *Match Of The Day* consumption, slurred David Cheal as the ambulance drew up outside the office. Sweaty armpits,' said Simon Poulter but refused to elaborate further (His should know.) It s got a strong rounded character, said Barnaby Page, slopping it round his mouth then spitting it out in true Beaujolais Nouveau fashion How pleasant

**Overall 47%**

## 8 TENNANT'S EXTRA

Throat-destroying, croaked Simon Poulter as he fell off the table the becht curry I've heahd in weecha ' spluttered David Cheal as the ambulance men took him outside. Not as good as the stuff you get on draught,' said Sally Newman, wrenching her twelfth can open with her teeth

**Overall 47%**

## 9 TENNANT'S SUPER

'Soapy announced Oli Frey, trundling off to do the washing-up Not very good, agreed Simon Poulter throwing his can out of the window Nowt special, boomed Strangie from the Gents. Other comments were drinkable' (so's washing-up water), reasonable and 'not very lively

But Features Editor Curtis Hutchinson was on another planet He disagreed with all of us It says strong lager on the label and that's exactly what it is. Letha.

**Overall 43%**




Photograph: Cameron Pound

### 11 SWAN PREMIUM

Good taste, good body, not too strong, screamed David Cheal as the ambulance tossed rubber on Wallace Road. 'It's got some body' commented Barnaby Page, but it's still unclear whether he was referring to the lager or his diseased limb, which had just fallen to the floor. Talk about legless. An average sort of lager ' said Sally Newman tiddling back from the Ladies. 'Watery,' sighed Oli as his mind on dry martini, while Simon Poulter reckoned it's quite sandy. No wonder they export this, said Curtis Hutchinson in his best Clive James drawl. 'Can't imagine any professional classe drinking the stuff.

Overall 39%

### 12 TENNANT'S PILSNER

Reactions ranged from tedious, very metallic with a fruity after-taste to 'a tickling bouquet and pretty horrible' to 'fresh, with a lively taste and quite a good aftertaste ' Diverse, or what?

Overall 37%

### 13 CHARGER

Simon Poulter reckoned it's 'too fizzy' Sally Newman decided it's insipid. Curtis Hutchinson dashed to the Gents, complaining it's metallic, while Paul Strange said it's just plain 'nasty. Bleagh!' said David Cheal from his bed in the intensive-care unit.

Overall 32%

### 14 SNEAKER

Pretty nondescript and nonexistent taste, said Simon Poulter, turning a subtle shade of green. 'Over-bitter, not very smooth, reckoned Sally Newman, while Barney Page gave it a boozing saying it smells sour and is rather tasteless. Once again Curtis Hutchinson appeared to be on another planet, he thought it tastes of mustard. We wonder what drugs he takes.

Overall 31%

### 15 CARLING BLACK LABEL

By the time most of the LM testers were lying on the floor, incapable of stringing together more than a couple of words every ten minutes, printable comments were pretty thin on the ground, but insipid summed up the mass opinion, while Oli Frey complained of 'watery, soapy sloech'.

Overall 27%

### 16 HEMELING LITE

'It's piss!' fumed Strangle, warming up for a spot of textuality (their more conventional) views included 'lightweight' 'weak', 'watery' 'headless' 'tasteless', 'lifeless', 'insipid' and unpleasantly flavoured.' David Cheal claimed he actually preferred the taste of water but he was delirious as they carried him into the operating theatre.

Overall 21%

### 17 SWAN SPECIAL LIGHT

Swan's urine! shrieked Simon Poulter in a flap. 'Appalling and much worse than Hemeling ' grouched Paul Strange. Other comments ranged from 'what's so special about a piss-weak lager that it can't last about taste to 'yuuuuuurgh! Whatever happened to constructive criticism?

Overall 18%

### 19 BARBICAN

It's shit mean' said Paul Strange. Curtish Crutchinson confirmed it was sweet and sickly and tasted like gravy powder' Simon Poulter said this really IS rat's piss while Roger Kean likened the taste to flat lemonade. David Cheal's dying words were 'Bee's wee yuk!'

Overall 11%

**SO THAT'S IT. On the whole we thought the non-alcoholic and low-alcohol lagers (Barbican, Swan Special Light, Hemeling Lite, etc) are bloody awful and really not worth the money, the mid-range brews (Stella Artois, Heineken, Red Stripe, etc) offer good value and a bit of a kick if downed in quantity, while the heavyweights (Carlsberg Special Brew, Tenent's Extra, etc) are great for a mammoth wipe-out.**

**But pride of place undoubtedly goes to Budweiser, a nifty and adaptable all-rounder. It's a super if somewhat expensive – canned lager, a bargain at any price. (Can we have that free supply now, please??)**

All lagers supplied by some little off-licence in Islington. We forget the name [illegible].

# HELLO G

**DAVID CHEAL heads north of the border in search of cheap curries and a rattling fine young band, GOODBYE MR MacKENZIE. Pictures by DAVID 'I'm in twice!!' CHEAL.**

THERE'S ICE on the pavements of Edinburgh, and a bitter wind sweeps down Princes Street. I'm here to check out Goodbye Mr MacKenzie, the latest in a long line of bright, chirpy and intelligent new bands from Scotland. The damp is creeping up through my shoes and the MacKenzies are late.

At last two bedraggled figures appear, huddled against the cold. I hardly recognise Martin and Kelly as the impeccably coiffured figures on the sleeve of their recent single *The Rattler*. We head for the warmth and comfort of a nearby pub, and I'm delighted (if envious) to learn that licensing laws in Edinburgh permit all-day drinking. Martin and Kelly drink some unmentionable combinations which would appal the purists, who believe that Scotch whisky should be drunk neat.

Goodbye Mr MacKenzie have attracted plenty of attention on the strength of one single, but *The Rattler* was no ordinary single. To the sound of crashing jangling guitars, in a voice like a cross between Neil Diamond and Lou Reed, singer/guitarist Martin delves into the psyche of a man whose life is a composite of every on-the-road-travelling man-my name is-nobody type of male fantasy. And, despite some lewd lyrics, the song received extensive airplay on Radio One.

*The Rattler* is typical in that it's quite a noisy sort of record and we like a good bit of a racket,' says Martin, the one with the hair. 'But emotionally the other songs on the 12-inch are more typical. *The Rattler* may seem to be like a strutting male song, but it's not when you get down to it – the character is sort of pathetic.

Kelly: 'It's our version of the *Wild Rover*. I suppose it's untypical in that it's quite American-sounding.'

Were they surprised that it got so much airplay?

'Yeah, we were very surprised at that,' says Kelly. 'It's an independent single. It wasn't played during the afternoons on Radio One, though, because there was a bit of doubt about the lyrical content.'

Martin: 'If we'd been on a major, if a major had offered us a decent enough deal, it would have been in the charts.'

Goodbye Mr Mackenzie are signed to the Glasgow based independent label The Precious Organisation, and though they plan to sign to a major label they want to remain licensed to Precious.

That way, says Martin, 'we'll still have artistic control. I heard that The Shop Assistants were a bit unhappy about their packaging and these things are quite important. But the most important thing is the producer, and if you get a dodgy producer it can be a bit disheartening – that's why you see a lot of bands splitting up after the first album. We want records that we're happy with.'

There have been several incarnations of Goodbye Mr MacKenzie, one of which rehearsed in a disused air raid shelter with a tapped electricity supply. The current members have been together for 18 months. There's Martin Metcalfe (guitar and vocals), Kelly (drums), Ross Sczabo (keyboards and vocals) and Shirley Manson (ditto), they have no permanent bass-player. Neil Baldwin used to work with them, but he had commitments with another band A Girl Called Johnnie.

'Myself and Martin came through from Bathgate,' says Kelly. 'Martin met Shirley at the Youth Theatre and Ross was discovered in a pub.'

Playing? 'No, she was drinking.'

'Our last keyboard player went to join God,' says Kelly.

> **"Our last keyboard player went to join God. But I think God's kicked him out now."**

Martin: 'I think God's kicked him out now, though.'

The Scotch-and-unmentionables having its effect, but Mr MacKenzie have their serious side, which shows itself in *Candlestick Park*, the B-side to *The Rattler*.

'It's ambiguous, explains Martin. 'On one level, it's about a girl who was found dead in a shoebox by her parents, and it's also about the way that story was used by the tabloids in the same way that a Page Three girl would be used, to make money.'

Kelly: 'It's just pointing out the double standards, like with the Moors Murderers – they're saying this is terrible, but buy the paper because we've dug up all the grisly details.'

Martin: 'Remember Jasmin, Simon Le Bon's girlfriend, when she had a miscarriage? *The Sun* had a feature about how Jasmin was distraught about Simon betraying her in Australia, and it was them that started the rumours in the first place.'

Martin says that he would like Mr MacKenzie's songs to have 'a bit of meaning' but that doesn't mean they'll be preaching or ranting at their audiences.

'We're not standing up on a soapbox,' says Kelly.

Martin agrees. 'Most of our songs are discussions, they've got two sides to them. We'd like our songs to get people to think about things that they haven't thought about before. But we don't want to screw up people's lives, I don't want to play the devil's advocate to that extent, if someone is happy being a housewife, for example, I don't think it's my place to say that that's wrong. I don't really like people who take sides. Even my side. Because I don't feel there is a right and wrong. Any time. There are obviously injustices, and I would prefer those not to happen, but if you look at any story there are always two sides.'

Goodbye Mr MacKenzie have yet to reap much benefit from their limited success, perhaps their first album, due out sometime in February/March, will change that. And even if the band does take off, the dreaded move south won't be their first objective. But it's not easy for a new band to get up and going in Edinburgh, there are no rehearsal studios. And there are no record companies. And though Scotland is enjoying a bit of a boom, it'll be a short-lived phenomenon as long as bands have to go through London for major deals.

Scotland has been the flavour of the month for the last year, says Martin. 'Some of the best music in Britain is being produced in Scotland. But soon it'll disappear and then it'll be Manchester or Liverpool.'

Kelly: 'Scotland will disappear off the map unless we can find some way of putting out records on a large scale without involving London.'

As with most up-and-coming young bands, 'artistic control' is at the top of Goodbye Mr MacKenzie's list of priorities, but their expectations are realistic.

'There was a quote from David Bowie in about 1984,' recalls Martin, 'that he didn't like being told what to do, which means that he'd been told what to do, and if you're someone as big as him and you're being told what to do, then what chance have we got? What we really need now is a roadie – if I'm going to do the splits on stage, I need somebody to carry my amp.'

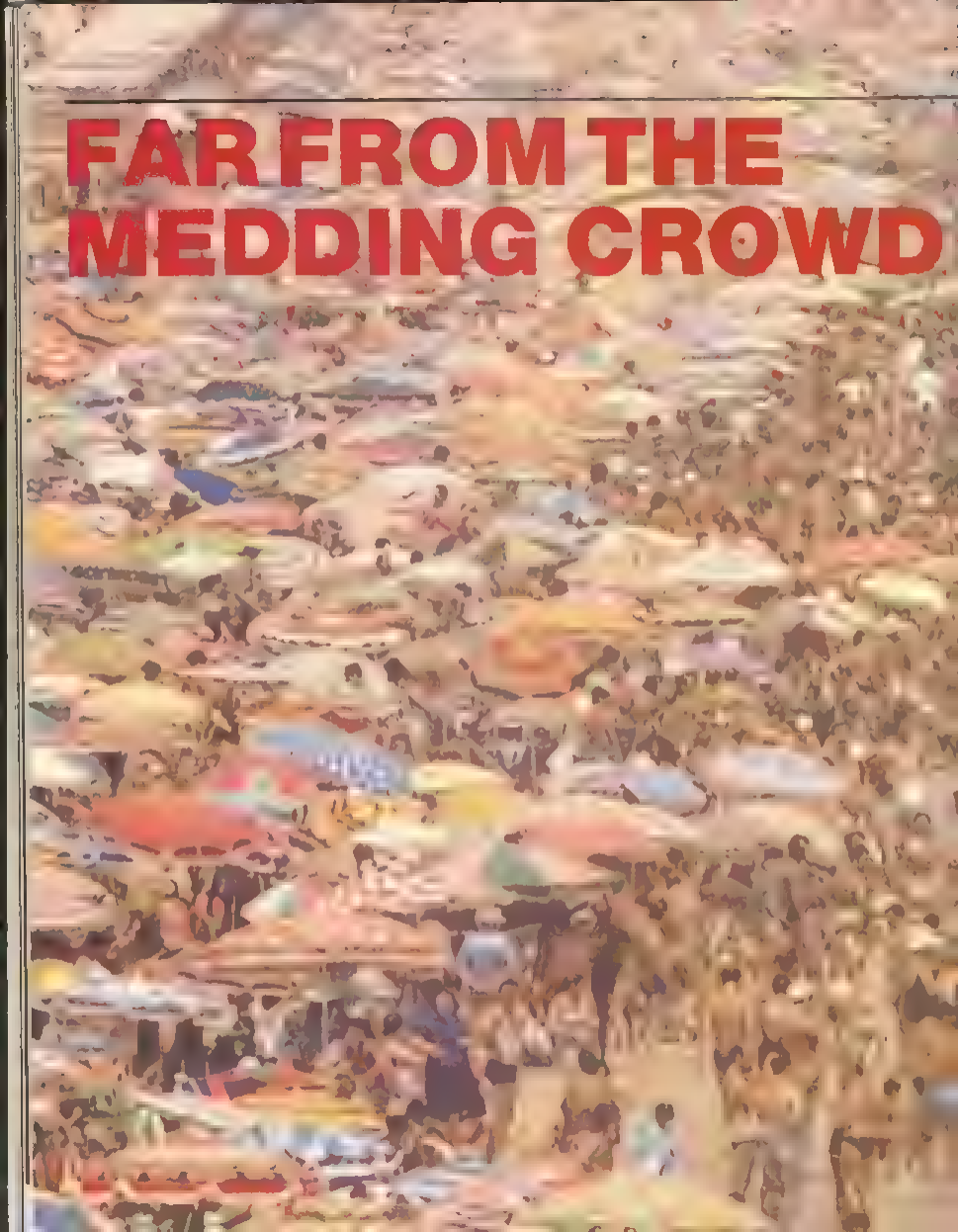
> **"Scotland will disappear off the map unless we can put out records without involving London."**




Goodbye Mr MacKenzie: Martin (left) and Kelly rocket on Edinburgh park bench.


GOODBYE
KODAK EL 400 5074
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KODAK

# FAR FROM THE MEDDING CROWD



**The holiday operators have already picked this year's resorts and they'll say anything to make a sale. Wise up to the truth behind the brochures, warn LM travellers MARK ELLINGHAM and MARTIN DUNSFORD in this insiders' guide to the agony and ecstasy of Mediterranean holidays.**

## SPAIN

Despite the mugging scare stories (and mugging, if anyone didn't know is much bigger and better at home), Spain is still Britain's number one holiday getaway. Take any of the packages to the Costas del Sol, Blanca or Brava, or to the islands of Mallorca or Ibiza, and it's little rather than Spanish that you'll see.

If that matters to you, then go your own way either inland or to the less developed stretches of coast around Almeria, Cadiz and in the north Galicia. If it doesn't, and it's action you're after then try for a big resort. Torremolinos and Benidorm can look like south London – but they're fun or somewhere that's not near a real Spanish town (like Sitges or Alicante).

Resorts to avoid include Lloret del Mar and Puerto Pollensa (an older aged and dull Sao Antonio Abad on Ibiza (tacky), and Salou (Cambrils (a Benidorm clone but without the attractions.

## PORTUGAL

Portugal's on the Atlantic, not the Med, but most brochures don't spell out this difference. It can be a shock when you first test the sea – though the Algarve the southern coast where virtually all British packages lead has enough sandy coast facing protected flesh the water temperature is more in line with Morecambe and Skegness.

But Portugal at its best takes some beating. The food's good, the drink comes enticingly cheap, the people are easy. And on the Algarve, especially it's dead simple to take off by yourself for the day: comprehensive bus and train services will get you out to the local coves – genuinely deserted beaches. Best bases on the Algarve are Lagos and Tavira, both towns with a bit of genuine Portuguese life about them. For swimming the warmest watered escapes are the island sandbanks to the east accessible from Tavira or the sprawling city of Faro.

Two to avoid: Albufeira (which tries to be swingy in a Dos O'Connor sort of way) and Quarteira (a purpose-built holiday village, a kind of Milton Keynes-on-sea).

## ITALY

Coastal Italy doesn't figure much in the British brochures, though its best beaches and weather are as good as anywhere. The resorts are often not packed with Italians, rather than foreign holidaymakers. One exception, to be avoided at all costs, is Rimini, the Blackpool of the Adriatic coast.

Liguria, the stretch where the leg of Italy flattens out toward France is a good option. Here you can check out small resorts like Levanto or the spectacular cliftop towns of the Cinque Terre or hole up in Alassio, a seaside resort with the grand tradition with excellent beaches and an up-tempo nightscene.

Much further south there's the Bay of Naples, the major resorts Sorrento and the island of Capri have always been popular with the British. Capri is prohibitively expensive, but Sorrento is hard to dislike: a bright, lively town filled with pubs and chip butties. Try also trendy Positano, down the coast where the beach is much better than the tiny affair at Sorrento. The bus journey to Positano is the last word in thrills 'n' spills.

## GREECE

Greek island holidays are being marketed in a big way this year – and every other one will be on Crete or Corfu. If you strike lucky, you'll find yourself in a small-scale, villagey resort, with not much in the way of nightlife (beyond a very amateurish disco) but good swimming and (usually) a good time. The bogey cards are the few major resorts worst on the east coast of Corfu.

Of the brochure choices, Crete is probably the most reliable: the best combinations of beaches and nightlife are at Malia and Hersonissos.

Smaller islands are worth considering too: Zakinthos and Lefkas are laid-back neighbours of Corfu. Thassos, in the north, has great pine-backed sands, as do Skopelos and the more developed Skiathos, and a little further upmarket, any of the Dodecanese islands, except for Scandinavian-dominated Rhodes are worth a punt.

A few places to beware: Patras and Kos (overstretched), the mainland Halkidiki (empty-feeling modern developments), and anywhere near Athens.

## YUGOSLAVIA

Yugoslavia is enjoying a flood of foreign tourists, particularly Brits, so be warned: coming here means plenty of people. But it's basically Europe's cheapest destination for family of its friendliest, and there's a long way to go before the country gets overwhelmed. Avoid places like Opatija and Portoroz in the north — hyper-efficient tourist mincers — and you'll be surprised by how little Yugoslavia has been developed.

The further south you go the quieter things become till you reach the almost deserted beaches and towering mountains of Montenegro. To the north, Yugoslavia's islands are refreshingly untouched, the most popular choices are Korcula and Hvar with their beautiful old Venetian towns and green mountains, and Mljet, which looks like remaining deliciously unspoiled.

At the heart of all this is Dubrovnik, with its tiny walled centre, stacked high with the brilliantly preserved architecture of the former city-state, and a modernistic sprawl of holiday hotels stretching down the coastline. As in the rest of Yugoslavia the beaches aren't great (rocks, mostly) but the town — if you can find it beneath the tourist-hordes — is a delight.

## FRANCE

Mediterranean France means the Côte d'Azur, one of Europe's most expensive (and, in parts exclusive) stretches of rocks and sand. British packages mummy dated by the costs of French chic, often tout camping holidays – alright if you're into the idea, and the crowds, but not much cop as money-savers. The best place to be, for the true Côte d'Azur movie experience, is St Tropez – or as close to it as you can get.

The beaches (topless for decades) are good enough the style's a laugh. Nice, too, is fun – a big city with big city life — but Cannes is worth missing altogether: crowded, expensive and irritatingly snobbish.

French Med alternatives, more realistic in cost but also less appealing are the coasts of Languedoc and Roussillon. It's here that there's most to avoid — Port Leucate and Port Barcarès are two strong candidates. Languedoc has Europe's biggest nudist colony at Cap d'Agde – a package with a difference.

## MOROCCO

The Moroccans are just starting to push their resorts on the British market, and so far the only real package trade is to Agadir in the south and Tangier in the north. Both can be winners if you're ready to make the adventurous leap into a very different culture.

Tangier is the more exciting, a strange and beautiful city with a past reputation for sin and smuggling and a somewhat manic atmosphere today — not for the faint-hearted. Agadir, purpose-built for the tourist trade, is a little more subdued but does have an astonishing desert beach and the possibility of trips to Marrakesh, the most exciting of North African cities.

No resorts to avoid.

# ARRIVEDERCI CROMER

**The old-fashioned family holiday can be more a chore than an escape. But you don't need to be a millionaire to see the world on your own, so long as you're not too choosy about how you travel, where you sleep or what you eat. Rough Guides author MARTIN DUNFORD isn't, and in this cut-out-and-keep guide he suggests some antidotes to the Skeggie Syndrome.**

## THE RAIL THING

In Europe, trains are the most fun and usually the cheapest way of travelling for anyone under 26. Trans-alpino and Eurotrain offer cut-price fares, known as BIJ tickets, to over 2,000 destinations (including Morocco and Turkey).

These low-cost tickets are valid for two months, and you can stop off where and as often as you like so long as you stick to the given routings. Eurotrain often works out marginally the cheaper but there's not really that much to choose between the two schemes.

Tickets can be booked from the organisations direct, through a specialist youth/student travel-agent (see below) or from some high-street agents. Sample prices: Amsterdam £33.80 Paris £40.40 Nice £112, Madrid £116.60, Lisbon £129.90. Look out, too, for Eurotrain's City Circles, valid for two months and hanging a string of European cities on one ticket stuck to the prescribed route, and again you can get off as you like. The choice ranges from a Capital Circle (including Amsterdam, Paris, Brussels and Antwerp for just £61) to an Athens circle (£174 for Paris, Athens and points in-between).

Otherwise, if you're planning a fair amount of touring and you want to be more flexible, there's the Inter Rail Card. Again, this is open to under-26s, and for about £120 you get unlimited free travel on the rail networks of Europe, Scandinavia and Morocco for a month, and 50 per cent discount on selected European ferry lines — a bargain that everyone should try at least once before they reach 26, the bogey age for independent travellers. Consider also the Inter Rail Boat Card, which for an extra 30 quid lays on free ferry connections — including useful links like Barcelona-Palma, Brindisi-Patras, Algeciras-Tangier etc. One important point: keep your Inter Rail Card somewhere safe because they won't replace or refund lost ones.

**Eurotrain** *52 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1 0AG* Tel: 01-730-3402
**Transalpino** *71-75 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1* Tel: 01-834-6263

## ON THE BUSES

Long-distance coach journeys aren't for everyone. The London-to-Athens run for example, is a notorious jaunt — three-and-a-half days crammed into a narrow seat, stopping only every four hours or so, leave you aching and weary and wanting a couple of days of solid rest to recover. Still, if you want to get down to Greece for the summer it is cheap, and there's no better way of meeting people on your travels.

Take copious supplies of drinking water, because dehydration will be your major problem, and make sure you've got a supply of cash that you can change easily at frontiers, there's nothing worse than being stuck on a coach in the middle of Germany with not a Deutschmark to your name.

The specialist Greek operators can be both unreliable and uncomfortable but companies worth contacting include the Miracle Bus Co and Eurolines part of National Express. Both offer a wide range of destinations from Amsterdam and Paris to Greece, Spain and Scandinavia.

**Miracle Bus Co.** *408 The Strand, London WC2* Tel: 01-379-6065
**Eurolines** *Western House 237-239 Oxford Street, London W1R 1AB* Tel: 01-730-

## PLANE WORDS

Travelling by plane is rather less exciting, but the right flight can deliver you to your destination quickly and — if you shop around — quite inexpensively. To get a cheap ticket you can use a bucket shop, a travel agent that unofficially sells off charter tickets at a discount.

Don't believe the prices the bucket shops claim in their small ads, they may once have had seats at those low rates but usually they're just to entice you inside the shop. Check restrictions carefully — you don't want to find you can only stay a fortnight. And don't be persuaded to part with too hefty a deposit, hang onto your cash till you're actually clutching the ticket.

In many cases it'll be simpler and safer to use a specialist youth or student travel-agent like STA Travel or USIT, both of which have offices (or outlets) all over the country. STA can sell you more or less anything from plane tickets (especially good on long-haul destinations) to BIJ train tickets, rail passes, travel insurance and guidebooks — all detailed in their free Student Travel Handbook. USIT are just as wide-ranging but particularly good on cheap European air tickets (France, Greece, etc), discount ferry fares and BIJ tickets (they're part of the Eurotram organisation).

**STA Travel** *74 Old Brompton Road, London SW7* Tel: 01-581-1022
**USIT** *52 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1* Tel: 01-730-3402

## GETTING HITCHED

Of course, you could just forget all the fuss, hop on a ferry and hitch round Europe. This can go either way.

You may find yourself being wined and dined across the Continent by generous motorists, and returning to Britain expert in several languages, with a host of contacts to look up next year. On the other hand, particularly in France where the hitching is among the worst on the continent, there are stories of fresh-faced young hitchers glumly thumbing it by the roadside and returning home after only making the outskirts of Boulogne.

Don't make plans if you're hitching — that's been the ruin of many a holiday. Never hitch in groups of more than two — few cars have room for more. Always carry a preferred-destination sign. And look reasonably presentable — absurdly, the smallest details can decide that split-second doubt when drivers ask themselves 'shall I...shan't I?'

Of course, women hitching alone should be particularly wary.

## FILTHY LUCRE

The major problems here are deciding how much money you need and then getting hold of it, the latter we'll be covering in next month's LM with a special feature on working abroad.

How much to take? Calculate the basic cost of existence in the countries you've chosen to visit — food, accommodation, transport, etc — work out how much you're going to need for each day and add cheque can be cashed easily in the most out-of-the-way places. Visa, Thomas Cook and American Express are reliable available for a small commission fee from high-street banks and building societies.

Traveller's cheques can be refunded if you lose them (record each cheque you cash and keep the list separate from the cheques themselves) but it's a hassle away from home. So some people swear by money-belts and others devise ingenious hiding places with tight arm-bandages and the like. Really though, you'd be just as well off getting hold of a strong, lockable shoulder bag and guarding it with your life. DON'T keep too many valuables in one place — losing your passport and your money is where the real problems start.

A little for emergencies. In most Mediterranean countries you can subsist fairly cheaply compared to Britain, spending as little as £6-8 a day in Greece, Spain and Yugoslavia.

The best way to carry money is in traveller's cheques — a recognisable

## YOUF HOSTELS

Wherever you travel you could well end up sleeping in one of Europe's 2,000 official Youth Hostels, and it's worth joining the Youth Hostels Association if you plan to use them at all. Membership is £3.50 a year if you're under 21 or a student, otherwise £6, and entitles you to use any Youth Hostel, a dormitory accommodation for rates that can be as low as £3 a night.

**YHA Services** *14 Southampton Street, London WC2 7HY* Tel: 01-240-3158

## LOSING IT

OK, that's the ideal holiday. But what happens if things

go wrong? Imagine it your first trip and you're stranded miles from anywhere with very little money, a lost Inter Rail Card, no passport and a feeling of impending doom

The first thing to do is not to panic and the second is to throw yourself at the mercy of the locals — whoever and wherever they may be — and get yourself to the nearest large town or telephone That way you can contact the local police and via them the nearest British Consulate

The police will make a record of anything you've had stolen (essential if you want to claim on your insurance policy), the Consulate will be unsympathetic but usually, after a bit of persuasion from you, they'll at least get you home, though they'll never lend any cash The easiest thing is to avoid the situation at all costs.

## PACK IT IN

Be selective when you pack, you don t want to lug your whole wardrobe to Greece, only to end up living in a pair of shorts and sandals Apart from clothes (and, if you re camping a tent and sleeping-bag) things worth taking are suntan lotion Diocalm tablets a small bottle of aspirin or paracetamol plasters, camera and film your International Student Identity Card (useful for reductions at museums and sights and on internal transport networks) an insurance policy (cheapest are those by ISIC, available from STA or USIT)

Take a decent guidebook, too it can save you a fortune For Europe the *Rough Guides* are (I modestly admit) the most comprehensive and informed and extremely practical, for countries further afield (India, South East Asia and the like) try *Lonely Planets*

And the bag itself? A rucksack is not necessarily the best option It s heavy and cumbersome, often short on space (unless you invest in a giant one) and, perhaps worst of all an annoying label 'Backpackers as they're almost universally known, are for some reason regarded with suspicion in some countries they're positively discouraged Far better to carry a small amount of gear in a straightforward lightweight sausage bag — cheap, roomy and without negative associations

# LM COMP

## Hit the Rhodes and WIN A HOLIDAY!

**GOT ANYTHING PLANNED** for May or June this year? Fancy getting away from it all on a far flung foreign beach? Sunning yourself by day and sussing out the club scene by night? Well if you happen to be over 18 we may have the simple solution for you.

**A FREE holiday in Rhodes for you and a friend courtesy of LM and Nightlife Holidays**






**Rhodes is fast becoming one of the favourite summer destinations in the Greek Islands and if you're the lucky winner of this competition you'll soon find out why**

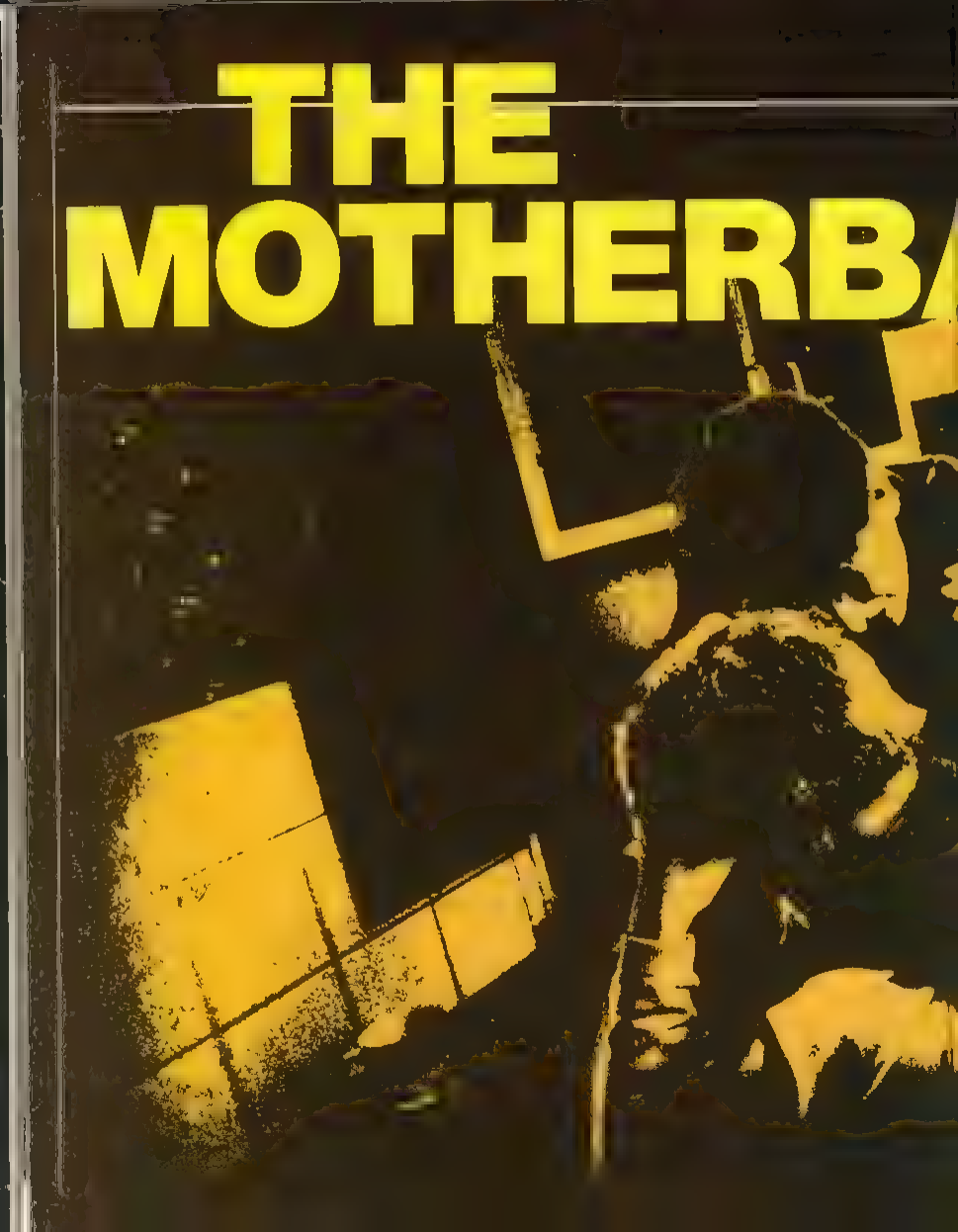
**NIGHTLIFE HOLIDAYS are an exciting new travel company that cater specifically for young people. What makes NIGHTLIFE HOLIDAYS different is that they offer a hefty dose of both daytime and nightime entertainment. That means that while the sun is out you'll be able to take advantage of Faliraki's excellent water sports facilities. Everything from windsurfing and water skiing to parasceanding, jet skiing, sailing and sub-aqua. Then in the evening this resort offers a wide choice of night-time activity! The lucky winner will receive a complimentary passport guaranteeing free entry to some of the resort's top nightclubs.**

**Bloody smart eh?**

**And all you have to do is answer these 5 geographic questions, fill in all your details on a postcard, or the back of a sealed envelope (don't forget your name and address!) and send it to WIN A HOLIDAY COMP, LM, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB*. Entries must be received by 6 February**

1) Where do all roads lead to?
2) Which Moroccan town is synonymous with a classic Humphrey Bogart movie?
3) On which Greek Island is the ruined city of Knossos?
4) In which city would you find the Acropolis?
5) What Fifties style musical starred Olivia Newton John and John Travolta?

# THE MOTHERB



**More and more young men are beating up their mothers – and nothing's stopping them. SUE DANDO reports on the pain, the perpetrators and the often-forgotten victims of this violence.**

# ASHERS



"Why did I hit my mum? Actions speak louder than words."

"How do you punish a six-foot strapping lummox? How do you set the law on to someone you love?"

"If I had a son like me I'd hate him."

WHILE THE MEDIA focus on child abuse, hardly a thought is given to the physical abuse which many parents suffer at the hands of their children. The idea of adolescents beating up their parents seems absurd. But it happens.

And most mother-beaters are boys, who take advantage of their physical superiority to knock their parents – usually their mothers – around.

Just how big a problem is parent abuse? No-one really knows – there are no hard facts, no statistics. As Dr Judith Trowell, child and family psychiatrist at London's Tavistock Institute Of Human Relations, says: 'We've only really begun to register it as a problem in its own right over the last 18 months. It's certainly increasing, but whether it was there all the time before and we just weren't recording it, or whether it has actually become more of a problem in recent years, I really don't know.' And it doesn't help that many parents are reluctant to admit that their kids are hitting them. 'In a way,' says Dr Trowell, 'there's been so much publicity about child abuse that to go and say "I'm terrified I'm going to hurt my child" is almost less embarrassing, in that the parents



## A MOTHER'S STORY

**MAUREEN, 47** has been put in hospital twice by her only son, now aged 19

It all was 16 when he first thumped me – more of a hefty clout round the head really than a punch – and why it happened I can't even remember any more probably over something petty – aren't most arguments? The reason as far as I was aware the two of us just had the sort of mother/son conflicts any parent has with someone who's no longer a child though not yet adult. And up till then I'd always been in control, always managed to hold a tight enough rein over his actions and always send him to his room when he was being low. And get him to go.

It sounds like I ruled with an iron fist but that's not the case. It's just *so bloody hard* to know how to bring up your kids particularly I think when you're a single parent like I am. The first time he hit out I think he was as shocked by what he'd done as I was – he spent a lot of that house like there was no tomorrow like a scared rabbit. It should have stopped right then. I should have done something, threatened him with the police, anything.

But how do you punish a six-foot strapping lummox? How do you set the law on to someone you love? So I suppose he knew he could get away with it from then.

Every time we argued it'd end up the same way. I finished up in hospital twice – once with a fractured nose then with a broken arm where he pushed me against a glass door, and I'd fallen.

Gradually we just became strangers. He started drinking heavily, going round with the most awful people, staying out till God knows when.

Do you know how it feels to know you hate your own son? *Real hatred?* And to still know that I haven't seen him in over a year. I truly don't know what went wrong, where I failed. I guess on myself all the time playing out every scene that went on between us, trying to pinpoint *the* moment when things began to fall apart, when we stopped being mother and son and began this war.

People keep saying it wasn't my fault, that I was a good mother, but how can I have been? This doesn't happen to normal families does it? Like I said I don't know where he is or what he's doing, how he's living.

And I do want to know. I still love my son for all that's happened. I just wish he could find it in himself to one day understand that I did as best as I could, brought him up as best I can, and that I love him and want to be a part of his life again.

Just a small part, that's all I ask for.

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## A SON'S STORY

ROB, 21, lives with his girlfriend and their two-year-old son

Why did I start hitting my mum? Actions speak louder than words.

How do you sit someone down and tell them they're nosy, nagging, unreasonable? What's the point when you know they're not going to change after all these years after all they've been? It's easier to shout and be angry and have no explanation to someone who won't understand anyway.

I don't know why, but we'd always come to a certain point in the argument we'd be having when I knew I was becoming consumed by rage and anger building up, but couldn't do anything about it. I'd snap and then it was as though someone else was taking over and someone else was doing the hitting. I was ashamed of myself more than anything else. I hated it of what I might do one day. Yeah, I've had my fair share of pub brawls or what have you, more than my share I think.

But how can you explain how you feel to someone from another generation? There was no understanding then. There couldn't have been a feeling of nothing, no hope of a job, no money, stuck in a little two bed semi-shed hole in the ground all day, no money, no hope, anything, no hope of anything.

We've never been able to talk to her. Dad died when I was 11. I was really cut up about that. I knocked her clean out once. I was so scared, I thought I'd killed her. I swore I'd never do it again, swore I'd leave home as soon as I could, it was the only way out.

Of course it did happen again. I hated myself for it. I hated her for making me even more sick in the end. I just lay in bed all day. She'd bring food up on a tray and leave it outside the door. We didn't even speak to each other. We hated each other.

It wasn't always like that though. I was a really happy kid. I suppose it started going wrong when my dad died.

Did I blame her? Er, yeah. I suppose I did in a way. Why? I don't know why – I was growing up, everything gets mixed up when you're growing up. Nothing makes sense, least of all your parents the people you have to live with. As soon as I could I had to. And we're a lot better off now we actually get to talk. We have conversations about the weather. The rest of that thing now. There's not the sheer loathing there any more, more of a warmness and tolerance.

Will I ever be able to sit down and really talk through. Not now, too many bad things have happened for that. The funniest thing is though, I really do think she still loves me but cares a lot.

I understand that. I mean, I've got a little one of my own now and I'd do anything for him. I'd kill for him. I'd die for him. I'd do anything for him. I'd do anything for him. I'd do anything for him.

simple answer. Perhaps it's all too easy to point at unemployment as the root of all evil in 1987, but the work situation can't help matters. No money, no job, nothing to do – it breeds frustration, despair, and anger. And who's there to be angry at? Parents, of course.

But though unemployment and dismal social conditions – dilapidated high-rise blocks, uninteresting leisure facilities and so on – add to the problem, they're not the root causes. The key to the parent/teenager crisis is the breakdown of communication in today's families.

If you've never been encouraged to show your emotions, to talk out the *feelings* or anger you're experiencing, you find yourself covering up, closing in on yourself. Some people cope with this by distancing themselves from their family, by going out all the time or by refusing to come out of their room – they just can't bear being near their parents.

They might *really* want to get closer to their parents, but their suppressed emotions won't let them.

Many mother-beaters suffered violent child abuse themselves. Dr Trowell explains: 'Where violence is the means of communication within the family, when perhaps Dad beats Mum, and Mum takes it out on the kids, then as the kid grows older, gets bigger, so he turns on one or both of the parents. Yes, there's a circle of violence, and one that's likely to pass on to the next generation.' June Carpenter, founder of Oxford's branch of Parents Anonymous (an organisation set up to help parents with problem children), agrees.

'Violence can come from the families where verbal communication has been sadly lacking,' she says. 'The child will be confused because violence is the way the family has existed. Dad lands out, Mum lands out, and it's the first thing they think about because they haven't got the words to say what they're *feeling*. They simply haven't learned to explain things, and when they can't explain they get angry, and when they get angry, they land out. And so it goes on.' Parents who show no interest in their kid's life can cause trouble, too. Of course, you can't really win with teenagers, especially when puberty arrives; if Mum tries to take an interest in what her son is doing and where he's going, she'll be accused of being nosy, of snooping. But if she shows no interest at all, he'll whinge 'Well, you don't care about me, anyway.' It's difficult to strike a happy medium, and some parents do nothing but sit in front of the telly all day.

> **"I knocked her clean out once – I was so scared, I thought I'd killed her."**

Much of the blame for parent abuse has been laid on the parents who don't know how to bring up their kids properly. But what *is* right? In newspapers, magazines and television programmes, parents and themselves bombarded with good-intentioned but conflicting advice. And they just don't know what to do.

June Carpenter looks back a generation for the answer. 'The parents of today were the teenagers of the Swinging Sixties, and in the Sixties parents were being got at for being too restrictive, they were more or less told "You mustn't restrict them, you must let them do their own thing, give them more freedom", till parents were convinced they'd been doing it all wrong.

'And so parents lost confidence in themselves and how they were parenting, so their children, the ones who are the parents now, grew up with little self-discipline, so in turn *their* kids suffer for it.

'There are a lot of teenage parent abusers who are *very* hostile to their parents, who don't want anything more to do with them. Given time they will, when they realise they can't go on in life like that. And most of them want some sort of help because they know that if they're to make any sort of relationship last in the future, they surely can't go on in this way.' How can they help themselves? Says Dr Trowell: 'Usually there's some point in an argument when, however provocative Mum and Dad are being, or however angry you're feeling, you know you can step short of hitting out. I think there's a moment when you've got the choice of responsibility, where once you've gone over the top there's no pulling back. It's partly training yourself to know that point when you know you're getting so wrapped and so angry you've got to get the hell out of the house.

'And hopefully it's not just to go down the pub, getting drunk, and then smashing up down there. It's really up to each individual to find out which is the best way to get rid of those feelings. In those flashpoint situations I would also advise the parents to get out, to get some distance. Afterwards it's usually better if there's someone neutral there to try and talk it through, and question why it happened, and how it could have been avoided.' To the over-16, the obvious answer is to move out. But that's harder than it sounds. They may be on a pretty cushy number at home – meals cooked and washing done, for little or no rent. And moving out costs money, too.

So they have to sit down and plan constructive action: perhaps try to get on a Housing Association list, or a Council's Meet To Let list.

In the end, though, one of the best things the potential mother-beater can do is to recognise that this desperate anger with parents is really caused by other problems of life which they can't be blamed for, like unemployment.

The resentment they feel toward their parents is probably just a small part of the whole problem, but they get the sharp end of it. Parents are there for the taking, so to speak – after all, if you beat someone up outside the home you'd be arrested, but parents rarely take legal action against their kids.

Many have gone to the police and the police have advised them to prosecute – but parents rarely go through with it. It's always a case of 'one more chance', and it'll always be a case of 'one more chance', till it's too late.

## CONTACT ADDRESSES

● **Young People's Counselling Service**, *c/o Tavistock Clinic, 120 Belsize Lane, Hampstead, London NW3* Tel: 01-435-7111

● **National Association Of Young People's Counselling And Advisory Services**, *17-23 Albion Street, Leicester LE1 6GD*. Write to them for details of youth counselling services in your area.

● **Samaritans** Emergency counselling service, always open. Directory enquiries – 192 outside London, 142 in London – will tell you the number of your nearest branch.

# Reviews



Jon Voight

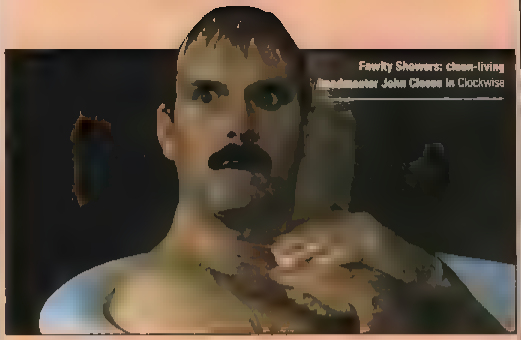
## JON VOIGHT, REBECCA DeMORNAY

### Runaway Train

MGM Video — 109 mins — 18

**WHAT A SUPERB** film *Runaway Train* is! It's out of its time, almost old-fashioned, it's an lovingly and satisfyingly crafted from start to finish. The simple, al. but nonexistent plot allows the acting and characterisation to dominate and the drama set against a stark hostile landscape will keep you glued to the edge of your seat from the opening sequence to the Wagnerian ending.

Manny (**Jon Voight**) is incarcerated for life in



Fawlty Showers: clean-living headmaster John Cleese in Clockwise

# Time out of mind

**JOHN CLEESE**
**Clockwise**
Cannon Video — 90 mins — PG

**IF YOU MISSED IT** at the cinema, here's a second chance to enjoy **John Cleese** in superb form as a hapless, helpless and harassed headmaster who falls foul of fate, stumbling from one ghastly, hilarious catastrophe to another.

Cleese plays Brian Stimpson, a comprehensive-school head who runs his school and his life by the clock. *Clockwise* opens on what should be Stimpson's greatest day: he's been chosen to chair the Lustrious Headmasters' Conference, the first ever state-school head to be honoured this way.

Puffed up with pride, Stimpson has no inkling of the terrible string of coincidences, blunders and mistakes that will befall him on his way to the conference at Norwich.

The farce builds convincingly and Cleese is splendid. He doesn't really stretch himself: Stimpson is just a slightly restrained and revisited version of the infamous Basil Fawlty, but his character fits the bill perfectly.

**Alison Steadman** gives good support as Stimpson's wife, and **Sharon Maiden** turns in a strong performance as the pupil who becomes her headmaster's travelling partner.

A beautifully-presented film, well scripted, well shot and a damn good hoot to boot.

**90%** **PAUL STRANGE**

■ *At one point in this Basil Fawlty road movie, John Cleese tries to rationalise his way out of a pool of mud. Man has survived by adapting to his environment, he proclaims in a rhapsody of Darwinism – so if the car won't move forward, put it in reverse! But Mr Stimpson, the headmaster obsessed by time and inexorably losing it (SQUIRM!), never can adapt. Like Fawlty, he's a maniac obsessed with his goal regardless of the disasters in his path. And Stimpson's methodical madness is his ruin; this wildly funny fantasy is tinged with a sad sympathy for the world's losers.*
**65%** **BARNABY PAGE**

■ *John Cleese is a sadist who makes masochists of his audience. In Fawlty Towers, Basil's discomforting situations had you feeling like worms were wriggling about in your undies. He's done it again with Clockwise, where his pathos-laden predicaments make banging your head against a wall – or, worse, watching That's My Dog – an attractive proposition. Uncomfortably hilarious.*
**85%** **SIMON POULTER**

Stonehaven's maximum-security prison, and he's actually been welded permanently into his solitary-confinement cell by the warden, Frank Barstow (a chilling performance of statutory evil, from **Kyle T Heffner**).

Stonehaven is isolated in the wastes of Alaska, impossible to escape from, but Manny and another prisoner, hero-worshipping young Buck (**Eric Roberts**) try. Outside the protective prison walls is a nightmare world of ice, snow and bitter winds. Their only hope is to hitch a ride on a freight-train headed south.

After a desperate trek through the wintry wilderness they reach the depot and board a locomotive. But just when they think they're free, things go wrong – as the train pulls away from the sidings, its engineer has a heart attack and dies. The escapees and a girl engineer (**Rebecca DeMornay**) find themselves alone on an antiquated runaway train.

A monumental, three-way personal drama is played out against a background of collapsing railway bridges and train crashes. It's a story of scrabbling attempts to reach the aging front engine, of the icy hatred of the determined warder out to get his men.

Jon Voight is convincing as a wild, human animal, Eric Roberts turns in a brave performance as his brainless sidekick, an innocent who covers his vulnerability with gutter-language chic and works out his frustration in violence, and Rebecca DeMornay is a tough catalyst, buffer and second in the two men's verbal and physical bouts of abuse.

The camerawork, lighting (from a British director of photography, Alan Hulme), locations and special effects are marvellous – especially the locomotives thundering leviathans and their gigantic crashes. The script is based on a screenplay by Japanese director **Akira Kurosawa**, and **Andrei Konchalovsky** directs superbly.

Sadly, this sort of film doesn't do well at the box-office these days, so thank goodness for videos. For my money, *Runaway Train* is the best hire in months.
**95%** **ROGER KEAN**

■ *Thrill-a-second stuff. Okay, the plot's not that original, but non-stop action and raging histrionic performances from Eric Roberts and Jon Voight (a wonderfully OTT embodiment of evil!) more than compensate. Superficially the movie's a straight action-adventure but scratch the surface and you'll discover something deeper. Russian-émigré director Andrei Konchalovsky is one to watch.*
**75%** **CURTIS HUTCHINSON**

■ *From the title, I half-expected something along the lines of the children's nursery rhyme. How wrong I was!!! But the swearing and violence in Runaway Train aren't there just to appeal to the sadists among us – they really do add to the atmosphere. And from the knifing session at the start to the climactic, satisfying ending, this is an action-packed video which never lets up. Great stuff!*
**75%** **MIKE DUNN**

# Bloodlust II

**CHARLES BRONSON**
**Death Wish II**
RCA/Columbia (reissue) — 91 mins — 18

**VIGILANTE** Paul Kersey (Charles Bronson) had just topped his second mugger/rapist when I started to agree with the censors' 18 certificate. Not that I'm a prudey square – but how can you like a film that just prods aimlessly from one violent episode to the next? Within the first fifteen minutes of *Death Wish II* Kersey's housekeeper is brutally murdered and his daughter is killed fleeing her tormentors.

I do applaud director Michael Winner's anti-censorship stance, but he does his case no good with gratuitous murders and titillating rape scenes, the guy is as depraved as his film. And old leather-face Bronson is comical without knowing it. At his age how can he go chasing a mugger young enough to be his son and still put the punk in the mortuary?

Dumb, real dumb.
**0%** **SIMON POULTER**

■ *You can't care about the cardboard characters in Death Wish II. The baddies are leering neo-Clockwork Orange demons; Charles Bronson is monumentally ugly, and his family and friends are, as usual, only there to be raped, tortured, murdered and impaled on spikes. Bronson takes his daughter's death unemotionally, as an excuse to kill kids, black kids if possible, and the plot and the people are just props for his executions (14, by my reckoning). This is nasty, moralistic snuff porn.*
**5%** **BARNABY PAGE**

■ *Charlie-boy commits all manner of monstrosities after his attempts to buy an ice-cream are thwarted by a gang of muggers. It's an unlikely catalyst of rape and murder, but nothing much makes sense in this catalogue of horror. Dangerous stuff; avoid it.*
**0%** **CURTIS HUTCHINSON**



STEVE GUTTENBERG

## Police Academy III – Back In Training

Warner Home Video 80 mins PG

**OH GAWD,** the boys in blue are back and up to their old tricks again – but why? With the exception of one brilliantly executed (though downright tasteless) blow-job gag in the first movie the *Police Academy* series has been irritatingly unfunny. This one is so short they must be running out of steam at last and new ideas are so thin on the ground that director Jerry Paris is repeating sequences and recycling jokes from both its predecessors.

The bumbling graduates are reunited by goldfish-loving Commandant Lassard to save his precious training school from closure. Radical budget slashing has forced the Governor to shut one of the State's two training centres, and predictably enough, war breaks out as both institutions attempt to prove their worth.

That's not a lot of plot to go on – but what can you expect from a film that's already been made twice? There's only so many stories you can put a dozen inept cops through, unless you happen to be a writer for *Hill Street Blues*. *Police Academy III* is the limpest link in a threadbare chain. Avoid it.

**5%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ *The first two in the Police Academy series have ranked among my all time favourite comedy videos, and the third is far from disappointing. Police Academy III is fantastically amusing, 80 minutes of pure enjoyable fun. I was surprised by the PG certificate – I'd expected higher but the film really doesn't deserve it. You'll be missing something if you don't see this, especially if you liked the rest of the series.*

**95%** MIKE DUNN

■ *If you've seen Police Academy I then there's no need for you to see the second remake. That's all this is – a regurgitation of Police Academy I and II. Only Michael Winslow (the human Fairlight) as Officer Jones and Bobcat Goldthwait as acid weirdo Jed warrant any percentage at all. Memorably boring.*

**10%** SIMON POULTER

# Boys will be killers

MAXWELL CAULFIELD, CHARLIE SHEEN

## The Boys Next Door

CBS/Fox 87 mins 18

**ROY AND BO** are neighbours – teenage jerks (played with great conviction by a pre-*Colbys* Maxwell Caulfield and Charlie Sheen) just out of high school and due to start work at the local sweat-shop on Monday morning. Bored by small-town life, they decide to make the most of their last weekend of freedom and head for fun and excitement in Los Angeles.

But soon they suss that LA is not where it's at. To relieve the boredom they make their own entertainment – beating into pulp a garage attendant who's dumb enough to short-change them, tossing a bottle at an OAP and shooting anyone who crosses Roy – the real nutter of the pair.

Poor Roy's not feeling himself: he's 'got something deep inside' which makes him want to kill. Director Penelope Spheeris would have us believe it's all down to good-old fashioned parental neglect (and just so we don't miss the point we get to see Roy's dad, beer in hand, in front of the TV, stuck in self-imposed isolation).

But I reckon Roy kills because that sells cinema tickets.

A movie with a conscience? Dodgy ground, when the blood-letting is done so convincingly, with the best will in the world it's impossible to see *Boys Next Door* as anything more than a splatter movie – a film about headcases for headcases.

**5%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ *There's rather less gratuitous cold blooded killing here than the cover blurb would have you believe, and rather more believable characterisation from Messrs Caulfield and Sheen. There are problems, though. The title sequence juxtaposes the files of various psychotic mass-murderers in an attempt to explain the film, but its argument is spurious and no real explanation of Roy's 'boiling anger' is offered; and the trite, dull life the teenagers are about to enter doesn't come across as a convincing justification for their rampage. But the film will survive as a fine depiction of mindless violence bred of frustration.*

**80%** ROGER KEAN

■ *This is tubular, the bix. Two hip dudes are living it up in dullsville LA, and (boys being boys) they get into a bit of mischief, what with getting drunk and laid and aggressive and, ultimately, murderous. The film could be dismissed as one of those nasty low-budget exploitation jobs, but it's not. It's more a bitchen crucial punch-packing statement on teenage frustration seen through the eyes of a female director.*

**78%** VULCRANIA PHIBES

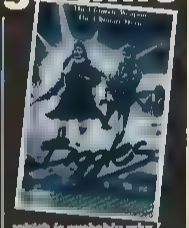


# Unwhole through time

NEIL DICKSON

## Biggles

CBS/Fox



**DAMN!** I'm too late, too late to change the course of history by keeping their dinner-time unreleased. Time is against me, time and gob-lishing schedules and inept film-makers.

Jim Ferguson (a dull performance from **Alex Hyde-White**) and his fiancée (**Fiona Hutchinson**, no relation of our own 'Big Spanner' Curtis) run a PR business in New York, circa 1986. Things go fine till Jim falls through a hole in time, just one of many holes in this movie, back to the Flanders trenches of 1917, where he rescues a flier from his crashed Sopwith Camel – James 'Biggles' Bigglesworth (for it is he), played by the silliest **Neil Dickson**.

Jim returns to our time, but he's whisked back at inopportune moments whenever Biggles hits a 1917 crisis. Colonel Raymond of British Air Intelligence (the cackleverous **Peter Cushing**), once Biggles's commander, explains that Ferguson and the fearless flier are linked in time, helping each other out of trouble.

And Biggles – indeed, the world as we know it – is in big trouble. The Imperial German Army boffins have developed a sonic weapon which will win the Great War and change the course of history.

Never mind the Krauts; director **John Hough's** film shows little respect for the course of history. In the trenches of 1917, we see an Austrian sub-machine-gun – a 1934 model. And Biggles may be confused by modern London, punks, ghetto-blasters and computers, but minutes after first encountering a helicopter he's playing with megawatt amps, moving-coil microphones and 'wall of sound' speakers that would do a 1986 mixing engineer proud. If you want a fantasy on time, try *Back To The Future*.

The action is low-budget TV, the actors plod, the editing is pedestrian, the poppy soundtrack is daft, the film's a mess. Only the stunt flying with biplanes and helicopters earns my generous rating.

The final credit of *Biggles* screws up the film's stupidity: *Made on location in New York, London and the Western Front 1917.*

Ha bloody ha.

**5%** ROGER KEAN

■ *I was never a great fan of the Biggles books – which is probably why I enjoyed this film so much. Constructing the story around a time-warp, the director has dragged in the mentioned aviator into the Eighties. The theme of time-travel isn't really developed, and I didn't go much on the overblown soundtrack, but Biggles is amusing and not too hard on the brain.*

**60%** MIKE DUNN

■ *In the wake of Back To The Future nothing is sacred, not even Biggles; this British movie has been cynically tailor-made for the American market. The most irritating, and the most unforgivable, compromise is giving Biggles a supporting role in his own movie – the real hero is an American advertising executive (played by a British actor). The flying scenes are great fun but the concept stinks. It's just not cricket.*

**10%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON



Here's looking at you, Spookie

## LM READERS' TOP TEN VIDEOS FOR FEBRUARY

**As voted by YOU!**

1 Back To The Future
2 Blade Runner
3 Trading Places
4 Superman—The Movie
5 Brazil
6 Desperately Seeking Susan
7 Beverly Hills Cop
8 The Terminator
9 Poltergeist
10 Return Of The Jedi

### HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE VIDEOS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite videos on the form below, fill in all the details and burn some postal leather. Using miracle computer technology, your various votes will be collated to create the chart, and for your pains, we'll draw five forms out of the purple bin liner every month and send a much coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Can't be bad.

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## A LOAD OF ZOMBIES

### Spookies

Pal... 91 mins 18

**FACT:** The number of people who will enter a strange, empty house at night is directly related in geometric proportion, to the building's spookiness. **FACT:** Horror film actors inhabit a world where horror films do not exist.

Only these apparently unrelated physical laws can explain why the bunch of jerks in *Spookies* decide to break into someone's deserted mansion to party. Haven't they ever seen *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, or even Bob Hope in *The Cat And The Canary*?

Mind you, they're subtly manipulated from the start - *there's something in the house that wants them there*, and the film is a field day for the grue n'gore SFX boys.

A young lad, denied a birthday party by his nasty dad, runs into the house, opens a box, sees a dismembered talking head, and dashes out. He's pursued by a ghoul and buried alive. Inside the mansion, a hideously old and evil man wants to bring a stunningly beautiful but very dead (and well-preserved) girl back to immortal life. Only the deaths of others can refresh the parts medical science cannot touch.

Enter the eight jerks. They discover a ouija board and play with it. As a result, one girl turns into a ghoul, and the others flee the house to find it surrounded by zombies. Naturally, they split up to escape, and the rest of the film details their various hideously evil ends. Death by death, the stunningly beautiful girl returns ungratefully to life. She hates the hideously evil old man and longs to escape his clammy clutches. Who wouldn't? Eventually she does get away but...

Ah, *that* would ruin the surprise ending and the last ten seconds.

It's a shame that filming techniques and special effects have been so well used in so many recent films to gloss over poor plotting, acting and directing. *Spookies* is a horror film with no soul, a real zombie movie. The banal script does so little for the characters that you don't give a damn about their hideously evil fates, they're just special-effects fodder.

The metamorphoses, the prosthetics, the make-up, the goo and glop themselves are excellent, but ineffective *en masse*—there's just too much of a nasty thing. And despite the farting mummies, the film-makers' collective tongue isn't obviously enough in-cheek. A couple of 50-per-center shockies provide minor thrills, but really *Spookies* is a dull, unexciting and unsurprising porridge.

**10%** ROGER KEAN

■ ***Okay, let's not kid ourselves; Spookies is a great example of how to construct a lightweight haunted-house movie round half a dozen special effects. And the effects, when they come, are impressive but haphazard. You're halfway through the video, nothing's really happened in the plot, and suddenly you're confronted with a plethora of monsters who, truth be known, don't really have anything to get their teeth into. It's a cynical means to an end.***

**5%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

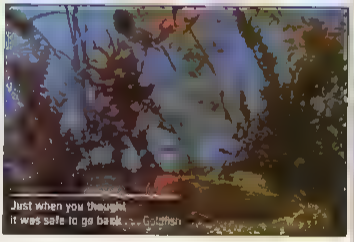
■ ***Distinguished by incredibly naff acting, a snore-a-second script, amateurish editing and a complete lack of coherence, Spookies is one of the worst films ever made. The directors, producers, technicians and chief gaffer must be shot at dawn, and the cast should be strung up by their ankles and forced to listen to Derek Jamesson for 30 years. An utter disgrace.***

**0%** PAUL STRANGE

## A LOAD OF GOLDFISH

### Goldfish

Innervisions 30 mins U



Just when you thought it was safe to go back... Goldfish

***IN TYPICAL** cinéma vérité* style, the anonymous director of this extraordinary piece simply pointed the camera at a fish tank and left it running for half an hour.

What follows is unrehearsed. Fish come swimming past in a manner redolent of Monty Python's *Meaning Of Life*; when there are no fish at all on the screen, the well-designed set, with a good selection of fish-tank plants, provides interest and entertainment.

But there are a few really disturbing *subversive* moments in this video, moments when, as us film theorists put it, the dominant discourse is ruptured. These disruptive moments coincide with the intermittent appearance onscreen of a menacing black figure and it's evident that those other poor creatures who have to share a tank with him (or is it her? we're never told) live in fear and loathing of his/her presence.

And what's really disturbing about this black creature from the lagoon is that his/her presence is completely at odds with the title of this work. *Goldfish* is he there to remind us that The Grim Reaper is always in our midst, ready to sweep us down with his sickle? Or does he simply tell us that things are never really quite as they seem?

Inexplicably, this dilemma is not resolved, and no solution to the enigma can be found in the mysterious, bubbling

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soundtrack. This video is a deeply moving, artistically audacious piece of work, and I wholeheartedly recommend it to anyone who's looking for a good laugh after the pub.
**100%** DAVID CHEAL




■ *A gripping tale, stuffed to the gills with plots, subplots, emotional underpinning, social comment, self-analysis, sexual betrayal, physical behaviour patterns, analytical designs, lachrymose intentions and parsimonious preferences. An impressive, important, imaginative, indefatigable, informative, innocuous and inspired piece of hi-tech, kitchen-sink kitsch ideal for kleptomaniacs, kindergartens, kookaburras, and knocking shops everywhere. Pass the hedgerow.*
**60%** PAUL STRANGE

■ *This extraordinary new video is marketed as 'The Ultimate Executive Gift' but its appeal is much broader – so don't fret if you're not in the Filofax 'n'Ferrari fraternity. And forget the bubbling accompaniment, the ideal soundtrack for this video is Stump's outrageous Buffalo, pondering on things fishy like 'How much is the FISH? Does the FISH have chips?' But what's funny when you've had a few beers wears thin when you're stone-cold sober. The edits become irksome – especially when you realise that what you're watching is a loop consisting of just 85 seconds of footage repeated for half an hour.*
**60%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

## JAKI GRAHAM
## SET FREE
PMI 10 mins E

*SET FREE* is exempt from classification: it's a pity Jaki Graham isn't exempt from making videos. This half-hour seven-song tape proves conclusively that Jaki has a great voice, can't act, can't dance, can't mime, and can't say no to a naff video script.

Her early hit singles *Round And Around* and *Heaven Knows*) are used on the video with the familiar mock performance technique. Jaki's in a recording studio, surrounded by gadgetry, super-slick session musos and a posse of hangers-on. She pretends to perform the song, the musos pretend to take their solos and the hangers-on look enthralled by it all.

A conventional but workable technique. It's far better than the farcical vignettes used on *Step Right Up* or *Breaking Away*.

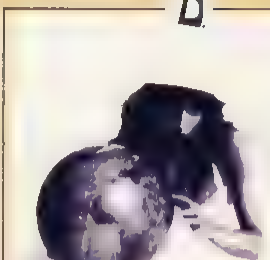
But it's the final song (the Grant/Graham duet *Could It Be I'm Falling In Love*) which takes the biscuit. Grant adopts the cool, dude mode and surrounds himself with a bunch of prancing dickheads; they dash over to the other side of the studio to discover Jaki Graham done up to the nines and looking like a glorified purple bogbrush. Bad news.

Definitely a vid for the furry-diced Cortina Mk III crowd. Avoid.
**0%** PAUL STRANGE

■ *Pretty damn boring stuff from the woman with a mouth as wide as the Thames Barrier. Let's be honest. Jaki can holler, belt and croon a good tune, but she's bloody useless when it comes to videos, and that David Grant don't help matters none. Very poor. It ruined my day.*
**5%** THE CRAPPER

■ *You can watch virtually any TV music show and see dozens of trite videos like this, packed with close-ups of Jaki's grinning face and tombstone teeth, masses of macho men and gorgeous pouting female backing vocalists. Yuk! Breaking Away is a decent track, though; it's the only one that wasn't filmed in a studio, and doesn't feel as artificial as the five that were.*
**45%** BEN STONE





She's got the whole world in her hands: Kate Bush in The Whole Story

# The whole Bush

## KATE BUSH
## The Whole Story
PMI 55 mins E

**MOST MUSIC** compilation videos are band affairs, insipid collections of some pop star's promos which probably died the death on *Saturday Superstore*'s Pop Panel.

Sometimes they're desperate attempts to impress us with the star's acting talents, just in case some fat and bloated film producer sees the next Prince or Madonna in the making (God help us.) And other videos are just bad pastiches of rea. movies.

Then there's another category: a Kate Bush video. Kate has turned promo videos into a craft. From her first *Wuthering Heights* (1978) Kate's videos and her music have stood out from the pop crowd.

And that's a problem in reviewing this compilation: the videos are ALL good, though for different reasons. With her aptitude for dance, Kate's turned many of her videos into four-minute ballets. And whatever the form, the promos fit the music perfectly, all credit to the assortment of directors.

On another (astral) plane, *The Whole Story* points up the fascinating contrasts of Kate's earlier and later music: for example, I'd forgotten how good *Sat In Your Lap* is. And I won't forget *Babooshka*.

With a reasonable price tag (a snitch at £14.99), 55 minutes of Kate Bush's 16 best tracks is real value for money. The least you can do, in the light of this priceless collection.
**90%** SIMON POULTER

■ *For someone whose music is synonymous with clearly-defined imagery, Kate Bush's excursions into video have always been on the disappointing side. Bush's early promos for tracks like Wuthering Heights, The Man With The Child In His Eyes and Breathing are simplistic and uninspired, yet they worked well, because you only ever saw them a couple of times on Top Of The Pops. As if to improve on this, she's opted for some preposterously pretentious promos for her Hounds Of Love singles. The only track that works on this collection is the atmospheric and self-consciously erotic Babooshka, the things that lady can do with a double bass.*
**55%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ *Much of this has already been out on The Single File, Hair Of The Hound and the live video. The best numbers are Cloudbusting (a superb mini-feature) and The Big Sky, others are mediocre muck (Army Dreamers, Wow, and Sat In Your Lap). Kate Bush relied too heavily on dance in the early days, but her more recent stuff shows great promise.*
**60%** PAUL STRANGE

# The price of love





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## Cost Of Loving

Polydor

**WHEN** The Style Council are good they're very, very good but when they're bad they re embarrassing On *Cost Of Loving* they re on pretty good form most of the time

An LP of two halves (a fast side and a slow side) five of the songs are excellent, two are average and another two are very weak This would probably be acceptable from most artists but Weller's quality control is normally much higher than this

The Style Council have matured and developed since their early fumbling forays into funk and jazz They now play with a natural feel for the styles which they tackle and with flourishes of true skill and inspiration

This newly-acquired confidence is best highlighted on *Heaven's Above*, a Weller masterpiece in which the various disparate elements that make up The Style Council fuse to make a seamless whole Weller and Dee C Lee duet perfectly over a smoothly flowing early-Seventies soul groove, and the song has one of those cracking middle eights that is one of Weller s most distinctive songwriting traits

The funky *Right To Go* is another highlight A plea to everybody to use their vote (and preferably not in favour of the Conservative party) the song is spiced up by the rapping yellin and hollerin' Dynamic Three a young black group who'll be joining The Style Council on their forthcoming tour

*It Didn t Matter* is a strangely hypnotic medium-paced dance number on which Weller's laid back vocal style works particularly well while other highlights are the title track and the enchanting *Fairy Tales*

But *Cost Of Loving* does have its weak spots It wasn't a particularly bright idea to attempt a cover version of Anita Baker s *Angel* It s a second rate song Weller isn't exactly Luther Vandross, the style of the song doesn't suit him and the end result is as bana, as Lionel Ritchie and not half as polished It's made worse by throwing Dee C Lee under the spotlight with only a simple piano accompaniment which merely highlights the flaws in her vocal make-up And the trouble with dabbling in jazz-tinged pop like *Walking The Night* is that you're in serious danger of sounding like Manhattan Transfer

On the whole *Cost of Loving* is a good LP pleasant tasteful, but not very exciting There s nothing here to really set the heart pumping and the pulse racing and even the predictable Weller polemic seems a bit bland these days

There s nothing here as bad and jarring as say *Soul Deep* or *The Whole Point*, nor even the spit and fury of a *Walls Come Tumbling Down*. It's all a bit too tame and a bit too tasteful – perfect Yuppie dinner party music in between courses of Whitney Houston and Simply Red

And that's not where Paul Weller belongs.

**80%**

RICHARD LOWE

■ *WHAT an opening. It Didn t Matter is a brilliant, intense piece of funk, and Right To Go is a sharp, well executed rap track. But Cost Of Loving is also peppered with mediocre pieces of slop, especially Angel which opens side two, on which Paul and Dee C Lee croon in close harmony, and the inepty titled A Woman's Song, which closes the set, which has Dee C singing solo.*

*A lot has been said about D C Lee, and, let's face it, she's no Whitney Houston But then as Paul Weller himself shows, having a great voice is not a prerequisite of membership to the Style Council. What rescues them both is that their harmonies are consistently tight, and that The Style Council's standards of songwriting and musicianship are extremely high, and increasingly so.*

*Cost Of Loving is an album which grows on you, and I reckon I'll be coming back to it (and fast-forwarding through one or two tracks) for a long time.*

**75%**

DAVID CHEAL

■ *Cafe Bleu was a terrific album. This though not quite so immediately striking still rises head and shoulders above the usual worthless toss that's around the album charts. Quite how the Councillors manage to craft such quality songs time and time again, I'll never know.*

*Walking The Night stands out as a classic - depth, feeling, a fabulous use of brass and totally wonderful. Definitely THE single. Perfect. A hit.*

*Okay, so Weller and Dee C Lee are becoming soppy (side two's especially yukky) and they're in danger of turning into the Rene and Renato of pop, but sod it anyway, this is a bloody good album.*

**95%**

SUE DANDO

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BUBBLE-GURGLE-BUBBLE-BUBBLE

## WIN A GOLDFISH

For Your Trouble

LM COMP

SINCE certain members of the LM staff are fully padded up Yuppies (and I m not one I'm a hip young cat man) we were sent ten copies of the ultimate Yuppie executive toy a video of a school of goldfish swimming aimlessly around to the sound of lots of subaqua gurgling sounds like wot your bottom makes when you re in the bath. So if you can get your designer Buroo to the ready you can enter this competition to win your very own copy of *Goldfish*.

Guppies for Yuppies. Okay ya?

**Fish out the answers to this lot . . .**

1) A Filofax is
a) **A crappy Polish car**
b) **A personal planner for booking in all those darling parties**
c) **Someone who can instantly recall the names, numbers and departure times of every train passing through Crewe station on a Thursday.**

2) A Golf GTI Convertable is
a) **A Savvy Ballesteros designer jumper with optional sleeves**
b) **A boring indoor or outdoor professional sport**
c) **A car that is very drafty in winter**

3) A glass coffee table should be used for which of the following
a) **Laying out dead posy magazines like *Harpers And Queen* and Heals' 86/87 catalogue**
b) **Doing the *Sun* crossword while *The Price Is Right* is on**
c) **Leaving coffee rings and fag ends to make your place look lived in.**

4) A wok is
a) **A complaint you see your doctor about**
b) **Something Bob Geldof has to take to get from one place to another**
c) **An Oriental cooking aid**

5) A Futon is
a) **Another complaint you see your doctor about**
b) **Another name for a sofa bed**
c) **Something you get in a Cup-a-Soup Special.**

Allyou have to do is answer a),b), or c) and whack that lot off on a postcard to us by **6 February** and we ll decide if you re Yuppie enough to win Get wearin coz we ve only got five tapes left entries should be sent to **WIN A GOLDFISH COMPETITION, *LM*, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**

# PERFECT SENSE

*It is a dark and stormy night in Aberfan. The smell of burning meat hangs in the air and crazed peasant women are heard baying in the distance. The* **LM** *editorial team huddles around a candle and a brewsam Apricot.*

**CH** So what's wit, a, threesperce ages hen Peake?
**PS** It's a or idea I had the other nigh, wi s I was working out my expenses n the bath.
**RL** Sounds a bit wet to me.
**PS** No, t s a really groovy dea We take a video book or record rev ew then s up a wacky rat, g on at the end.
**SP** B t s ... pfficult enough?
**PS** Yep. It s wild and really alternative and t s going down now ght here. Pass the curry. If you like what you've seen read or heard then you give t 100% a vo, under The we come woot er peop e to do anterna tive rev ews rust ke n **Zzap!** Crash and **Amtrix!**

## Playing For Keeps
Parlophone

**THIS COLLECTION** is remarkable as soundtrack albums go, for a below-average movie. The artists involved are average soundtrack artists – Sister Sledge, Eugene Wilde and Phil Collins. But, *ha ha ha* who else is here? Peter Frampton. Pete Townshend and a guy called Hinton Battle doing a Rick Wakeman composition. *Titter ye titter.*

As on most other records in the Films And Shows rack, there are the obligatory car-chases, bonking and supense-ridden tracks (as indeed there've been all through movie music history, from the Wood bane-smoking ivory-tinkler in the ice-cream pit to the present day).

But Townshend's *Life To Life*, Collins's *We Said Hello, Goodbye (Don't Look Back)* (not unlike *Against All Odds*) and Arcadia's *Say The Word* are the better specimens of non-formula soundtrack music on a not very special album.

**20%** SIMON POULTER

■ *I'm a bit dubious about soundtrack albums – films these days seem to be little more than marketing devices for spin-off merchandise.*

*But this collection is a damned sight more exciting than the movie, Life To Life, which gave the film such a promising opening, is a typically heartfelt Pete Townshend song, and the rest is more than listenable. Still, I'd question the wisdom of including Julian Lennon's version of Stand By Me, it's nowhere near as good as his dad's rendition, and its only appearance in the film was during the closing credits, when most of us had already gone home.*

**25%** DAVID CHEAL

■ *This LP features a standard collection of artists singing average songs. Phil Collins provides his usual ballad, and there are heavier rock efforts from Pete Townshend and Peter Frampton. It probably sounds better with the movie, on vinyl, it's bloody ghastly.*

**10%** MARY MORRIS

## THE DAMNED
## Anything
MCA

**TEN** years after they pioneered the punk assault on the charts by releasing the first ever punk single *New Rose*, The Damned are still going still commanding the loyalty of a strongly devoted following and still making predictable and mediocre albums.

Anyone who thought that *Eloise* and *Grimly Fiendish* meant that The Damned would be concentrating on their knack for the perfect pompous pop pastiche will be disappointed, or perhaps relieved, by *Anything*.

There's no doubt that a Damned gig is as good an evening's entertainment as you could hope for, but another Damned LP, especially one that rehashes former glories as cautiously as this one, is nothing to get particularly excited about.

Not that *Anything* doesn't have its moments. The opening title track is a meaty rocker, complete with that guitar sound that's dead easy to imitate by making a sort of chugging sound in the back of your throat.

*Alone Again Or* is an attempt at another *Eloise*, a straight cover version of one of those songs from the late Sixties that can't decide whether they're 'pure pop' or 'progressive rock'. People who thought *Curtain Call* was really 'progressive' will love the orchestrated instrumental *The Portrait*.

*Restless* is the token 'Gene' number, all moody

## TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB
## Vicious Rumours
Chrysalis

**US** hip hopsters Timex Social Club had a big hit last year with *Rumours*. A fairly strong dancefloor track, at the time it perfectly suited British club goers who were undergoing a brief flirtation with the sort of monotonous mechanical monstrosities hip hopsters spew out.

If the Chrysalis marketing department had any sense they would have released this debut album as soon as *Rumours* began slipping down the top 40, at least they would have picked up more sales than they will now.

Needless to say, it's a boring record and *Rumours* is the only track worth listening to. You can stick the LP on the turntable, go for a stroll and come back half an hour later thinking the opening track is still playing. I know I did it.

Two ballads – *Only You* and *Go Away* – provide a minor breather from the rank some beatbox and screeching voice-overs, but even these songs sound like bastardised Donny Osmond Seventies schlock.

TSC think they can con you with their techno tricks, computer wizardery, scratch a bit here, twiddle that knob there and hope it all comes out right in the wash. I'd love to see these buggers play live and for their computers, sequencers and scratching consoles to blow a fuse.

Hilarious.

**20%** SUE DANDO

■ *DESPITE some highly dubious lyrics ('happiness is happiness/the happy new network/news with a kink') this album has its moments, namely in its imaginative use of stereo scratch mixes. Mind you, there's nothing here to match the freshness of Rumours, probably a fair indication that the Timex boys have had their day. Change your name lads, it sucks.*

CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ *GETS off to a good start with the hit single Rumours, but after that it's all downhill. Mixed Up World and Vicious Rumours offer a slight respite, but most of this borders on the mundane. A poor showing for a debut album.*

**40%** MARY MORRIS




## JUNIOR DELGADO
## Ragamuffin Year
Island

**JUNIOR DELGADO** says he wants his music to reach a wider audience. The veteran reggae singer's first step towards this goal was to sign a one-off deal with Island Records for his latest album *Ragamuffin Year* which sees him re-united with producer Augustus Pablo. This will ensure that Delgado's umpteenth album gets better marketing and distribution than most of his previous efforts.

It won't hurt, either, that it's a bloody good album, featuring a set of powerful, approachable songs which all give Delgado ample opportunity to use his rich throaty voice to full effect. He may have worked with Lee Perry (reggae's Phil Spector) in the past, but this collection features none of the mystical, dream-like qualities which typified cuts such as the extraordinary *23rd Psalm* recorded by Delgado and Time Unlimited for Perry ten years ago.

Instead the production is clean, crisp and unclustered, the sentiments strong, sincere and powerfully expressed. My only grouch is that there's no brass. *Ragamuffin Year* is not, owing a lamentable trend, uses synthesizers

singing and thundering drums but the best track is the grandiose *In Dulce Decorum* especially the bit they've nicked off The Stranglers' *Duchess*

Britain's legion of Damned fanatics will probably love *Anything* but it's unlikely to win them any converts. Never mind there's always the States perhaps that's the audience this LP is aimed at

**50%** RICHARD LOWE

■ *From the opening track this LP has that familiar Damned sound to it, though it's less manic than normal. A diversity of styles and moods characterises the album, songs like, In Dulce De Decorum, reveal the more serious nature of the group, while the final track, Psychomania, is The Damned at their more raucous. Hardly a collector's item, but worth a listen.*

**70%** MARY MORRIS

■ *With its Captain Fantastic And The Brown Dirt Cowboy* artwork, *the cover looks typical of the sort of records my brother was buying 15 years ago; however musically this is far removed from the the sounds The Damned were making ten years ago. Quite where the band stand now is anybody's guess from Anything, an apt album title if ever there was one.*

**20%** SIMON POULTER

instead. There's no substitute for the real thing.

**65%** DAVID CHEAL

■ *Ragamuffin Year is a fairly stock stylee suited I suppose to devotees of roots rock. The title track (also a single) is listenable but the rest is of little interest to me. Give me Desmond Dekker any time.*

**30%** SIMON POULTER

■ *This man is nothing if not political — we get Reagan, Botha, the Queen, and Mandela mentioned in just one breath of the title track. This is real roots reggae from the earthy-voiced JD. However, though adequately listenable to existing devotees, this album's not likely to win any new fans over.*

**60%** SUE DANDO

## KOOL AND THE GANG
# Forever
Club

**QUESTION** Do Kool And The Gang offer more than their Trev And Trace following would indicate?

**ANSWER:** No

That being said, *Forever* does have the odd hint of something mean, funky



and worthwhile trying to burst out. The opening cut *Victory* is a tough and acerbic ode to human survival, and looking after number one marred only by a terribly contrived bridge section, while *I.B.M.C.* leaps in on cascading brassy synths and slap bass lines to form the most convincing track of the whole LP.

Elsewhere there's finer pap. The title track is particularly insipid and is the kind of guff that Lionel Ritchie would be proud of. *Stone Love* is a piss poor song heavily over-embellished with a hefty production and *Holiday* borders on the moronic.

Avoid, unless you're a Trev or a Trace

**10%** PAUL STRANGE

■ *Old, outdated, and unhip, they may be, Kool they most definitely are not. If they continue to produce music of this standard, then they ought to retire quietly to the obscurity that they should have fallen into a long time ago.*

*Garbage.*

**8%** MIKE DUNN

■ *This album is typical of most common American bullcrap: some plonker sings with a bag of tin tacks down his throat (say what? - Ed), and the music is utterly abysmal. I honestly can't think of anything better to do with this album than to frisbee it out of the Grovel Hill review lounging parlour.*

**10%** LARRY WARRY

## BOBBY WOMACK
# Womagic
MCA

**THE LONG CAREER** of Bobby Womack is not one that I've followed religiously — to me he'll always be the writer and performer of the original and definitive version of *It's All Over Now*. But if this album is anything to go by, Bobby hasn't been resting on his laurels during the intervening 20-odd years, and thankfully, hasn't drifted into the sludgy middle of the road world in which so many of his contemporaries are currently floundering.

His voice is still gritty and strong, he can still rattle off a good song, and although *Womagic* has a distinctly Eighties feel to it, he's not abandoning his R & B roots for sterile disco-pop grooves. This set is predominantly slow or mid-tempo stuff, some of which verges on the pedestrian. But there's a real high spot in *More Than Love*, and plenty more to keep the nerves tingling and the feet tapping.

**80%** DAVID CHEAL

■ *Widely considered to be the grand-daddy of soul, Bobby has turned in an average collection of AOR tunes, purely for those who include him in their pre-Beatle musical education. Of the nine, (I Wanna) Make Love To You is about the only remnant from his chequered past (cliche, cliche . . . ).*

**60%** SIMON POULTER

■ *It's sad, isn't it? The charts are stuffed with the bland blestings of safe, sterilised, squeaky clean 'soul' music, while an artist like Bobby Womack, a truly great soul man with one of the finest voices ever to have graced popular music, rarely gets even a minor hit. Womagic is an improvement on last year's patchy So Many Rivers LP, and will satisfy those who loved the two Poets LPs. And the sleeve's as naff as ever, too.*

**83%** RICHARD LOWE

## FELA KUTI
# Teacher Don't Teach Me Nonsense
London

**ONE** of the finest moments of 86 was the extraordinary interview given by Nigerian musician and political activist Fela Kuti to Muriel Grey on an otherwise lacklustre edition of *The Tube*. Kuti began to rant criticising Western apathy of the problems in Africa slagging off British and American audiences for ignoring his music and saying that he hated Britain and all that we stood for.

Not surprisingly Grey was flumoxed and reduced to tears by the end of it, but Kuti certainly had a point. African music is often ignored by Western ears viewed as a bit of a joke and only taken seriously by a select handful.

I doubt if this double LP will change anything. Featuring just two songs with instrumental and vocal versions of both it's a curious concept to those used to LP's with five tracks a side including a hit single.

Musically it's superb with long and relaxed instrumental workouts which suddenly erupt into vibrant flowing passages of great intensity. Lyrically it's punchy pertinent and highly political as befits the man who hopes one day to be the Nigerian president.

Fela was sentenced to a five year jail sentence in 1984. His crime - bringing unauthorized currency into his native country has since proved to be a trumped up charge designed to silence Fela's fight against corruption within the Nigerian government. Early last year a new government came to power in Nigeria and Fela was released and pardoned.

This is Fela's first LP since his imprisonment. If you're open-minded and open-eared you should try it. If nothing else it'll stop Muriel Grey bursting into tears.

**65%** PAUL STRANGE

■ *CURIOUS stuff but very good at times. The beat becomes somewhat monotonous, and you have to be prepared to look at the lyric sheet a lot to know what he's going on about, but it's certainly worth a crack. Not sure if I could listen to it more than once though.*

**[illegible]%** VULCRANIA PHIBES

■ *GHASTLY muck! I could annihilate the twerp who gave me this one to suffer. Of course it's well played and everything but I can't believe that there are just two songs on the full double LP. A bit of a rip-off from the old Fela.*

**5%** THE CRAPPER



# Clocking on

**PSYCHEDELIC FURS**
**Midnight To Midnight**
CBS

**THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS** have much to mull 86 was their finest year but for all the wrong reasons

Thanks to a dodgy film that yuppies went apeshit over, the Furs had a surprise hit with *Pretty In Pink* (a song they'd written nearly six years ago for their *Talk Talk Talk* album. How do you follow a hit like that particularly if your musical style has changed significantly during the last six years?

Simple. Shove the song on your new album, put it near the end and hope that it doesn't stick out too much.

Unfortunately it doesn't work. *Pretty In Pink* sits unhappily on *Midnight To Midnight*, a different sound from a different era, an A&R decision to shift more units. Shame.

That aside. *Midnight To Midnight* is a cracking album, displaying much of the accessible punch hinted at on the *Mirror Moves* LP, and using dark brooding passages reminiscent of the band's seminal *Forever Now* set.

The opener *Heartbreak Beat*, typifies much of the LP: gloomy, miserable Butler vocals, slightly more cheerful subject matter in this case praising a song/person/relationship) a hard, thoroughly evil drum sound, thick solid bass work, chirpy guitar stutters, and an icing of gleaming synths and rasping sax.

The formula re-emerges on the up-tempo *Shock* (probably the LP's finest cut). Butler explores sexual, mental, physical and metal emotions, fails to reach any major conclusions but makes a lot of noise while he's doing it.

*Shadow In My Heart* and *Angels Don't Cry* seem weak by comparison, but both are subtle growers with memorable hooks, good instrumental breaks and an insistent driving urgency that's hard to ignore.

The title track is superb. Opening with heavily flanged screaming and pleading guitar licks, thunderous drums and boisterous biting synths, the song boots into overdrive and then stays in top gear while Butler extolls the virtues of American style fast-living. Terrific.

Elsewhere, *No Release* and *One More Word* are well above average, but *Torture* is extraordinary. Full of snapping, snarling snare prodding bass, doublied up sax gleaming six string and organnic groans, Butler snivels, sneers and shudders as he describes the sexual ecstasy, perversion and problems encountered during an intense coupling. Magnificent.

Not a bad LP then, and with the dubious inclusion of *Pretty In Pink* it could give the Furs a host of new fans. I doubt it somehow.

**85%** PAUL STRANGE

■ *There are three good tracks here: Heatbreak Beat, the fabulous Pretty In Pink, and the current single Angels Don't Cry with its wonderfully oozing saxophone sound. The rest is ordinary, a rabid mish-mash of cluttered noises behind the gravelly, though by no means unattractive, voice of Richard Butler.*

**55%** SUE DANDO

■ *If it wasn't for Richard Butcher's undynamic vocals, the Furs would be a near perfect band. The best thing about the tracks on this album are their faultless arrangements, the band have all the right ingredients: thudding bass, jangling guitar and solid drums. But fine arrangements do not a good album make. Sadly Pretty In Pink is the only stand out track.*

**50%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

# LM READERS' TOP TEN ALBUMS FOR FEBRUARY

**As voted by YOU!**

1 The Big Ship Sails **Band Of Joy**
2 Cafe Bleu **The Style Council**
3 Power, Corruption And Lies **New Order**
4 The Colour Of Spring **Talk Talk**
5 Low **David Bowie**
6 London 0 Hull, 4 **The Housemartins**
7 Meat Is Murder **The Smiths**
8 Quirk Out **Stump**
9 Picture Book **Simply Red**
10 King Of America **The Costello Show**

## HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE ALBUMS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite music albums on the form below, fill in all the details and whop it off in the post to us. Using the miracle power of whiter-than-white computer technology your various votes will be collated to create the chart. In return for your efforts, we'll draw five forms out of the red bin liner every month and send a much coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. How's that for generosity?

## LM TOP TEN ALBUMS CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite albums of the moment in descending order (best first)

1
2
3
4
5

Name
Address

Postcode

T shirt size ☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**

Send your forms in to
**LM MUSICHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW,**
[redacted]

**WAYSTED**
**Save Your Prayers**
Parlophone

**PETE WAY** used to be the bass player in UFO. They were brilliant weren't they UFO? Now he's got his own band called Waysted. D'you get it? Way-sted. You see his surname's Way' and 'wasted' is like a real 'rock'n'roll' expression. Brilliant pun, huh? Just goes to show that they're not all dumb, these heavy metal people — some of them are dead clever and witty.

It's brilliant having your own band. You can be the big star even though you're not the singer upon whom the cameras always focus or the lead guitarist who gets to play all those mighty power-chords and mean solos. Pete Way hogs the cover of the Waysted LP all to himself. His trusty bass is by his side of course — rock'n'rollers love their guitars. I bet he's got a pet name for it. He hasn't got any socks on in the picture because that's the kind of crazy, carefree guy he is.

They're a brilliant band, Waysted. And their LP *Save Your Prayers* is brilliant too. It's got brilliant songs on it like *Wild Night* and *Heros Die Young* and *Out Of Control*. And the lyrics are brilliant too. Some of them are dead heavy.

Waysted are miles better than those girlie pop groups you get in the charts. They might get in the charts too, though, like Europe and Bon Jovi because they've got some brilliant tunes. It would be brilliant if they did.

**10%** RICHARD LOWE

■ *Cock rock at its worst. With titles like Hell Comes Home, and sleeve pics of a band that all look like the Spinal Tap producer's kicked them off the cast-ing couch with fleas in their ears, you know you're in for a bad time. You won't be disappointed.*

**0%** SIMON POULTER

■ *Not a very exciting album from Waysted. It's their fourth to date and surprisingly it features some fairly mundanescript heavy rock music. No doubt their fans (?) will love it. I thought it stank.*

**5%** MARY MORRIS



## Uptown Is Kickin' It
MCA

**WOULD** someone please tell me the difference between funk, go-go and house music? I find them all the same: all a load of crap and a waste of electricity.

But before you write in to tell me an ignorant fascist who couldn't tell the difference between Motorhead and Slade, I'd make it clear now that I like black music that you can dance to and shag to or just have on while you clean out the budgie. But there's nothing so special on this collection, even worse, they all sound like Jazzy Jeff's *Girls Am I Nothing But Trouble*.

Based news bio.

**0%** SIMON POULTER

■ ***A great hip-hop opener gets you going with Mr Big Stuff from Heavy D And The Boyz. But the following six tracks have none of that energy, and won't take you anywhere but to sleep.***

**45%** MARY MORRIS

■ ***On Side One, there's an elaborate and not very funny account of someone breaking wind. Tee hee. The rest of this compilation isn't quite so puerile but still makes for dull listening.***

**5%** DAVID CHEAL

## MAXI PRIEST
## Intentions
10 Records

**LIGHTWEIGHT** reggae [illegible] lacks the necessary bite to convince the heavy dub mob, but is far too aggressive for those used to nothing stronger than the insipid Boris Gardiner.

Maxi Priest kneels at the altar of lightweight reggae. He takes note of the top men, such as Winston Reedy and Sugar Minott) and produces similar easy on the ear, gentle foot tapping rhythms, but ultimately his material lets him down badly.

*Intentions* says it all. Ten songs, ten sets of lyrics, ten backing tracks, eight failures and two successes from 10 Records.



Or, to put it another way, a naff album.

The best cut is the hit *Strollin' On*. Pleasant chugging and earthy, its insistent hook and bubbly feel, made it an obvious chart contender, and here it stands head and shoulders above the rest.

*Must Be A Way* is a reasonable effort, but only by default. A pretty average chugger chugger, it features a neat guitar hook and some strong, potent and moralistic lyrics.

The rest of *Intentions* is a sham, a piece of useless [illegible] cluttered with fillers. Thanks Max. Sod off.

**5%** PAUL STRANGE

■ ***Snore . . . yawn! This album is really boring. There's an almost non existent beat and by the sound of it Max even starts having multiple orgasms. No go Maxi, but if the human race was accustomed to great plateloads of crap then this would have been a winner.***

**0%** LARRY WRIGHT

■ ***Just awful! Super slick Maxi turns in a competent but highly unexciting album of inconsequential and light reggae which leaves me utterly cold. There's nothing here that can be recommended.***

**0%** ROGER KEAN




## DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
## 20 Classic Tracks
Meteor

**Twenty *what?*** You got to be joking.

Don't be fooled by the title of this rag bag rehash of long forgotten album fillers and sub standard B-sides. If you're looking for *She's Gone*, *I Can't Go For That*, *Sara Smiles* or a dose of *Adult Education* then no can do, you better look elsewhere sunshine.

It's the same old story. For every pop act that's been together for any appreciable length of time there's at least one duffer compilation album that's been culled from early recordings before fame took them onto bigger and better things.

These deceptively titled oddities are generally put out by obscure record labels, packaged with recent cover shots and carry misleading titles that usually have a smattering of little untruths (*The Best Of* ... and *The Legendary* ... are favourites sometimes they're a bit more honest and just come out into the open and say *The Early Years Of* ... But I've never come across a title as audacious as this Hall and Oates stiff.

Don't be fooled by the title, there aren't any classics on this album, just a rag bag collection of tracks dating back to the early Seventies when the duo were uncertain of their musical direction hence the embarrassing Sam Whitman yodels on the acoustic hoe down *Deep River Blues*, the Sub surfing shenanigans of *Rose Come Home* and the unconvincing rock'n roll of *Flo Gene*.

For collectors only, anyone after there's real greatest hits should take a listen to *Rock And Soul Part 1*.

**10%** CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ ***A shame, and if I was Daryl Hall or John Oates I'd sue those Magnum buggers for all they're worth (not a lot I suspect). This LP is deliberately packaged to deceive naive purchasers that this is Hall & Oates at their best. Full of tenderate material from the very earliest part of their career it's totally unrepresentative of the real Hall & Oates. Utterly disgraceful.***
**0%** PAUL STRANGE

■ ***Yaaaawn. This batch of oldies is extremely boring and has nothing in common with the Hall & Oates we've come to know and love. Don't be caught out. Avoid.***
**15%** MIKE DUNN

## CHRIS SUTTON
## Chris Sutton
Polydor

I'M always wary of so called unknowns who are unleashed on an unsuspecting public. Warners succeeded with Howard Jones and Polydor came up trumps with Floyd Cole but for every successful unknown there's many a struggling unknown in the bargain bins.

Chris Sutton deserves to be right at the bottom of the pile. An out-dated, out moded and highly unoriginal singer songwriter in the Chris De Burgh, Ralph McTell, Murray Head mould, most of the songs on this turgid debut album have been fleshed out with synths, sequencers, electronic percussion and a beefy production.

Naturally it doesn't work, none of it. People who sound like Chris De Burgh should stick to sloshy backings, not release artsy records and die at an early age.

Polydor should do us all a favour and drop the guy immediately.

**0%** PAUL STRANGE

■ ***To say that Mr Sutton is derivative is like saying David Gheal doesn't like spending money. Sutton looks like a fatty David Cassidy, sounds like Alison Moyet and could well be the next Jim Diamond. No thank you . . .***
**5%**
CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ ***Despite not being particularly catchy or compulsive to listen to, this verges on the bearable. Sutton's a cross between Soft Cell and Billy Ocean (sounds unlikely. Ed) but that's no great recommendation. Put it this way, it's bad, but I've heard a lot worse.***
**40%** MIKE DUNN

## VARIOUS ARTISTS
## Blues On 2
BBC Records

***Blues On 2*** is an album's worth of live sessions recorded for the Radio 2 rhythm & blues series last year by a selection of (mainly British) R & B bands.

Rory Gallagher gets things going with a not very inspired *When My Baby She Left Me*, but Johnny Mars' *Born Under A Bad Sign*, a gut-wrenchingly intense version of the old standard is probably the highaght of the album. Contributions from The Blues Band, Juice On The Loose and the Balham Alligators seldom achieve much more than the kind of thing you might hear in a pub on a Saturday night.

I was, however, amazed to see The Groundhogs on track one, side two; this lot you might be interested to hear, were the first live band I ever saw (pass the walking stick -Ed). Singer/guitarist Tony McPhee's raucous interpretation of *Express Man* is no dance floor classic, but that never was his style – he always preferred to explore the darker, more sinister rhythms and lyrics of the blues. The rest, with the exception of a spirited *Flip, Flop, Fly* from The Boogie Brothers Blues Band) is a pleasant, occasionally inspired selection of rumpy tump rhythms, honky-tonk piano and misogynistic lyrics.
**55%** DAVID CHEAL

■ ***An absolutely priceless collection of sessions from Paul Jones' Radio 2 R & B. Worth a spin just to hear the Blues Band again. Thirty minutes of pure joy.***
**90%** SIMON POULTER

■ ***Blues ain't necessarily blue, as this compilation so splendidly shows; and no more so than by the fabulous Boogie Brothers Blues Band's contribution. I defy anyone to resist tapping a toe or three to their wonderful big band sound.***
**85%** SUE DANDO

## KLYMAXX
## Klymaxx
MCA

**YOU** can see where this band are coming from merely by their name alone. Klymaxx.

One look at their album track titles and the concept is complete. *Sexy Fab Attack*, *Man Size Love*, *Woah*. Get out the sequins and good memories, get down the local cattle market nightclub and get with it – babes.

Hump to the bump while you grind yourself into a sweaty mess as this mechanical disco dirge of emotionless drum machined lyrically lacking crap gushes forth across the dance floor.

As disco LP's go this is a that's an target mess that can melt to the eardrums of all but the most musically retarded.
**0%** SUE DANDO

■ ***As dance music goes, this is extremely run of the mill, and the great George Clinton should be ashamed of himself for being involved (albeit on just one track, in this cynical, humourless dross. And despite all the heavy breathing and not very subtle innuendo, Klymaxx are about as sexy as a lump of lard.***
**10%** DAVID CHEAL

■ ***An extremely tedious and dull LP. The lead vocalist obviously thinks he's Michael Jackson, the music is dull disco beat dirge and the lyrics are appalling. Pathetic.***
**0%** MARY MORRIS



FISHR

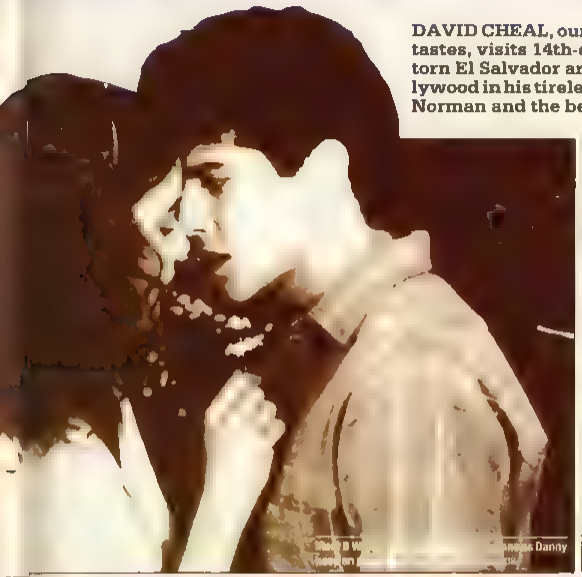


WIN



# PASTE IN WARDOUR STREET

**DAVID CHEAL, our man with catholic tastes, visits 14th-century Italy, war-torn El Salvador and teen-torn Hollywood in his tireless search for Barry Norman and the best new films.**



**THESE FILM PREVIEWS** are all the same. You arrive y u post e with the man from *The Face* for a glass of wine and (if you're lucky) a couple of curling fishpaste sandwiches (mind you, I m one to turn my nose up at free food, no matter how unappetising) and you move through to the auditorium jagging brief case coat sandwiches wine and banging press pack.

You while away the minutes before the lights go down looking round and trying to spot Barry Nor man. Then during the show you're distracted by a host of squiggling glow worms till you realise that several critics are using these pens with a built in torch so they can see to take notes.

And if the film is *Playing For Keeps* (directed by Bob and Harvey Weinstein you're grateful for something to distract you from the spellbinding tedium on screen. *Playing For Keeps* is the story of Danny Spikes and Silk three teenagers in New York. They've just graduated from high school, and they face a bleak future in dead end jobs as janitors, messengers, dogsbodies. But they all share the dream that one day they'll *make something of their lives*.

Then Danny (Daniel Jordano) discovers that his family has inherited an old hotel outside New York. He persuades the reluctant Spikes (played by Matthew Penn, Madonna's brother in law) and Silk (Leon Grant) that together they should renovate the building and open a hotel for teenagers! Music 24 hours a day, video games, fun fun fun... you know the kind of thing.

Of course, this turns out to be even more difficult than it sounds: there's hard work to be done, money to be raised, deadlines to be met, and adventures to be had. The gang have to overcome the hostility of the local residents, whose minds are as small as their town, and they have to take on an evil giant conglomerate which is secretly planning to build a chemical dumping-ground in the area and wants the land where Danny's hotel stands.

It's the kind of film where all the wicked people are fat, ugly and old, and all the good people are young, vibrant and attractive, with a plot that's unlikely to tax even the most sluggish of brains. The only excitement is on the soundtrack, which includes an excellent title-song from Pete Townshend, and lively contributions from China Crisis, Sister Sledge, Phil Collins, Julian Lennon, Arcadia, etc. There are a few laughs, many of them at the expense of the fat, old, ugly people; some corny love scenes; a couple of very tacky dance routines; and, of course, a happy ending.

It's hard to knock the film's refreshingly optimistic spirit, and there's none of the gratuitous blood-letting which blights so many American teen movies. But Messrs Weinstein are disturbingly reluctant to credit their audience with much intelligence, and the film meanders its way toward a climax as predictable as it is dull.

# A SOUNDTRACK




***Playing For Keeps*** the movie is all about the exciting adventures of Danny Spike and Silk, three teenagers looking for fun in the Big Apple and finding it in the unlikely form of a hotel which one of them inherits.

Seizing the opportunity of doing something really big, they transform the building into the hippest teenage haunt in town. Neat huh? What's more it's all played out to an extraordinary soundtrack performed by a host of rock stars.

Famed publishing executive and one time mod Pete Townshend croons the inspirational title track *Life To Life*. Phil Collins slips off his jacket for *We Said Hello, Goodbye*, most of what's left of the Duranies get together under their Arcadia guise for *Here To Stay* and Julian Lennon slips into his dad's shoes for *Stand By Me*.

To save you the trouble of standing in a queue at your local record store, we at **LM** will send copies of this spiffing album to the first TEN readers who can answer these simple questions.

1) Phil Collins appeared as a guest star in which popular American crime series?
2) What was the last Duran Duran album called?
3) What was the title of Julian Lennon's debut album?

Simple huh? Here's the tricky bit: write your answers, along with your name, address and details of your three favourite features from this month's **LM** on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, and send it to: **PLAYING FOR KEEPS COMPETITION, LM, P.O Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.**

Entries should arrive no later than **6 February** so get weavin.

**LM COMP**

# FILMS

Speaking of intelligence you'd have to be pretty stupid to follow to the letter the Government's guidelines on what to do in a nuclear attack. But that's what Jim and Hilda Bloggs do in ***When The Wind Blows*** (an animated, directed by Jimmy Murakami) when the holocaust looms and threatens to bring to a hideous end their cosy, peaceful countryside retirement. Jim takes all the doors off their hinges and lays them against the wall ('careful not to scratch the wallpaper' says Hilda) to make a fallout shelter. They lay in stocks of food and water, pile cushions against the outer wall of the shelter (but not before Hilda has wrapped them lovingly in polythene) paint the windows white and even climb into brown paper bags.

Forever worried about keeping up his standards and remembering that white clothing afforded some protection against burns at Hiroshima), Jim asks: 'Have you got a nice clean white shirt I can wear for The Bomb, duckie?' If it weren't so sad it would be hilarious and *When The Wind Blows* still brings many a wry smile and grim chuckle as Jim and Hilda go through the preposterous charade of trying to survive an all-out nuclear war.

Remembering with affection the stirring days of the Blitz, Jim and Hilda almost relish the prospect of another orgy of patriotic nobility. But this is the war to end all wars: no Anderson shelters, no comforting cups of tea, no Churchill, no radio, no power, no food, no water. After The Bomb, Jim and Hilda's retirement cottage is a blackened crumbling, rat-infested wreck the surrounding countryside is scorched and barren. And soon radiation poisoning sets in.

*When The Wind Blows* is a splendid screen realisation of Raymond Briggs's bestselling book, though inevitably the material is stretched thin: the film takes 85 minutes to explain a 20-minute read.

Many animations are flat and two-dimensional but the TV Cartoons team (whose experience includes another Briggs adaptation, *The Snowman*) overcame this by building a miniature set, the interior of the Bloggs' cottage, in three dimensions, shooting the scenes without characters first, and then drawing Jim and Hilda separately and keying them in. It works, though sometimes it seems that more attention has been paid to the sets and the exquisitely painted backgrounds than to Jim and Hilda themselves.

And the couple's ignorance strains credibility (Jim talks about 'commuters' when he means 'computers'). This problem is made capable: to point up the absurdity of the Government's *Protect And Survive* guidelines you need characters who are actually dumb enough to follow them through. Jim and Hilda's trust in official pronouncements is at once touching and terrifying. They aren't 'real people' of course, but they need to be more than just cardboard cutouts if we're to identify with their plight and weep at the sheer pathos of their situation.

It's a tricky tightrope to walk, but *When The Wind Blows* just manages to keep its balance, and it's churlish to carp about such details when a film is as important and as moving as this. John Mills and Peggy Ashcroft are utterly convincing as the voices of Jim and Hilda, David Bowie's title-song is a chilling, spine-tingling curtain raiser, and Roger Waters's soundtrack is poignant yet never too obtrusive.

There wasn't a curling fishpaste sandwich in sight at the preview of ***Salvador*** the true story of Richard Boyle, a struggling booze-soaked photojournalist. But after five minutes I was grateful for my empty stomach: this is pretty grisly stuff. Boyle (James Woods) cons his best buddy, San Francisco DJ Doctor Rock (Jim Belushi) into accompanying him down to El Salvador to cover the conflict there and to procure his affair with Maria, a young peasant girl. They arrive when the madness of the right-wing death squads is reaching its zenith: narrowly escape death themselves, and meet up with Boyle's fellow war-snapper John Cassady. Some people pass out at the sight of blood, Boyle and Cassady whip out their cameras.

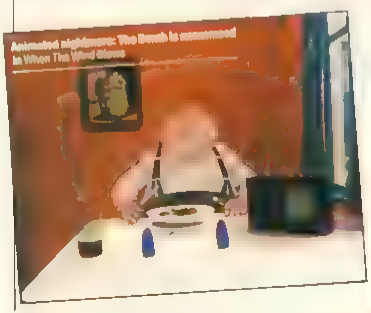
*Salvador* is a grim, brutal film, with one of the most gruesome death scenes I've ever seen. Its portrayal of the government death squads calls into question the US Administration's support of the regime, but the rebel forces are no saints either: in one scene they line up captured government troops and shoot them in the head. 'It is necessary' says one of the executioners. A picture emerges not so much of heroes and villains but of a nation trapped in perpetual turmoil.

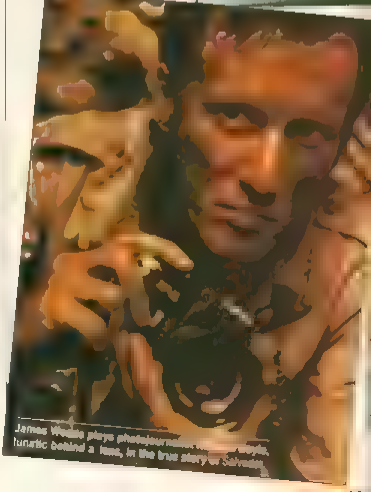
It's a film which brings to mind Costa-Gavras's *Missing*, set in Chile after the military coup that toppled Allende's government in 1973, *Salvador* similarly evokes the sheer terror of life under martial law, which in El Salvador means no law at all. But unlike Jack Lemmon in *Missing*, Boyle is no innocent. He knows exactly what the US 'advisers' and 'trainers' are there for, and seems untouched by the scale of the violence when he and Cassady take snaps of death-squad victims whose bodies have been dumped in a macabre Central American equivalent of the council tip.

And what's almost as disturbing as the atrocities is the morality (and sanity) of the small band of lunatics who discuss which lens to use while the combatants spill their guts all around. But even Boyle, a hardened war correspondent, is shocked when government-sponsored thugs rape and murder a group of nuns – so shocked that when the bodies are exhumed his knee-jerk reaction to click the shutter is subdued.

And though Boyle starts out as a profoundly unsympathetic character, a spineless, slimy amoral, boozy boor, he learns from his experiences of the death squads, which combine the ruthlessness of the SS with the fanaticism of the Inquisition. By the end of *Salvador* I felt a sneaking sympathy for Boyle, though I couldn't really identify with him.

The Inquisition puts in an appearance in ***The Name Of The Rose*** which stars Sean Connery as a 14th-century Franciscan monk who visits a remote monastery in Italy with his young novice and investigates a string of mysterious murders. The film, based on Umberto Eco's bestselling novel, presents an extraordinary array of gargoyles, grotesque characters and very authentic sets, props and locations. The 14th century, if director Jean Jacques Annaud is to be believed, was a pretty dismal, dank, dungy time to be alive.


Animated nightmare: The Bomb is remembered in When The Wind Blows


James Woods plays photojournalist Boyle, a lunatic behind a lens, in the true story of Salvador



It's also a pretty peculiar century in which to set a murder mystery, indeed *The Name Of The Rose* is a pretty peculiar film. There are moments when the whole thing becomes transparently absurd, particularly when Connery whose character is called William of Baskerville (the very name conjuring up Conan Doyle – tells his novice Adso that his deductions are 'elementary'.

The plot concerns a book which the old, blind monk Jorge de Burgos is trying to keep from everyone else. Anyone who comes into contact with the book dies a grim death, and our hero is just beginning to get to grips with the mystery when the Inquisition arrives (led by F. Murray Abraham in his first film role since *Amadeus*) and threatens to spoil the party.

*The Name Of The Rose* is no ordinary film, but though it got my brain-cells ticking over, I wasn't that interested in the solution of the mystery or the hidden depths. It's worth seeing though, for Connery's impeccable performance and for its eccentric picture of life in a medieval monastery.

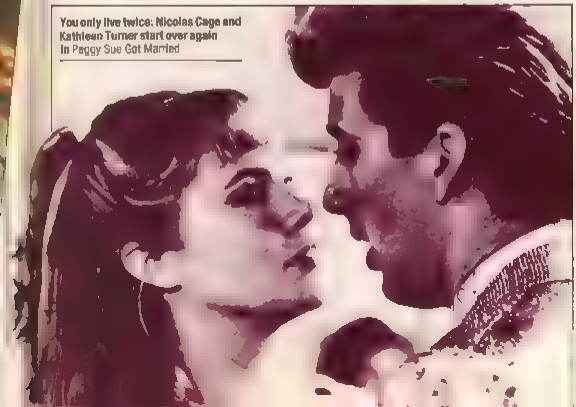
Also out this month is ***Almost You***, a lightweight, engaging sexual comedy directed by Adam Brooks and starring Brooke Adams (of *Lace* fame) and Griffin Dunne (looking more composed than he did in *An American Werewolf In London*) as a New York couple with *relationship problems*. She has a road accident and he falls in love with her physiotherapist. There are a few good one-liners and some touching moments, but it's no great shakes.

***The Wraith*** is a dreary thriller, set in a small town in Arizona which is terrorised by a gang of hoodlums in cars. The Wraith is a reincarnation of one of their victims, who comes back to mete out justice to the evil doers with the help of an immensely powerful and indestructible black car.

The interminable car chases are set against an unrelenting heavy metal soundtrack, and what with its outrageous plot and dull direction (the film doesn't even have the courage to send itself up) *The Wraith*'s only point of interest is Charlie Sheen (son of Martin, and a handsome devil) in the title role. You're better off buying the soundtrack album and watching *Goldfish* (see video reviews ed).

Finally, there's Francis Coppola's ***Peggy Sue Got Married***, a cross between *American Graffiti* and *Back To The Future*. Peggy Sue is a depressed mother of two facing divorce from her husband Charlie (Nicolas Cage). She goes to a high school reunion, collapses, and awakes to find herself back in 1959 as a student at the school. Knowing what she now knows, will she go through with her doomed marriage?

Youth is wasted on the young (as the saying goes) and this brilliant film fantasises about going back and living your life over again, taking your experience with you. You can right all the wrongs, undo the things you regretted doing, appreciate all the things you once took for granted. Songs from Buddy Holly, Dion, and The Duprees accompany the story. This is Francis Coppola's most successful film in years, and essential viewing.



**You only live twice: Nicolas Cage and Kathleen Turner start over again in Peggy Sue Got Married**

- ***Playing For Keeps*** (15) opens nationally 16 January.
- ***When The Wind Blows*** (PG) opens nationally 6 February.
- ***Salvador*** (18) opens in London 26 January and nationally throughout February.
- ***The Name Of The Rose*** (18) opens in London 23 January.
- ***Almost You*** (15) opens in London at the end of January and nationally mid February.
- ***The Wraith*** (18) opened in London 2 January and goes nationwide at the end of January.
- ***Peggy Sue Got Married*** (15) opened in London 9 January and opens nationwide 30 January.

# LM READERS' TOP TEN FILMS FOR FEBRUARY

## As voted by YOU!

1 Aliens
2 9 1½ Weeks
3 Top Gun
4 Back To The Future
5 Ruthless People
6 The Mission
7 Mona Lisa
8 My Beautiful Launderette
9 Hannah And Her Sisters
10 After Hours

## HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE FILMS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite films on the form below, fill in all the details and then Royal Mail it to us. Computer technology takes over to collate your various votes and create the chart. For such sterling service we'll draw five forms out of the blue bin liner every month and send a much coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Now that's looking at you kid.

## LM TOP TEN FILM CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite films of the moment in descending order (best first).

1
2
3
4
5

Name
Address

Postcode

T-shirt size ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Send your forms in to

**LM FILMCHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB**

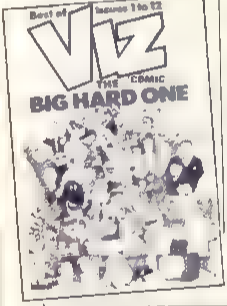
# The Soaraway Viz

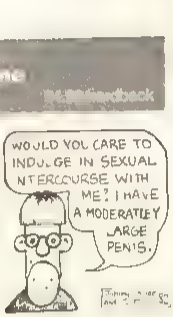
**VIZ COMIC**
**The Big Hard One**
Virgin [illegible] £6.99 [illegible]feedback

**FROM HUMBLE** beginnings back in December 79 *Viz* has become a national institution. Mrs Whitehouse eagerly awaits its arrival the Royals swear by it, and the Archbishop Of Canterbury won't read anything else.

Well, I'm lying: yes. In fact, I'm fairly convinced that if Whitehouse, the Royals or Runcie ever got their grubby mitts on *Viz* they'd demand its immediate removal from the nation's bookstands.

Smut, foul language, rude bits, sexist comments, anti-religious fun and complete tasteless jokes are essential ingredients of *Viz*. Frankly it's brilliant, and a must for anyone with a slightly warped sense of humour.




Like an adult version of *Beano*, using clear, concisely drawn comic strips *Viz* stars a host of regular characters. Most of them are good, and some of them – Johnny Fartpants, Paul Whicker (The Tall Virgin), Roger Mellie (The Man On The Telly), Mr Logic, The Pathetic Sharks, The Parkos and Billy The Fish – are ridiculously funny.

And if you've never read *Viz* this compilation annual is an excellent way of catching up. *The Big Hard One* includes extracts from the first 12 issues of *Viz* (now sold out and unavailable




elsewhere) and shows how the comic has progressed in its seven years of life.

Early issues were less amusing, further offbeat, sometimes very wild, while later issues are stronger, tougher, more provocative and – to my mind – a lot less fun.

A great book, an essential purchase, and don't nick my copy, Simon, y'bastard!

**100%** PAUL STRANGE

# Totally, like, awe

**ALAN MOORE**
**Halo Jones Book Three**
**D R & Quinch's Totally Awesome Guide To Life**
Titan Books £[illegible]

**It** was like **unbelievably dull** man. I was sitting in the LM office feeling like Paul Strange's **disinformation strategy** was y'know getting to my head, like I was totally warpedout. Then I saw this completely **awesome light** which was like **shining from the roof** man. And I heard this fantastically impressive baritone voice . . . and it said – **Lloyd?** And I said – **Yeah, what?** I said – just want **you** to know, Lloyd, that those **amazingly competent Titan Books people** have released a third **Halo Jones** book and one on **D R & Quinch** written by this **dangerous** psychotic delinquent called **Alan Moore**. Hey man, nobody's perfect. **Incredibly amazing** events like this keep happening to me. So, like, flicked the pages and it was, y'know, a **totally** deep and touching spiritual insight into the deprived lives of **complete weirdos**. Or did I mean depraved? I mean, this D R & Quinch **are gross** and Halo Jones is . . . she's a **woman**, man.



2000 AD is, like, a long way ahead yet, but I was the **most** fun-everhad I certainly beats clambanging with plastic explosive as an alternative to an otherwise **unexceptional and very long** office day, had been seriously considering discharging a **completely** humungous shotgun into Roger Kean from, like, about this far away, to see if he makes this weird little eeeeeeeeeeek/ik noise. According to this **totally amazing Waldo D R Dobbs**, if he did, fell over and kicked his legs up and down for a bit and then lay still . . . he was probably alive before . . .

## Shocking Futures

**UNDER** the general heading of **Tharg's Future Shocks** in *2000 AD* a fledgling Alan Moore wrote many short story' comic strips of between two and six pages. The two years he spent on them he considers one of the most educational and creatively rewarding times of my career, and this Titan Books collection contains 13 of the stories.

There's less visual continuity than in the *Halo Jones* or *D R & Quinch* books, because week by week different 'art robots' did the drawings, but you can't miss Moore's developing style. The third story in the book, *The Last Rumble Of The Platinum Hordes*, feels distinctly like a forerunner of the Waldo Dobbs stories, with its mega-delinquent hup-talk ing army of galactic marauders and pillagers on a quest for the end of the universe and a shattering last big bang.

Without the later luxury of longer serialised strips Moore was forced into the neatly-told story with a quick twist in its anecdotal tale, and all these early pieces manage to amuse while keeping you hanging on for the (sometimes obvious) payoff.

You might think that with Mooremania at its present height Titan are putting the bandwagon before the horse, but it's hard to keep good stuff at bay.

**88%** ROGER KEAN




**AT THIS** point Lloyd Mangram must be removed from circulation to a place of close confinement till he recovers from *D R & Quinch's Totally Awesome Guide To Life*.

As Lloyd rightly points out, the perpetrator of this and *Halo Jones Book Three*, is Alan Moore. Recently Alan's work (which includes strips for *Warrior*, *2000 AD*, the infamous *Watchmen* – soon to be filmed – and the DC Comics *Swamp Thing*) has come under the close scrutiny of fans and detractors alike. He's been likened to the Renaissance artist Leonardo da Vinci, with whom of course *anyone* can readily see he has a hell of a lot in common, and his work is (erroneously, it would appear) rumoured to have come under the hammer of censorship.

It seems Moore can either do no wrong or nothing right, depending on whether you consider his comic stories to be an accurate, humorous and incisive portrayal of modern life or a degrading, pornographic orgy of debasement, rotten values and the elevation of delinquency.

History will probably tell. What *is* extraordinary is that Alan Moore is probably the first comic-strip *writer* rather than illustrator to be accorded such recognition. However, the recent spate of lifestyle publicity seems to have driven him into a press-shy state so we'll leave Moore the man to his work for the moment in the hope that he can be

# esome



persuaded to talk to LM in the spring – when he may be nearer to thinking seriously about the *Watchmen* film.

To the books, then. Titan have already done very well with two previously released collections of *2000 AD*'s Halo Jones, an ordinary girl whose adventures of the everyday in the far future also say a lot about today. This first *D R & Quinch* collection works in a similar way and the two comics complement each other very well. Halo looks at the world of manic megalopolis punks from the female 'bystander' point of view whereas D R and his reckoningly hunk of a friend Quinch are a couple of those very punks.

Fans of *2000 AD* are almost certain to want these collections even though they've appeared in the comic but the uninitiated must forget the kiddie overtones of the word COMIC. Moore's stories ably assisted by the art of Ian Gibson (*Halo Jones*) and Alan Davies (*D R & Quinch*), are funny but they're aimed at a mature audience.

I wouldn't try to convince anyone who dislikes comic strips to buy these collections – but for those with an open mind on the subject, Moore's biting irony will be a welcome and entertaining antidote to the frightening spectre of a cynical, exploitative new moral majority rising on the sepulchral wings of AIDS.

**85%** ROGER KEAN

## ALBERT RUSLING & MIKE WILLIAMS
## The Very Very Very Last Book Ever – Part One

**AMONG** the countless cartoon books most of them lying in with newspaper strips occasionally a fresh, funny gem appears. This year's must be *The Very Very Very Last Book Ever – Part One* illustrating attitudes and actions in the final 20 minutes before a nuclear attack. There are no words, just brilliantly conceived single cartoons. It's very irreverent, tasteless and funny. If only Armageddon were this light-hearted. **75%**

SIMON POULTER

## MIKE READ
## The Cliff Richard File

**MIKE READ** must be an extremely boring person, a book chronologising every day in Cliff Richard's professional life from the beginning (*Livin' Doll* in 1959) to the career low (*Time* in 1986) demonstrates just how uninteresting both subject and author are.

It backs up Johnny Beerling's specious decision to take Read off Radio One's breakfast show. How about the other jocks?)

Like many specialist biographies *The Cliff Richard File* is for Cliff fanatics, and that's a shame. Surely a biography should interest non-fans as much as the middle-aged housewives who make up Cliff's panting army of admirers (the same crowd, probably who wet their knickers over Marmaduke Sinatra, Tony Bennett and the whole host of Radio Two needle-time standards) – but this biography would probably bore casual Cliff fans.

What is it about people with long hair and aviator style specs who live in Weybridge and play tennis all day long?

**8%** SIMON POULTER



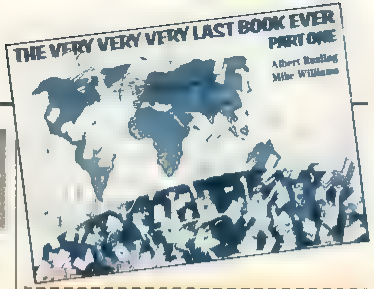

## MONTY PYTHON
## The Monty Python Gift Book

**ACCORDING** to the publisher's guff *The Monty Python Gift Book* have been released for something like the millionth time to honour a showing last autumn of the complete *Monty Python's Flying Circus* series. But if one show as part of the BBC's half-century celebrations constitutes a series, then someone somewhere has made an almighty balls-up.

Unless you read enough to have seen Python the first time round, you may find this shrink wrapped two-book set confusing, stupid and unnecessary. The humour is typically obscure, typically crude typically Python – very clever. There's only a passing reference in these books to the more up-to-date, funnier humour of the Python films *Holy Grail*, *Life Of Brian*, and *The Meaning Of Life*.

The two books were published in 1971 and 1973 respectively they're outdated and the obscure schoolboy jokes are a loss and so are the sideburns.

**30%** SIMON POULTER




# LM READERS' TOP TEN READS FOR FEBRUARY

**As voted by YOU!**

1 Is That It? **Bob Geldof**
2 The Hobbit **J R R Tolkien**
3 Like Punk Never Happened **Dave Rimmer**
4 Absolute Beginners **Colin MacInnes**
5 Spitting Image **Spitting Image**
6 Biggles And The Plot That Failed **Cpt W E Johns**
7 Risk **Dick Francis**
8 If **Steve Bell**
9 Papillon **Henri Charriere**
10 The Big Hard One **Viz**

## HOW TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE READS

All you have to do is list your five current favourite books (of any type) on the form below. Fill in all the details and whop it off in the post to us. Using post Gutenberg technology, your various votes will be hand-bound to create the chart. In return for your efforts we'll draw five forms out of the grey bin liner every month and send a much coveted **LM** bumper bundle to the lucky winners. Read on.

## LM TOP TEN READS CHART VOTING FORM

List your five favourite books of the moment in descending order (best first)

1
2
3
4
5

Name
Address

Postcode

T-shirt size ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Send your forms in to

**LMBOOKCHART, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB**

# Virgin gold



**IT'S THE SAME** every year The Virgin film and music annuals come out you flick through them and you think to yourself that maybe t wasn t such a duff year after all

Virgin have hit upon a winning formula which gets better each year assembling a team of writ ers who share a healthy enthusiasm for their sub jects here are people who de ight in useless trivia on bands and films major and minor the sole criterion being that they did some th ng *anything* – in the year in question

The prose is lively and often funny yet it keeps a sharp critical edge

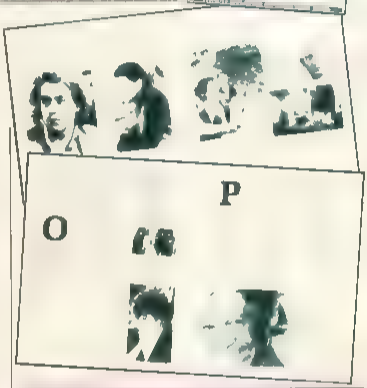
Ancient ugly and hopeless and writers of some of the most horribly crass songs ever made the Rock Yearbook says succinctly summing would-be pop phenomenon Mr Mulster and the unbelievably bad sci fi yarn *Lifeforce* is neatly categorised by the Film Yearbook as a paradigm of dumb, opportunistic producing with no sense of the marketplace Simply ungly bad dialogue provides the only amusement

Something for everyone then factual analysis provocative features and trivia tons of it These are books to dip into rather than read from cover to cover and you ll find some gems

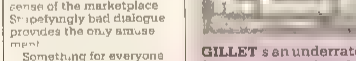
Cliff Richard on *Spitting Image* If they did me I know full well that they d either do some sexual thing or send up my religious beliefs When they do it I bet they don t think Oh crumbs, if Cliff and his family and friends are watching this they re going to be really upset

And film producer Menahem Golan on Kim Basinger She's the most talented girl I ve ever seen in my life Just looking at her makes me want to screw her

**78% CURTIS HUTCHINSON**




# Gillet-Doux



**GILLET** s an underrated man He s a superb DJ (his calm considered tones and tremendous planning ensure that Capital Radio s *City Beats* show is essential listening), a reasonable record company boss (Oval have certainly released some imaginative discs) and also an unpretentious, readable author

*The Sound Of The City* – now out in a revised edition – is a well researched well-written and authoritative appreciation of rock n'roll Tracing its origins back to the Thirties, Gillet s book explains why the music was such a potent force when it broke through to an unsuspecting white audience in the mid-Fifties, and how rock'n roll roots have been entwined with pop music ever since

It s heavy going of course Gillet knows his subject inside-out and delights in precise biographical (and occasionally boring) detail, but *The Sound Of The City* is a good read particularly if you're into the original rock n'rollers

**70% PAUL STRANGE**

# Twilight Of The Batman



**EVEN MYTHS** and heroes change Gotham City is a dark nightmare now a gang and too far gone for superheroes to keep clean They're all retired from public life – though Superman, it s implied in the serious graphic nove, has sold his skills to the CIA

Justice changes, too Psychokiller Harvey Dent is released cured from Arkham Asylum where Batman put him 12 years ago Batman paid for Dent s treatment as millionaire Bruce Wayne, we must believe our private demons can be defeated he tells one of the omnipresent TV news shows that run throughout the book like a bland sanitised counter point to the dirty violence on the city streets

But the demons are still there Dent returns to his wicked life and Batman returns to vigilantism crimefighting on the shadowy borders of crime The battle is personal and vengeful now, no longer a heroic struggle of Good and Evil there's no warmth no more morality than a crude survivalism in the heavily armoured new Batman There s nerve gas on the utility belt and The Bat mobile is a tank

And the outrage Batman once felt about his parents




murders has translated itself into a fierce paranoid argument with the world

'You've got nights,' the butler Batman tells a hoodlum

Lots of nights. Sometimes I count them just to make myself feel crazy Batman character is 48 this year and Frank Miller (responsible for the concept story and penciling of *Dark Knight*) has seen the need to reinterpret him in a dangerous world and a crummy hideous city

The writing and story here are humourlessly bleak though there are some nice character vignettes and frighteningly realmindless TV talk The impact of today s Gotham City comes through Lynn





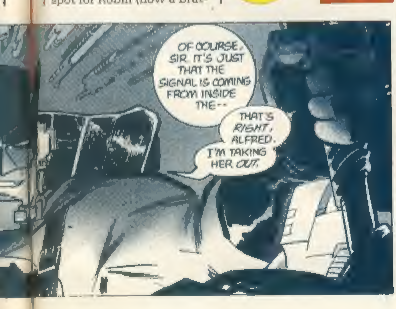
Varley's subtle twilight colours and the confused, sometimes impenetrable jumble of Miller's drawings; in a world where nothing is stable or safe, perspective and angle are thrown askew. The faces – street people, malicious punks, airhead Robin, sobd square-jawed Batman – are amusingly observed, too.

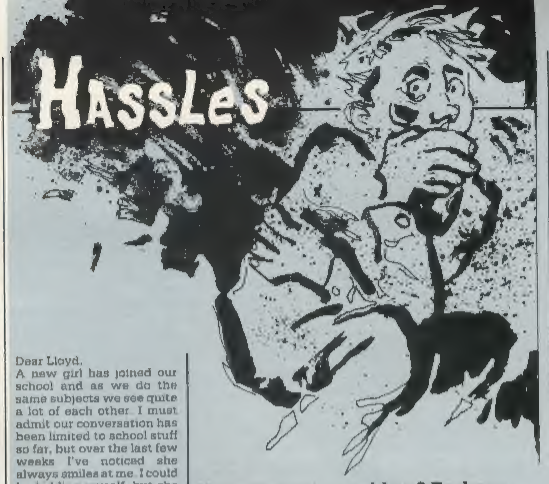
And the visual effects are breathtaking – nerve-wracking slow motion as Batman's parents are attacked, a stunning first full muscular view of the man in the blue cape.

The subtexts à-gogo are astutely considered by Alan Moore, cult king of graphic fiction, in his introduction. But Batman's soft spot for Robin (now a bratish, androgynous-looking 13-year-old girl) is never explained. Perhaps, though, it's this glimmer of humanity, and the pointless vicious anger taken out on Superman, and the fighting pains, and the bloody noses, and the fear – 'dying never seemed real to me when I was young' – that let us empathise with Batman.

He tells us what has darkened in our world since DC *Detective Comics* launched the character in 1939; yes, even myths and heroes change.

**90%** **BARNABY PAGE**




**Have you got a problem? Perhaps LM's resident confessional box, LLOYD MANGRAM, can help**

Dear Lloyd,
A new girl has joined our school and as we do the same subjects we see quite a lot of each other. I must admit our conversation has been limited to school stuff so far, but over the last few weeks I've noticed she always smiles at me. I could be kidding myself, but she often asks my advice about things she must know already.

I realise the only way of finding out if she is interested in me is to ask her out, but one thing stops me. I hate the thought of a school romance – you know, the gossip, the sniggers and the embarrassment when it's all over. I've seen it happen to friends and I've always vowed I'd never do it. But I'm beginning to feel I could be wrong. What do you think?
***Barnaby, Leicester***

■ **I'm not sure what you want me to say, Barney – to some degree life is *all* gossip, and you have to learn to cope with it. Okay, it's hell when you lose a girl, but who thinks of that in the excitement of finding a new love? What sort of life do you want? I say go for it, risks and all.**

**Oh, and write back and tell me what happens. Best of luck.**
**LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I'm in a dead-end job in a dead-end company, working on a production line where my chances of getting anywhere are zero. I've tried to escape and I've applied for dozens of jobs but the answer is always the same – no experience, no qualifications, no chance.

As a last resort I even applied for an education grant to take a computing course at the local poly, but I was turned down. I can't just chuck my job in and pay for myself. I find it hard enough to survive as it is. I'm 18 and trapped; is this going to be a life sentence?
***Simon, Dorking, Surrey***

■ **No way, Simon, don't wimp out!**

**Have you ever thought of evening classes, or looked at what help is available from your local Jobcentre for retraining? As you've been out of school for two years, you can apply for MSC sponsorship to take a training course. The courses available differ from area to area but you'll find some that teach computing skills at different levels. Best of all, they pay for the course and give you a weekly allowance to live on.**

**So don't give up; you'll get there in the end if you want to.**
**LM**

Dear Lloyd,
After scraping together every penny I've ever saved, and finding an understanding bank manager (I hope he's reading this), I'm fulfilling my lifetime's dream. I'm chucking out my ever-so-intelligent-looking, ever-so-boring specs and I'm going to get contact lenses.

But what kind: hard or soft? What's the difference?
***Billy, Glasgow***

■ **Here's a bit of Lloyd news: I've worn contacts for years (not for vanity's sake, either), and they're not a bad idea, Billy, but whatever you choose it's going to cost you a bit.**

**Hard lenses are cheapest, lasting indefinitely with proper care, and they're the best tools for the job. But some people find them uncomfortable, especially at first, and you have to gradually build up your tolerance by wearing them for a few hours each day. Also, you can't sleep in them and swimming is a real risk.**

**In contrast, soft lenses are easy to wear from day one and you can pop them in for just a few hours whenever you like, which you can't do with hard lenses. Soft ones are also supposed to be good for sporty types, as they're larger and stick to the surface of the eyes better. The disadvantage is the price, and also they have to be replaced every two years or so.**

**And if you think soft lenses are expensive forget semi-permeable ones; they're the most expensive of all. But they are dead easy to look after (unlike soft lenses, which need careful handling and cleaning), and you can keep them in for as long as you like – days, weeks, months.**

**Try the hard type first – they're the ones I have to wear as soft ones aren't suitable for my 'condition'. If you can wear them, then they're probably the best buy; and anyway they're probably cheaper than a pair of glasses, so I reckon they're worth a go.**
**LM**

# HASSLES

Dear Lloyd,
I recently broke up with my girlfriend to go out with someone else. I thought I'd found love, but soon realised I'd made the biggest mistake of my life.

The problem is I keep thinking about my old girlfriend and I can't get her out of my mind. I want her back so much, but her best friend reckons she never wants to see me again. Another of her mates says maybe I have a chance, but I don't know what to say if I do see her.

*Richard, Oxford*

■ **You've been talking to the wrong people, Richard. Never mind what your ex-girlfriend's mates say – it's what the girl herself thinks that matters. Go and talk to her! Don't just hang around your old haunts hoping to bump into her; she'll be more impressed if you turn up at her home or write a letter. Tell her what you told me; you'll find the words.**

**But I can't guarantee she'll listen. You've hurt her and you're very close to being hurt yourself, but if you genuinely care you've got to take the risk.**

**LM**

Dear Lloyd,
This is going to sound terrible, but I'm so frightened and disgusted by my behaviour I know I have to do something.

For nearly a year I've been eating a lot of food and then making myself spew up when no-one can see. I know this is a symptom of the woman's slimming disease; does this mean I'm gay? I haven't been able to have sex with my girlfriend for months.

I can't talk to anyone about it. I'm a freak, but I don't want the world to know it.

*Simon, Newcastle-Under-Lyme*

■ **Don't worry, Simon, you're no more a freak than anyone else.**

**It's a myth that only women suffer from eating disorders. Nor is it some mysterious sign to tell you you're gay. If you were straight before all this started, you're straight now.**

**Many men suffer from bulimia – binging and then vomiting – and your lack of interest in sex is a common symptom of hurting your body.**

**You know yourself that this can't go on. That knowledge is probably the most important step in dealing with the problem. You're feeling isolated, but there is somewhere you can turn: Anorexia Aid provides support and advice to sufferers. Phone them now. You'll find they understand exactly what you're going through, as they've been there themselves. Their phone number is (0494) 21431.**

**Hope all this proves useful.**

**LM**

Dear Lloyd,
I'm 20 years old and I wish I were dead. I know that sounds a bit OTT and probably my problem sounds trivial to you, but I'm desperate. I've only made love twice in my life and both times I was a real disaster. I'll never go out with a girl again till I'm cured.

Don't tell me to see my doctor. I would be too embarrassed – I'm in a state just writing this letter.

The trouble is I come too soon, before we even get started, if you know what I mean. Please tell me there is something I can buy – I don't care how much it costs. I can't give you my name or address in case anyone finds out. If that happened then life definitely wouldn't be worth living.

*Anon*

■ **I wish I could write to you direct because I have got the answer. It's not a potion or a pill or something you can get down some shady backstreet, but it works.**

**For some the answer is simple; others need to be put in touch with experts and work with them to sort things out. That doesn't mean you have to see your doctor, though he or she is a good source of help. Think about it: your sex life is as important as your health, so a few moments of embarrassment are surely worth it.**

**You'd be amazed just how common this problem is; amazed, but probably not comforted. But perhaps knowing there is an answer will make you write again. Get the Post Office to hold your letters if you can't trust a friend to look after your mail.**

**Now, all you've got to do is get the pen out and write – and this time give me an address.**

**LM**

**Often all a problem needs is a dose of common sense, or some hard facts not available to the sufferer.**

**If life is getting you down, if you're having problems at school, college or university, if your parents are always in the way and don't understand, if you're having problems with personal relationships and if you're finding it difficult to get a job, you can always try me out for an answer. I'm a bit of an expert, having been something of a mess myself.**

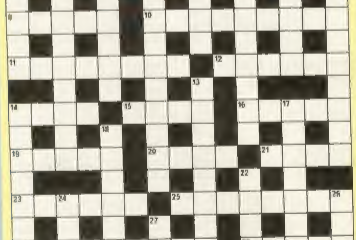
**I don't guarantee results, but if half a problem is worse than none at all, then at least it's better than a full-scale disaster.**

**Write (mentioning your age) to:**
**Hassles,**
**LM, PO Box 10,**
**Ludlow, Shropshire**
**SY8 1DB**

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ACROSS
1 "The Wizard of the Keyboard (4, 10)
9 The Football League at this moment in time (5)
10 An Irishman accompanying Ulsterms on All Fall Down could be hit in face (3)
11 War, Famine, Pestilence, Death or Cauldron? (8)
12 Exchange an electrical device (6)
14 Did Keith have a dark side? (4)
15 West German footballer Norbert or a former Brazilian star (4)
16 11 across or a contract? (5)
19 Down not at the lowest point (5)
20 Mr Premongay, whose return would not be noticed (4)
21 Destroy the heart of the Bruins (4)
23 Thompson Twin Joe has room for manoeuvre (6)
25 Must Colin work out what Stuart Goddard produces? (8)
28 What the Barbarians get down to? (6)
29 Role I set for a French diver? (5)
30 Making pass? (3, 2)

DOWN
1 A throw in baseball or a playing area (6)
2 Deadly Derek leaves Dylan Thomas's milk (9)
3 Desmond, longtime opening partner of Gordon Greenidge (6)
4 Natasha of the Redgrave acting dynasty (10)
5 Stylish creators of Nile Rodgers (4)
6 Computer equipment needed for a new perhaps? (8)
7 The smallest number of tales rewritten? (5)
8 Where you might have found a band like Wings (2,3,2)
12 Are they not really Chinese Hyndie's group? (10)
13 What connotes Leonardo Da Vinci, Nat 'King' Cole and Bob Hoskins? (8,4)
17 Phil Collins's favourite bit of chicken? (9)
18 Who might be Queen's guitarist? (5,3)
22 Martin Shaun's 'matpack' son (6)
24 Boase Christie backs former actor Peter (5)
25 A feeldless round of sheer jumping (5)
27 French comedienne? (4)

Don't forget to fill in this form and send it with the crossword. Send a photocopy if you don't want to cut up your glorious edition of **LM**.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Postcode .....

**CRIKEY!** So you've got to the end of **LM**'s first issue, huh? Pretty amazing stuff, eh, squire? Well, because we're such terrific geezers and we like the cut of your jib, we thought we'd offer you the chance to win a year's subscription to **LM** absolutely FREE!

Yup, 12 riveting issues of Britain's boldest and brightest magazine delivered directly to your doormat every month. Not bad, *n'est-ce pas?* And it won't be just any old fluffy muddy dog-chewed doormat, either – you'll also win a handsome handcrafted *(well . . . )* bristly doormat for your Leaping Monthlies to land on, AND the dead chic **LM** cap-'n'-T-shirt set, £599 in the Ludlow shops. Can't be bad.

This utterly amazing and incredibly unique prize goes for the first correctly-answered crossword we draw from the mailbag after the competition's closing date.

**RIGHT!** Get to it, cut out your completed crossword form and send it to the **LM** Doormat Crossword Competition, **LM**, *PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.*

Tell us your T-shirt size – small, medium or large – and we'll make sure we get it wrong because we don't like people who can beat us at crosswords. Closing date for entries is 29 January, and we'll publish the solution in Issue Two (on sale 19 February). The prizewinner will be announced in **LM**'s wild and wacky third edition.

And that's it. Get weavin'. And forget it, Roger – News-field employees, their mums, dads, uncles, aunties, snakes, sidekicks, bodyguards, lawyers, arch-enemies, English teachers, doppelgängers, KGB controllers, Levi 501s and milkmen are excluded.

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